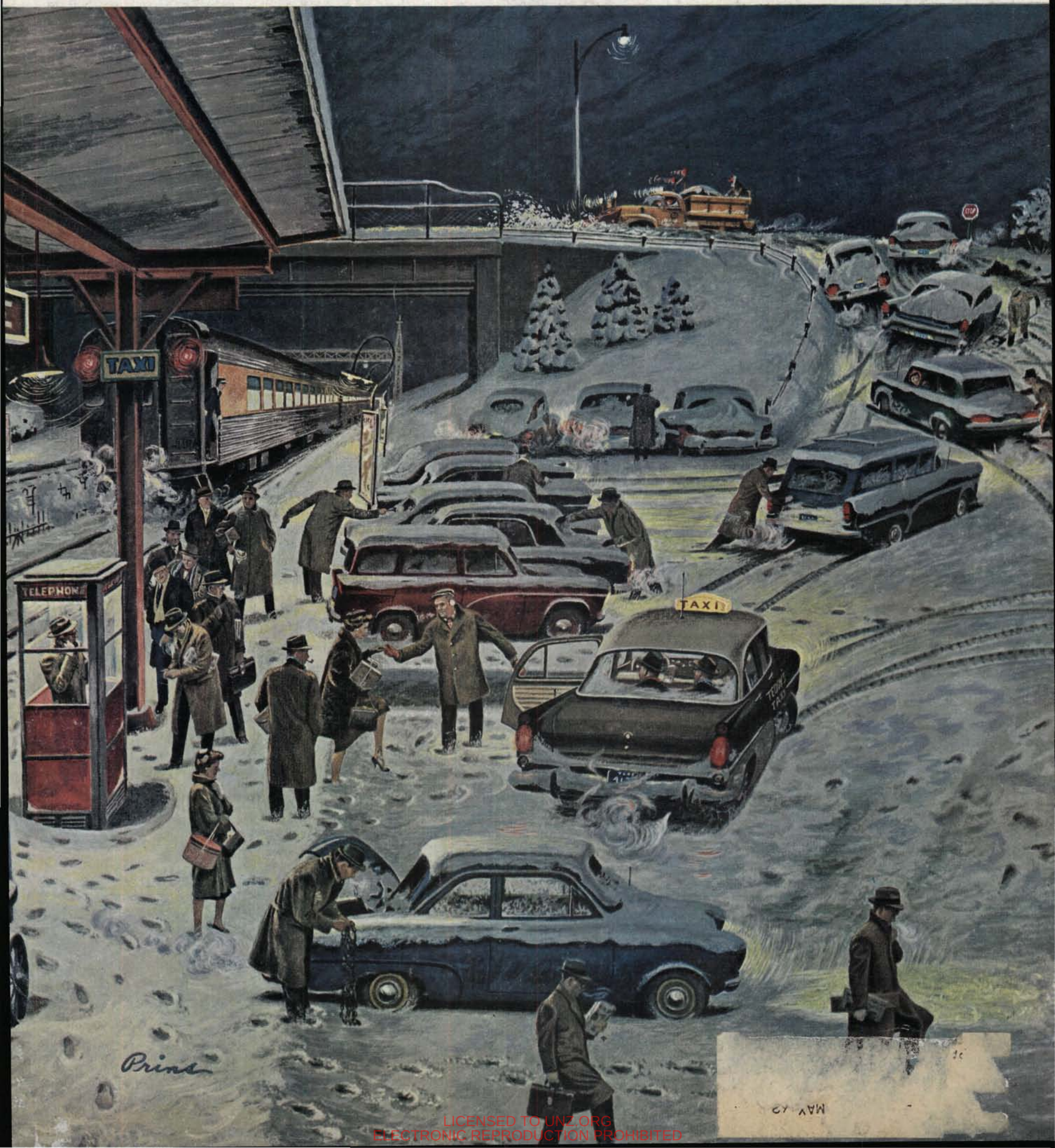
The Saturday Evening
POST

Combined Issues
Dec. 24 – Dec. 31, 1960 – 15¢

A Five-Nation Survey by the Gallup Poll:

Is European Education Better Than Ours?

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE



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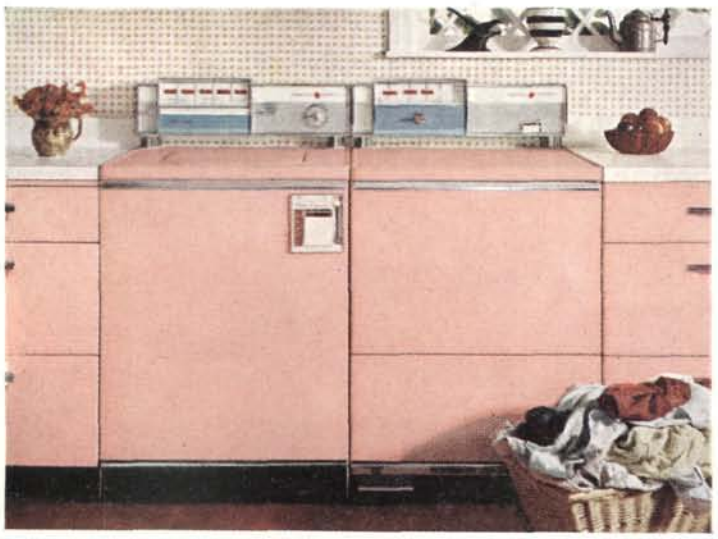
MODEL WA-1080V

If your laundry piles up and up...the 1961 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer gets a bigger-than-ever load—12 lbs.—truly clean!



NOTICE how neatly the new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer and matching High-Speed Dryer fit—like 'built-ins.' New washer and dryer are counter height and depth: 36" high, 25" deep. Install them flat against the wall—save floor space.

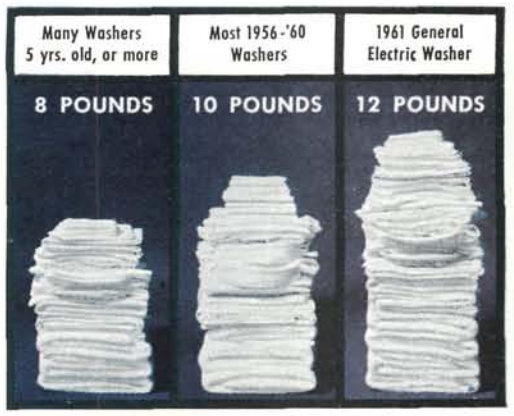
Pile in 20% more laundry than in previous models—12 full pounds—get every piece sparkling clean! The 1961 General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, with its big new wash basket, has a new Activator® driven by a more powerful motor to give you piece-by-piece washing action.

You save hot water on medium and small loads—the Pre-Set Water Level Selector automatically provides the water needed for each size load—small, medium or large.

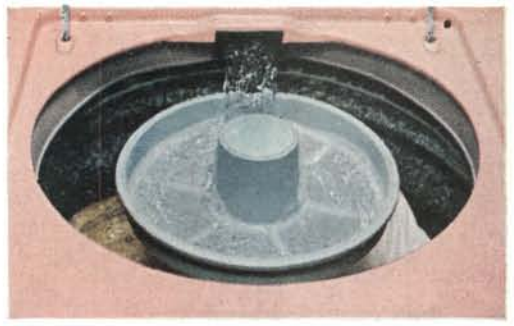
See this new 1961 Filter-Flo Washer and the matching High-Speed Dryer at your General Electric dealers. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



COMPARE the new General Electric big capacity with that of older washers. Save time, work, hot water, detergent. This new washer holds 12 lbs. —20% more than in previous models.



NO LINT FUZZ on clothes when the famous Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans the wash water. Filter also dispenses detergent evenly throughout your wash load.

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"I was an airline agent
but my ambition was to be a cartoonist. After winning fifth prize in their national cartoon contest, I've signed a contract with United Features Syndicate."
JOHN WHITAKER, Memphis, Tenn.

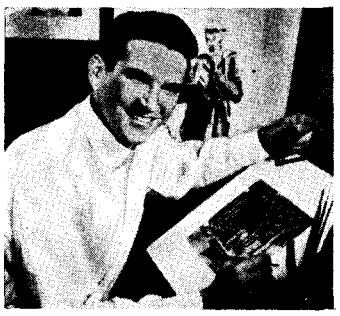
"I knew I could do better
than a tedious clerical job. I sent for your Talent Test, studied evenings at home. Today I'm Assistant Art Director for a big fashion buying office."
HARRIET KUZNIEWSKI, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I wasn't satisfied
to be just a payroll clerk, so I took your Course in my spare time. I soon landed an art job with one of the South's finest engraving firms and am now Art Director."
HERBERT SMITH, Taylors, S. C.

"I always liked to draw,
but never did anything about it. Just one year after I enrolled, I was hired as a technical illustrator. Now I'm one of the top men in our art department."
RON ATKINS, Battle Creek, Mich.

"The plant I worked in
for the past 20 years has closed. But I'm not worried now that I have my art sales to fall back on. My Course has paid for itself within just the last three months."
JOSEPH BENNETT, Adrian, Mich.

"I've averaged about one portrait
sale a month for the past two years since finishing your course. I've never had one turned down. The cost of my Course has shown returns many times over."
DOROTHY HOOKS, Smithfield, N. C.



"I was a machinist
in a manufacturing plant until I enrolled in your Course. Now I'm a staff artist in a large advertising company. Your Course more than paid for itself."
O. WARREN CREELMAN, Auburn, Mass.

"When I retired,
I finally decided to study art—with FAS. Today I have my own studio. It's paying so well, I had to notify the Social Security people to take me off their list."
JOHN A. WARREN, Morristown, N. J.

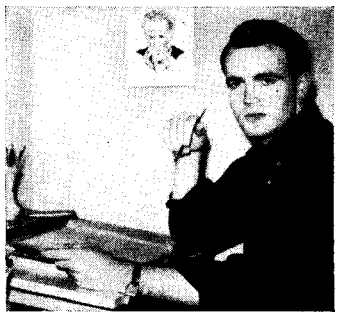
"My spare-time free-lance
work was bringing in more than my job as bank teller by the time I'd finished half the course. I'm now devoting full time to my growing art business."
KEITH MELLOR, Tucson, Ariz.

"Without your training,
I would not have my present job as illustrator with *The Chicago Sun-Times.* Your Course helped me boost my salary by $2,000 a year."
PAUL BREWER, Chicago, Illinois

"This housewife
would not have a profession without your Course. It has provided me with extra money for trips and a bank account to do with as I please."
DORIS S. HAGEN, New Rochelle, N. Y.

"I was a field engineer
for a missile firm when I enrolled in your Course. I'm only on Lesson 11, but I've already netted over $2,000 in extra income from art work."
PATRICK MCGOWAN, S. Pasadena, Cal.

"I've become an art teacher,
thanks to you. My class has grown to 11 children and is overflowing with adults clamoring for instruction. I've never enjoyed anything so much."
MRS. RAE DOWDY, South Boston, Va.



"With no previous art training,
I got my present studio job by showing the work I had done for you. I used to be a construction carpenter and now I'm a commercial artist."
KENNETH GUERNSEY, Springfield, Ill.

"Mine is a Cinderella story—
thanks to the Painting Course. I now paint five days a week to keep up with orders—at prices up to $400 each."
MRS. PATTI DOLEZAL, Yuba City, Cal.

They changed their lives through ART... *so can you!*

IF YOU SPENT many happy hours drawing as a child and still like to draw, read the personal stories on this page—because they may change your life. These men and women are among hundreds from every walk of life who dreamed of becoming successful artists—and now have seen their dreams come true—through the Famous Artists Schools.

Art school for everyone—everywhere

The most successful artists in America founded the Famous Artists Schools more than a decade ago. As a group, they brought new ideas, new techniques and new vitality to the teaching of art. Their remarkably practical, person-to-person home-study teaching methods have won the respect of art authorities, art buyers and educators throughout the country. Hundreds of today's professional artists all over America developed their skills as Famous Artists students—in their own homes and in their spare time.

We are a big school

Ours is a large institution, occupying its own modern building in Westport, Connecticut. More than 70 instructors, each an experienced professional artist, give their full time and ability to analyzing and correcting students' work. Their individual criticisms—carefully drawn, painted and written—have become famous in art circles. A dedicated staff of 200 people is devoted to our students' welfare.

The success of the Famous Artists Schools method of home-study teaching is one of the great education stories of the past decade. The Schools' original course in Commercial Art and Illustration proved so outstanding that two equally distinguished courses were created, one in Fine Arts painting and the other in Professional Cartooning.

We are an accredited school

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BEN STAHL
ROBERT FAWCETT
AUSTIN BRIGGS
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
ALBERT DORNÉ

Famous Artists Schools
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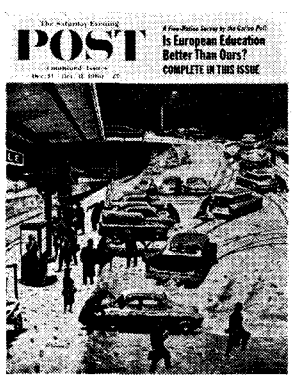

THE COVER

Well, if you think the cars in Ben Prins's painting are in a rut, consider the birds who are driving them. They're strictly from Rutsville, else they wouldn't allow their lives to be directed by a railroad timetable and a weatherman. In fairness we must admit that the Rutsville Local usually arrives right on schedule; that is, at the same moment that the snowplow seals off the station exit. And as for the weatherman—that fiend predicted "clear skies and mild temperatures, today and tomorrow." He lives in Rutsville, too, but you won't find him on our cover. He had chains on his car and was the first one out of the lot. (We're all in favor of a white Christmas, understand, but who wants to spend the holiday season waiting in line at an outdoor phone booth?)

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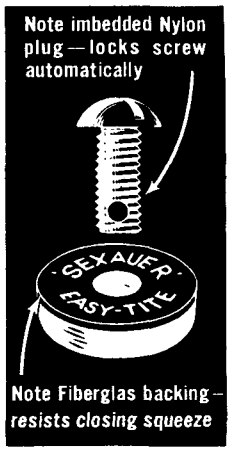
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Note Fiberglas backing—resists closing squeeze

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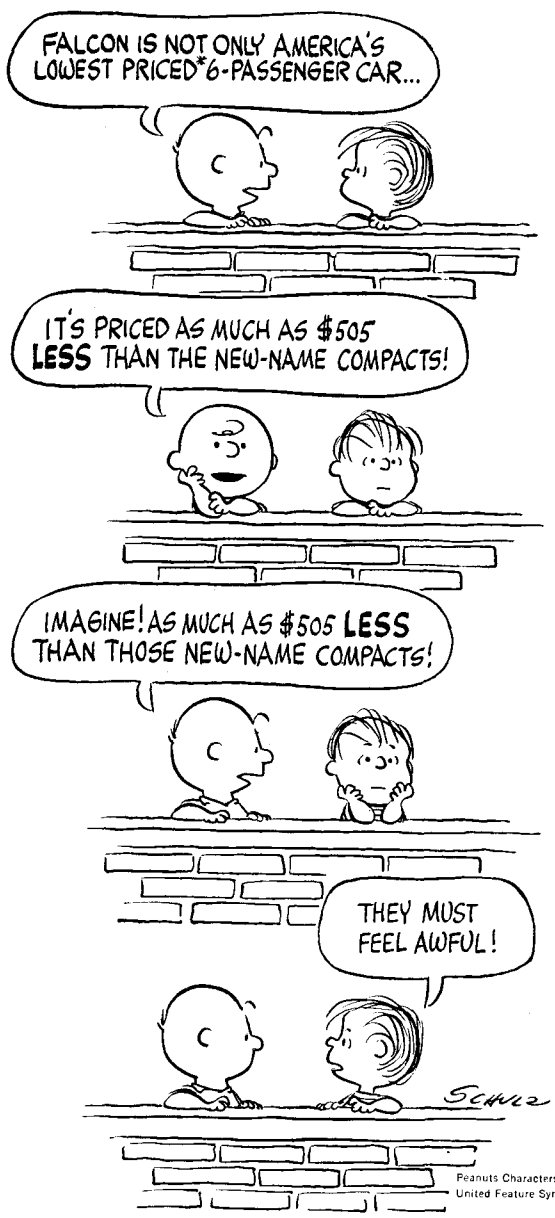
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IMAGINE! AS MUCH AS $505 LESS THAN THOSE NEW-NAME COMPACTS!
THEY MUST FEEL AWFUL!
SCHULZ
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Well, Linus, $505† *is* an awful lot more to pay—especially when you don't have to. And you *don't* have to! After all, Falcon has everything the new high-priced compacts have—plus a few tricks of its own. Falcon seats 6 people in the same comfort as the costliest compacts. But here's the twist—outside, they're just too big, too heavy to handle and park as easily as Falcon . . . or go up to 30 miles on a gallon like Falcon. Pay more? What for! Falcon has *more* of what you buy a compact for. FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

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Letters

Getting Into College

Dear Sirs:

I was fascinated by Mr. Chamberlain's article, WHY WE TURN THEM DOWN [by Edward T. Chamberlain Jr., Director of Admissions, Dartmouth College, Nov. 12]. It is timely; it is sincere, realistic and frightening. Every student in our school and every parent should read it.

LT. COL. C. L. PERSING, *Headmaster*
Western Military Academy
Alton, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

As one who believes in basic education, I hope that those responsible for elementary and secondary education will heed Mr. Chamberlain's warning that good, competitive colleges require their prospective students to have solid backgrounds in English, mathematics and other fundamental subjects.

JOSEPH F. MARSH, *President*
Concord College
Athens, W. Va.

Our Taffy-Daffy Authors

Dear Sirs:

The heroine of FRESH FROM THE STICKS [by George Sumner Albee, Oct. 29] had hair "exactly the color of salt-water taffy—the molasses flavor."

The heroine of THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE [by Henry Beetle Hough, Nov. 5] [was said to have] had hair that "resembled salt-water taffy of a vanilla flavor."

I can hardly wait for the girl with hair that resembles peppermint-striped salt-water taffy.

F. C. DENNY
Carneys Point, N.J.

Man vs. Beast

Dear Sirs:

I am glad the slaughter of Africa's game has finally been brought to light [TWILIGHT OF THE GREAT BEASTS, by Smith Hempstone, Nov. 19]. Something will have to be done in a hurry, or in the near future we won't even have such things as zoos.

ROBERT REISER
Sun Prairie, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Smith Hempstone . . . continues to wage a persistent but losing propaganda battle to prove the African unfit for self-rule, . . . to prove that the black man will never function efficiently without the wise and close guidance of his white brother. . . .

TWILIGHT OF THE GREAT BEASTS is more sickening than his usual. . . . His bleatings about the fast disappearance of the African fauna cleverly attempt to put all of the blame on native "poachers" who hunt and trap for unimportant things like food and pelts and skins for revenue. He cleverly attempts to show the white hunters, gamekeepers and game wardens as preservers of the noble beasts.

JOSEPH VELARDE BOUGERE
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I find myself in violent disagreement with your article. . . .

The black man has just learned that Mr. Hempstone's ably touted game uses acre upon acre of productive land to produce a few pounds of questionable meat. When I balance the black African's empty belly against Mr. Hempstone's "tourist attraction," I feel a growing contempt for the old-line British colonialist. The Russians could rightly call him an "imperialist."

EUGENE AUSTIN
Oakdale, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

Magazines circa 1880 carried many warning wails about the heartless slaughter of the great buffalo herds that roamed our Western plains. Now what would this nation be like today if those roaming masses of devouring beasts had not been removed?

CARROLL R. MILLER
Martinsburg, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

I find myself in sympathy with the African man rather than the wild beast. . . . I really don't believe I'd want any wild beasts skulking up the alleys or around the schoolyards where my children are. . . .

If you get rid of the wild beasts, the African will get down to business and get Africa going.

WARNER WEBER
South Holland, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The article poses a challenge even greater than preservation of Africa's wildlife.

Should we, the human race, show compassion for the beasts from which we so recently inherited the earth? Or should we disinherit them and exterminate them so that we may speed up our own presently exploding populations? The latter course may soon leave us with nothing more to nourish our souls than tranquilizer pills for a world barren of all things natural, wild and free.

JAMES P. JACKSON
Washington, Mo.

Belongs to the Past?

Dear Sirs:

In Roger Kahn's Nov. 19 article, A VISIT WITH ROBERT FROST, I note with surprise the statement: "If there were an official poet laureate of the United States, he could well be Robert Frost."

Robert Frost is very definitely a regional poet; he does not represent the country at large. Furthermore, he belongs to a past that is now far behind us and is of value only as the background for what present-day poets are accomplishing in their effort to bring the intangible, rather than the obvious, within the reader's comprehension.

MARGARET DURANT
Algona, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

I never read poetry because I just can't make head or tail of it. But I'm

(Continued on Page 6)

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

going out and buy a book of Robert Frost's poems. He sounds like a poet I can understand.

JOE BRODY
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The interview brought out new aspects of both the man and the artist. The continued capacity for growth and awareness displayed by the eighty-six-year-old poet is a challenge to us all.

RAE SANDBERG
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Here we've been thinking of poet Robert Frost as kindly, benign, softened by

time—but "Spike 'em as you go around the bases" is the advice he gives the Boston Red Sox in your article.

M. J. PLICE
Palatka, Fla.

What's Vulgar?

Dear Sirs:

I read the first few paragraphs of Pete Martin's I CALL ON PERRY COMO in the Nov. 12 issue and was nauseated by the following: "Scalp showed pinkly;" "no freckles, no peeling spots;" "small space between my two front teeth;" "I'm curious about how you go about crunching ice with caps on;" "I perspire bucketfuls" and "I sweat like a herd of wild animals."

CHARLOTTE MARKLE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

In his serial, THE SOLDIER [Nov. 5–Dec. 24], author Richard Powell has the hero and heroine "sweat."

Horses sweat. Men and women perspire. I think one or some of you editors are vulgar, uneducated and totally unpolished.

JAMES A. G. CAMPBELL JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

● *In Gethsemane, says the King James version of the Bible, Christ's "sweat was as it were great drops of blood." Shakespeare mentions human sweat thirty-nine times, but totally neglects the word perspire. Fowler's* Modern English Usage *calls "sweat" a "victim of genteelism," which it belittles as "the substitution for the ordinary natural word . . . a synonym that is thought to be less soiled by the lips of the common herd." Genteelism has been battling "sweat" for years. In 1791,* Gentleman's Magazine *wryly commented: "It is well known that for some time past neither man, woman nor child . . . has been subject to that gross kind of exudation which was formerly known by the name of sweat; . . . now every mortal, except carters, coal-heavers and Irish Chairmen, . . . merely perspires."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I think I may be old-fashioned, but a photograph with your article CAMPAIGNING WITH KENNEDY [by Beverly Smith Jr., Oct. 29] shows Mrs. Peter Lawford, a sister of Senator Kennedy, with her arms folded. In my young days—Victorian—I was always taught that this pose was not ladylike.

G. W. SKEATES
London, England

Oh, Those Bygone Smells!

Dear Sirs:

I am so glad to read that somebody else remembers the heavenly aromas from the preserve kettle of my childhood [THE PRESERVE KETTLE IS A MEMORY, BUT IT SMELLED WONDERFUL, Nov. 12]. This is one reason that I went into the jelly, jam and pickle project in my suburban kitchen this year. My daughter is a twelve-year-old city child, and I wanted her to come in from school to smell the green tomato pickles in a kettle on the stove.

No "air-bomb" can duplicate that fragrance in a house.

MRS. JOSIAH WORK
New Canaan, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for the nostalgic editorial. I remember coming into the kitchen from a blustery snow storm in mid-winter and breathing in all the fragrance of summer because mother was cooking up some plum juice she had canned in season and was making some "nice fresh jelly."

BERENICE MCNETT
Platteville, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

It brings back to me such vivid memories of my childhood in Baltimore that I can almost smell the tantalizing aroma of ketchup, chili sauce and apple butter filling the air.

NELL WALLACE ARMSTRONG
Holly Hill, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

How my mouth watered when I read your editorial. Thank you for taking me back over the years. But it was my grandmother's ketchup and freshly baked bread that I cherished the most. I can see myself again walking home from school and then suddenly smelling ketchup. A block away I knew what was in store for me—my grandmother's smile, the newly made ketchup, bread hot from the oven and plenty of freshly churned butter. What a feast!

WALLACE M. DEPEW
Scranton, Pa.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

13, 14, 15–Eugene Kammerman. • 16–Ollie Atkins. • 17–Mitchell Hooks. • 19–Jacob Lofman. • 20, 21–Arthur Lidov. • 22, 23–Joern Gerdts. • 24–Robert Jones. • 25–Don Almquist. • 26, 27, 28, 29–Ollie Atkins. • 30, 31–Gyo Fujikawa. • 32, 33–Larry Keighley. 34, 35–Peter Stevens. • 38, 39–Mac Conner. • 59–Claude Jacoby. • 60–Russell Melcher; R. S. Martin; Claude Jacoby. • 61–Tom Blau. • 62–Hanson Carroll. • 65–Two by Claude Jacoby; two by Tom Blau. • 66–Claude Jacoby. • 67–Culver. • 68–Gus Pasquarella. • 69–Tom Blau. • 70–Two by Tom Blau; Russell Melcher. • 71–Tom Blau. 72–Claude Jacoby; Tom Blau. • 73–Gus Pasquarella; Claude Jacoby. • 74–Gus Pasquarella; Claude Jacoby. • 75–Russell Melcher; R. S. Martin. • 76–Tom Blau; Gus Pasquarella; Tom Blau. • 104–Three from Arthur Lidov; Charles Caron; Larry Keighley; Gus Pasquarella.

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The Holiday Season is a special time when families draw together, reaffirming well-loved customs and fundamental beliefs. It is a joyful, eager time for the children, rich with make-believe and laughter—for their elders a time of pride and pleasure, of memories of things past and imagining of things to come. It is a time of gratitude, compassion, hope and faith. Gratitude for the many blessings on this land and for trials withstood. Compassion for the less fortunate. Hope for a better world of peace and justice. Faith in our ability to grow and to build. For our way of life is a good one—strong and free and full of promise—and one in which we may rear our children with confidence. It is in this spirit that we of New York Life, whose privilege it is to serve so many American and Canadian families, extend to all our warm greetings and good wishes this Christmas season.

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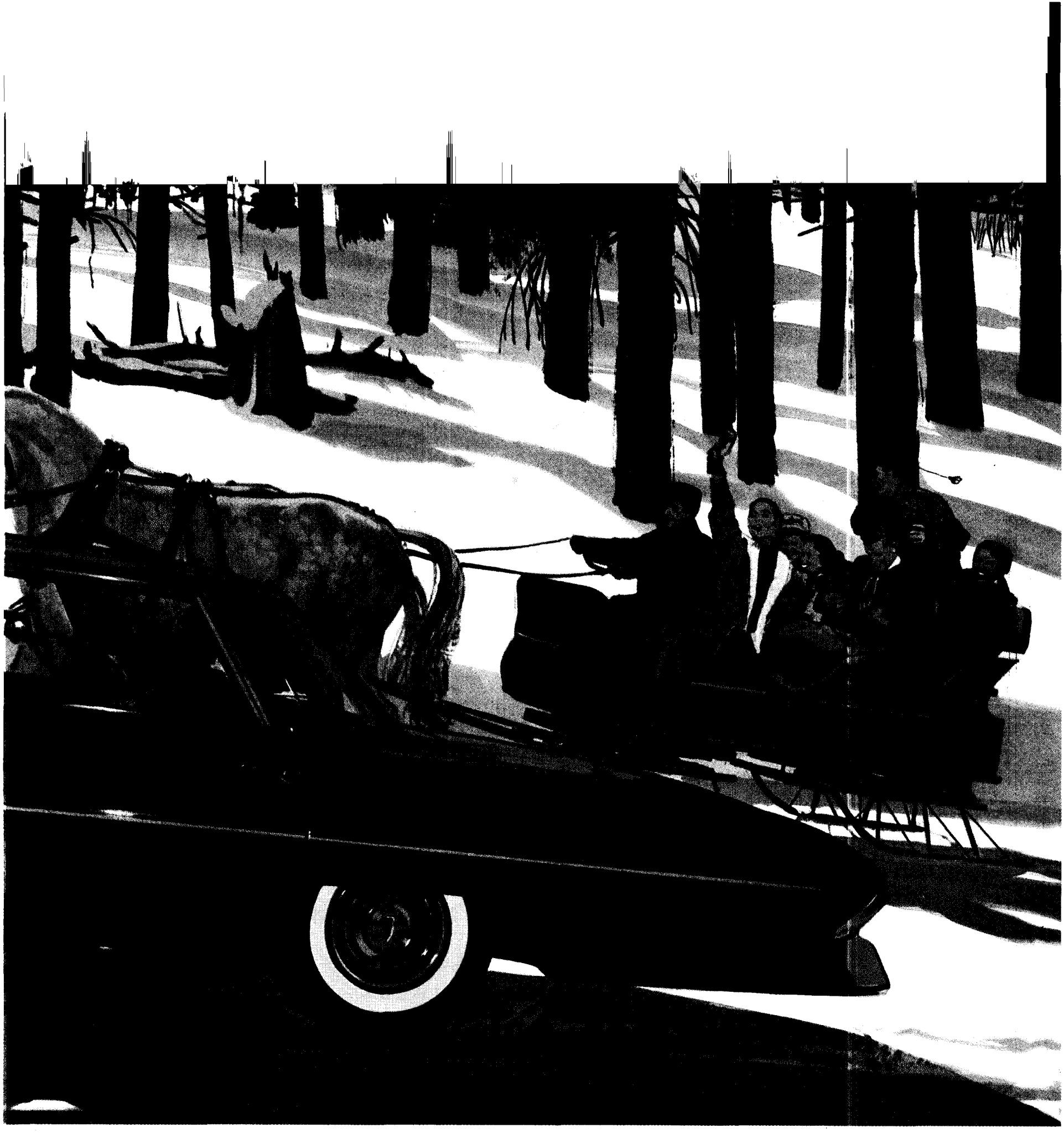

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Editorials

Let's Not Write Off Quemoy and Matsu as Indefensible

By HOLMES ALEXANDER

In congratulating President-elect Kennedy on his election, the influential *United Daily News* in Taipei urged him to come and "see in person the military, political and economic strength" of the Republic of China, which includes this thirty-three-island group in the Taiwan Strait. Mr. Kennedy would do well to give this area much thought.

Strength is the keynote—and too much of the emphasis has been laid on the alleged weakness of these offshore positions. Mr. Kennedy himself has called the islands indefensible and not worth the sacrifice of American soldiers' lives. But let's see.

The defensibility is extraordinarily well documented. In October, 1949, the Reds landed on the northwestern tip of Quemoy with 17,000 modern-armed troops and 300 vessels under artillery cover from the mainland. There was a two-day battle in which the invaders were routed with the loss of 8000 dead, 6000 captured, along with thousands of their arms. In July, 1950, the Reds tried to capture the tiny group-islet of Tatan, where they were repulsed with 400 casualties and 100 captured. In 1954 and in 1958–60 Quemoy has been intermittently under artillery fire without any marked disruption of its everyday life.

In the autumn of 1958 there was a forty-four-day air and sea war in which the Reds were beaten. As a bonus, the Chinese Nationalist Air Force built up its prestige, and our policy of Asian-against-Asian, by battle-testing the American-made Sidewinder missile with gratifying success.

Then there is the Don't-Die-for-Quemoy argument. Last October, as a result of certain campaign statements, the Nationalist minister of foreign affairs reiterated that the Republic of China "has never requested direct participation by the United States forçes. . . . We are fully intent to continue to do our own fighting on these offshore islands . . . no blood of any American soldier needs to be shed."

This is statement of intent, subject to change by world events. But it reflects what is a characteristic of this Allied defense area—strength, confidence, defiance of the Communist threat. These qualities in an ally are just as important as his strategic location. The Quemoy-Matsu group is a Free World morsel consisting of about ninety square miles and 50,000 nonmilitary persons. The islands are unsinkable forward positions, blocking both the Red invasion port of Amoy and the Min River estuary, affording complete surveillance of the Communist coast.

It is hard for anybody who has visited the area, as this reporter has, to understand how all these advantages are overlooked and downgraded. Well, in a sense they are not—not by the military, only by misinformed civilians. The military do not make this mistake. Vice Adm. Roland Smoot, United States commander of Taiwan defense, says of the islands: "They are acre for acre the most completely dug-in and defended area we've got in the world today."

Vice Adm. Ruthven E. Libby, a delegate to the Korean truce negotiations and in 1956–58 the Deputy Chief of Naval Operations, says, "Militarily they are a thorn in the side of the Chinese Communists. . . . Psychologically they are immeasurably more important, not only to the morale of the embattled Nationalist Chinese, but as a concrete evidence of the Free World's determination to meet force with force when necessary."

Paradoxically the President-elect is under pressure from a little-heard-of minority on Taiwan—the United Formosans for Independence—who want him to abandon the offshore islands. The indigenous Formosans contend that they are living under a Nationalist Chinese dictatorship which the United States is supporting, but which will go away if we do the right thing. So they want us to remove a cause of war by forcing Chiang Kai-shek to abandon Quemoy-Matsu.

If the Formosans haven't asked, then Mr. Kennedy surely should ask, whether such a surrender would buy peace for very long, and whether it would insure the Formosans their freedom for long, and whether any surrender or retreat is tenable in our time.

The Christmas Spirit Is Needed All Year Long

One of the brightest and at the same time the saddest of all our yuletide emblems is the Christmas tree. The tree is resplendent with lights and decorations as bright as our kindest hopes and best wishes, and at its foot are the presents we put there in emulation of the three Wise Men.

All children—and all the young of heart—are fascinated by the Christmas tree, and it is truly a glorious offering to the feast of the Child's birthday. But Christmas comes and goes, and after a few days the Christmas tree is thrown out to be burned—bereft of its glory, dried out and bedraggled, with no place at all left for such a symbol in our ordinary world.

In each year of our lives most of us follow the way of the Christmas tree. At the holy season most of us do indeed hear the glad tidings, and our great joy towers above petty everyday hates, rivalries and ambitions. We look to the sky and the star, and under it so small and lonely we feel in our hearts only good will toward all our fellow sojourners on the face of the earth. We truly understand that we are only as little children. We see how small are all our possessions and how trifling our conflicts for them, and we search for ways to do godly kindness to all our fellow beings.

But in a few days we strip the Christmas glory from ourselves as completely as from the most sapless Christmas tree; we fall back to our sad old world, to our selfish pursuits, unhappy hates and fond frustrations as though we had never had the towering vision.

The spirit of Christmas does offer one eternal hope for all mankind—it will come again and again to us, as surely as the earth turns, to prove that the time must come when the Christmas symbols are unfading, and mankind will remember that only in love is there peace and good will.

How Much Should U.S. Investors Risk Abroad?

Cuba's trend toward economic self-destruction and the troubles in Africa have caused many American businessmen to apply to the International Co-operation Administration in Washington for insurance against investment risks in Africa, Latin America and Asia. The I.C.A. insurance program has been under way for twelve years; it has taken in $5,000,000 in premiums, but has not had to pay out a cent. No money has had to be paid to American investors in Cuba, because those who were eligible had no investment insurance. Recently a $66,000,000 investment in Italy has been insured, as have two aluminum investments in Guinea totaling $72,000,000.

All this does not mean that private business can blindly invest abroad and let the Government take the insurance risk. Anyone foolish enough to invest in Cuba today would have to do so without United States Government insurance. In fact, business firms can perform economic services which the Government cannot. The Foreign Credit Exchange Bureau, a division of the National Association of Credit Men, has just urged that American businessmen establish an "unofficial clearinghouse," particularly in dealing with Cuba.

The bulletin of the Foreign Credit Exchange Bureau also suggests that American businessmen should not permit themselves to be played off against one another. For instance, Castro's economic dictators have seized United States-owned sugar industries. However, the machinery for sugar-grinding mills must be overhauled or replaced virtually every year. Should one adventurous, long-shot-playing American business firm replace such machinery and thus permit the Castro-ites to enjoy the products of a plant which they have seized from another American company? The answer to that question should reveal the degree to which common sense can triumph over cupidity.

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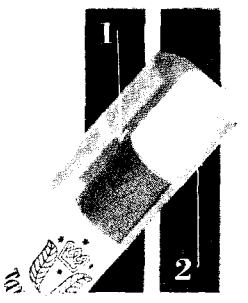

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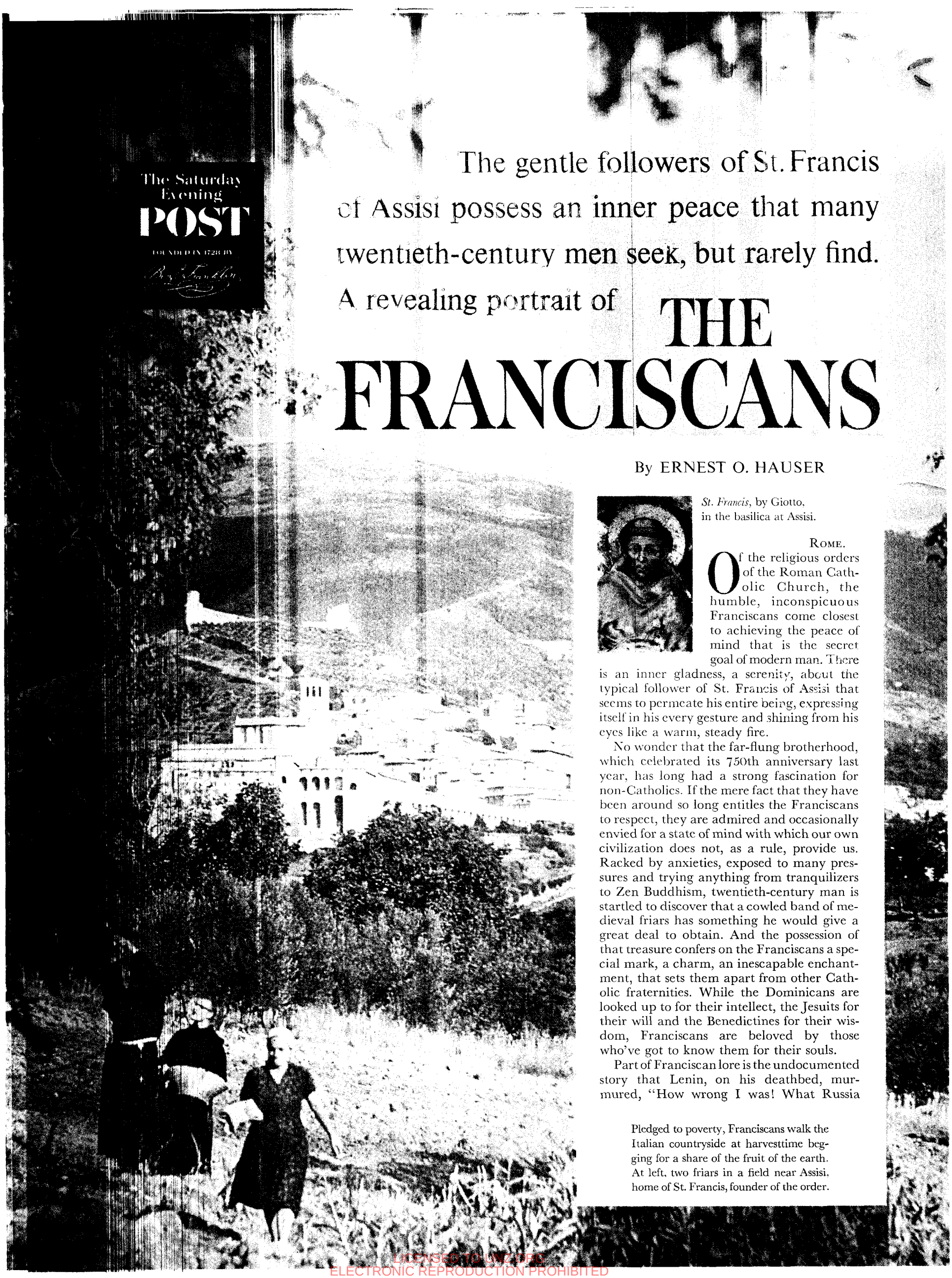

The gentle followers of St. Francis of Assisi possess an inner peace that many twentieth-century men seek, but rarely find. A revealing portrait of

THE FRANCISCANS

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

St. Francis, by Giotto, in the basilica at Assisi.

ROME.

Of the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, the humble, inconspicuous Franciscans come closest to achieving the peace of mind that is the secret goal of modern man. There is an inner gladness, a serenity, about the typical follower of St. Francis of Assisi that seems to permeate his entire being, expressing itself in his every gesture and shining from his eyes like a warm, steady fire.

No wonder that the far-flung brotherhood, which celebrated its 750th anniversary last year, has long had a strong fascination for non-Catholics. If the mere fact that they have been around so long entitles the Franciscans to respect, they are admired and occasionally envied for a state of mind with which our own civilization does not, as a rule, provide us. Racked by anxieties, exposed to many pressures and trying anything from tranquilizers to Zen Buddhism, twentieth-century man is startled to discover that a cowled band of medieval friars has something he would give a great deal to obtain. And the possession of that treasure confers on the Franciscans a special mark, a charm, an inescapable enchantment, that sets them apart from other Catholic fraternities. While the Dominicans are looked up to for their intellect, the Jesuits for their will and the Benedictines for their wisdom, Franciscans are beloved by those who've got to know them for their souls.

Part of Franciscan lore is the undocumented story that Lenin, on his deathbed, murmured, "How wrong I was! What Russia

Pledged to poverty, Franciscans walk the Italian countryside at harvesttime begging for a share of the fruit of the earth. At left, two friars in a field near Assisi, home of St. Francis, founder of the order.

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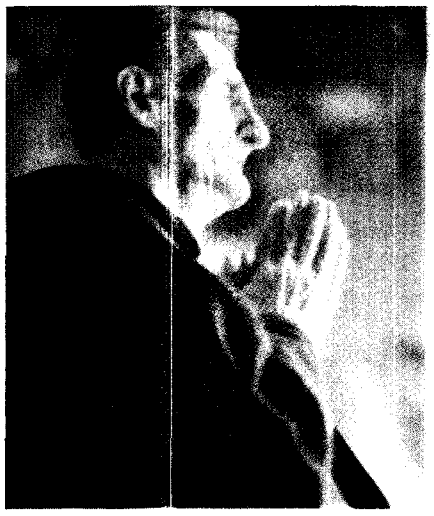
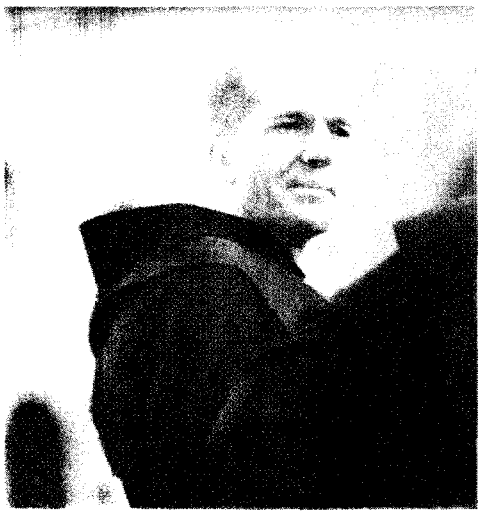


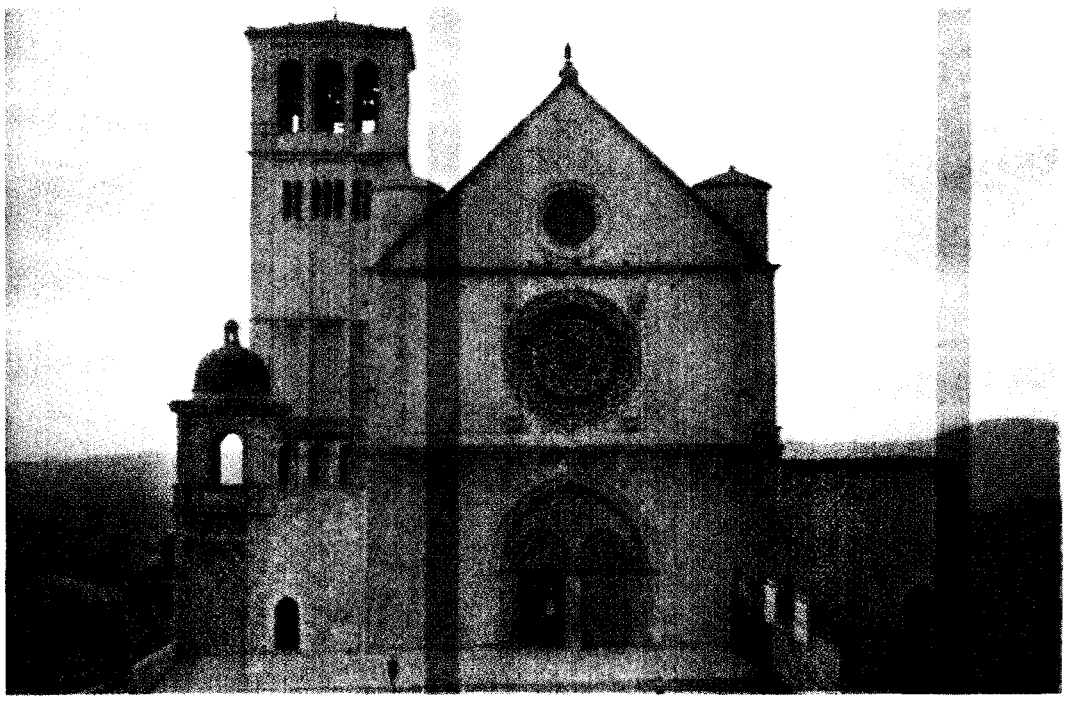
Most Franciscans are Friars Minor, such as this Frenchman.

A Rhodesian brother of the black-robed Conventual Franciscans.

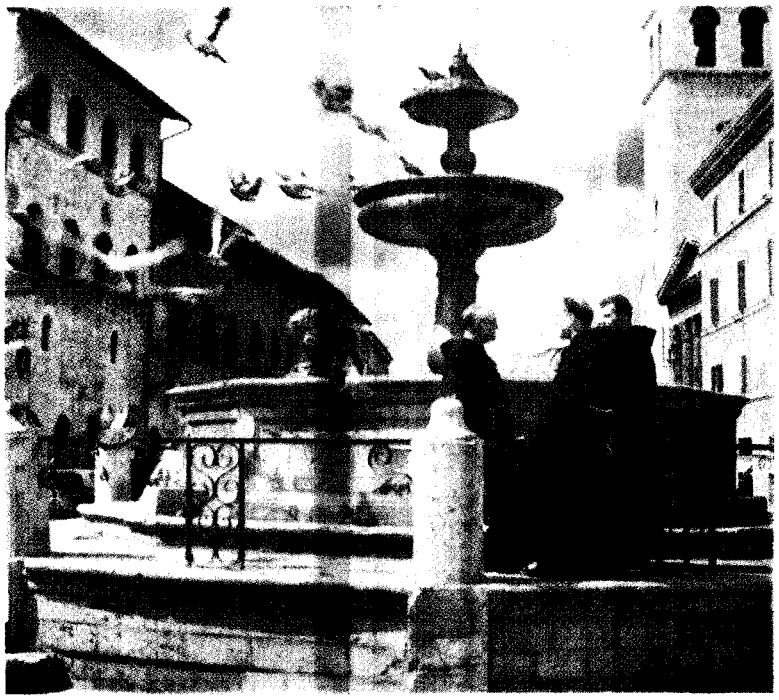


A Franciscan from the U.S. where 200 young men join the order every year.

In the tradition of St. Francis: an Italian brother with bird friends.



The Basilica of St. Francis at sundown. It was built after the death of the saint known as *il Poverello*, the "little poor one." His remains are now enshrined within the edifice.



The main square of Assisi and its fountain are much as they were 750 years ago when St. Francis preached here many times.

really needed was a couple of St. Francises"; while French Premier Georges Clemenceau, "the Tiger," is said to have observed that if every Christian had a few drops of Franciscan blood in him the world would be a better place to live in. Protestant scholars of assorted nationalities have devoted many years to the study of the Franciscan philosophy. A Franciscan group professing allegiance to the Church of England flourishes in Britain, where it is particularly active in the universities. And many thousands of Americans, no matter what their faith, visit, year after year, the world-famous Franciscan shrines in the Italian hill towns.

There is no ready formula by which the Franciscan state of mind might be expressed or reproduced. "It is easier to sense our spirituality," one brown-robed, sandaled friar said to me at his order's headquarters in Rome, "than to define it. You will find us, as you get to know us better, intensely human. Our way of acting, talking, even walking, often strikes people as particularly 'natural.' Perhaps their observation means that, in renouncing all worldly attachments, we have become free in the true meaning of the word."

The outsider, confused as to the scope and functions of a religious order, is apt to get his terms mixed up. Although the Franciscan will forgive you if you call him a "monk," he is in fact a friar. Not committed to a life of contemplation behind thick monastery walls, he looks upon his "friary"—where he lives in a simple room, eats (usually in silence) with his fellow friars and spends a couple of hours every

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

Surrounded by Giotto's famous frescoes, women of Assisi pray in the nave of the basilica.

The basilica is often thronged with tourists who have come to see one of Italy's artistic landmarks. Below, a friar explains Giotto's frescoes which depict the important happenings in the life of St. Francis.

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The Capuchins, such as this Italian, are identified by their beards.

The order reaches throughout the world. This brother is a Ceylonese.

This Italian, like most Franciscans, thrives on contact with people.

A Polish friar at the altar of the chapel where St. Francis died.

Scenes from Giotto's beautiful frescoes: Above, St. Francis drives the demons out of Arezzo.

Stripped of his clothing, the youthful St. Francis faces his wealthy father and renounces his inheritance.

The first use of a crib in a Christmas celebration is credited to the saint.

day in church or chapel—merely as a base of operations. His active life is spent out in the world, teaching or preaching, administering the sacraments, or caring for the sick and poor. Four out of five Franciscans are priests, the rest being lay brothers employed at manual chores.

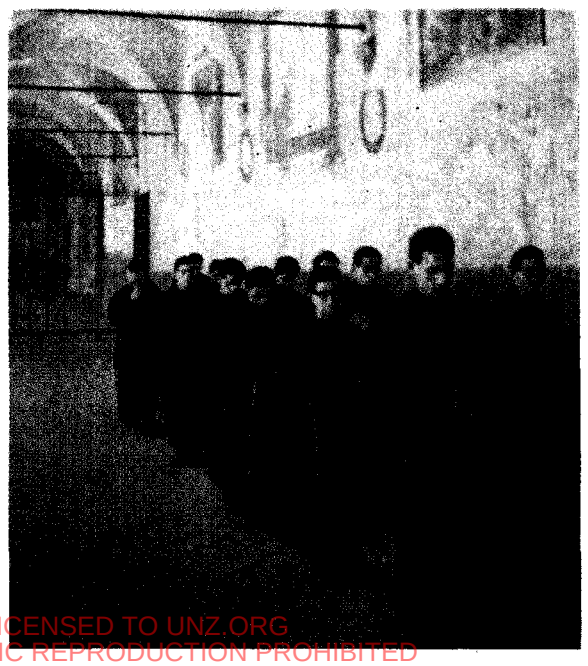
Of the world's 46,000 Franciscan friars, some 6000 work as missionaries, largely in Latin America and Asia. In line with an old privilege, Franciscans are entrusted by the Pope with the custody of the Holy Land, where they have maintained and serviced, for many centuries, the Christian sanctuaries at Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem and Jericho. You'll find Franciscans on spiritual duty in the coal mines of the Ruhr; as chaplains in hospitals and such American prisons as Joliet, Dannemora and Atlanta; caring for lepers in the tropics; or bent over some yellowed parchment preparing yet another critical edition of the Scholastics—medieval writers on theology and philosophy—whose often dry, pedantic works have yielded a great deal of typically Franciscan thinking.

The United States has long been intimately linked with the Franciscans—our history as well as our map teem with Franciscan landmarks. The Alamo, heroically defended against the Mexicans in 1836, was built as a Franciscan mission. Los Angeles and San Francisco are proud of their Franciscan antecedents, and California's famous mission stations perpetuate the memory of the Franciscans' pioneer apostle to the Indians, Junípero Serra.

Today the United States "provinces"—administrative regions—of (Continued on Page 101)

The basilica stands at the edge of Assisi, near the fields and vineyards where St. Francis spent much of his life with the wild creatures he loved.

Ten years of training lie ahead for these novices before they become Franciscans.



Young Franciscans have this 96-year-old begging brother as an example.

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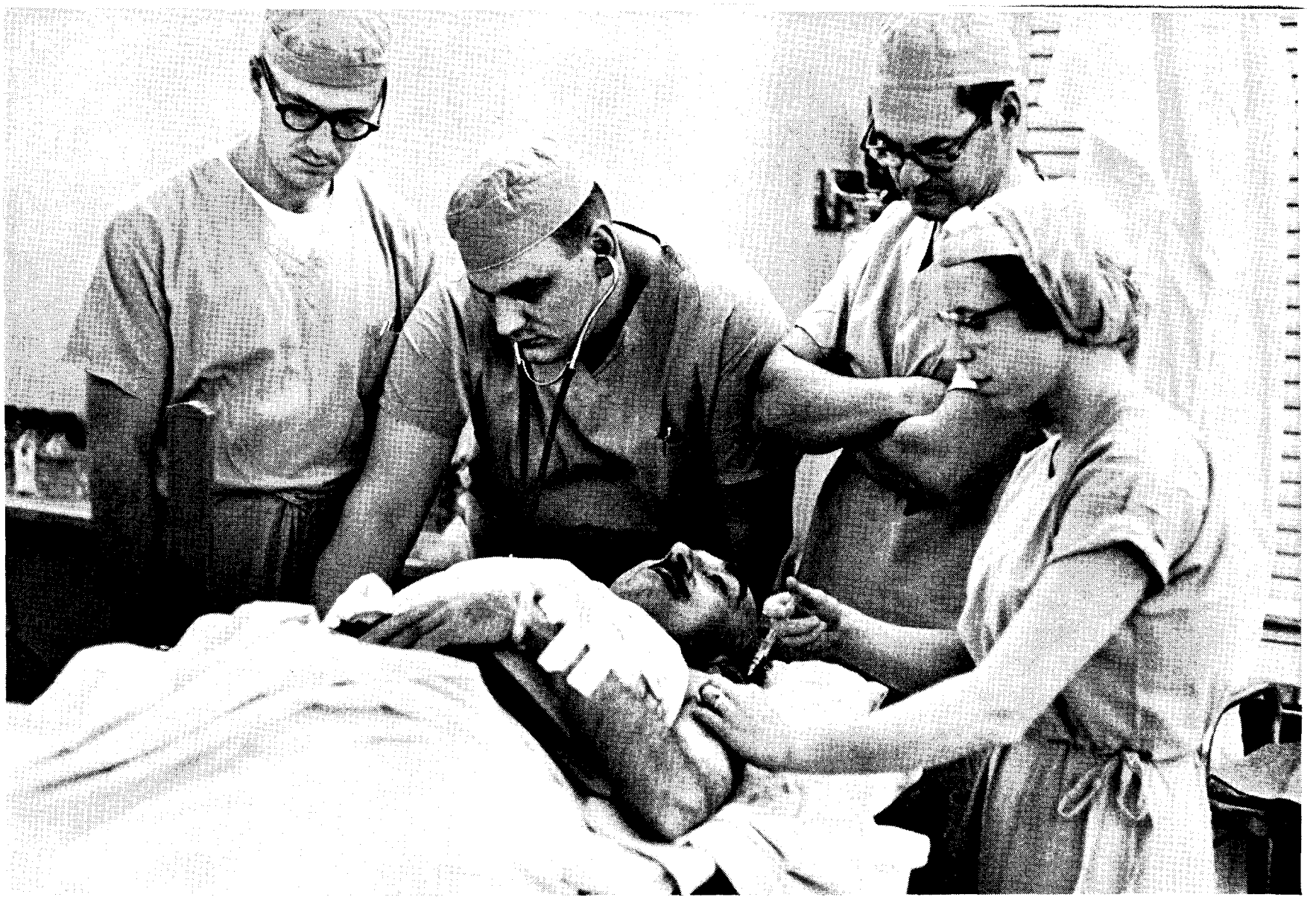
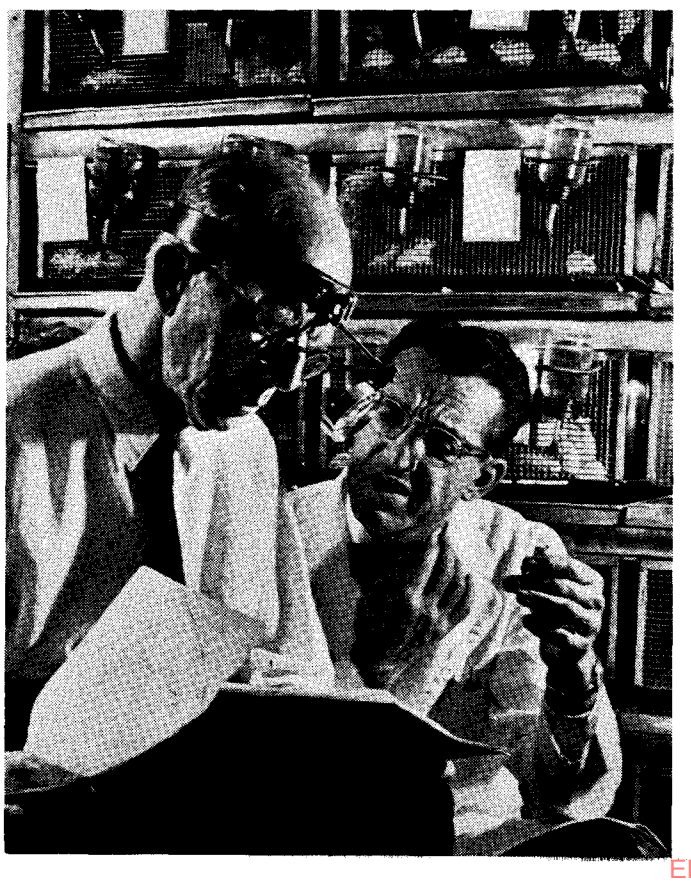


A surgery patient in the recovery room of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital is injected with phenazocine. Physicians in attendance are, from left: Dr. Theodore Blaisdell, Dr. Stephen Prevoznik and Dr. James Eckenhoff.

Pursuit of a Painkiller

By BEN PEARSE

The story behind the long and difficult development of a synthetic narcotic to replace the useful but addictive drug morphine.



Left: Dr. Nathan Eddy and Dr. Everette May headed the National Institutes of Health team that developed phenazocine.

Drugs that relieve severe pain often carry a terrible price tag. The threat of addiction nearly always hangs over the use of large doses for long periods of time.

Every doctor knows this, and none was more aware of it than a woman physician who, in her early forties, had become a patient in a hospital in a large eastern city. She was suffering from acute, prolonged pain in her chest, the result of a blood clot which had lodged in her lung. In spite of huge doses of meperidine (Demerol) every four hours, she was still in agony.

In an effort to cut off the source of further clots, surgeons had operated and tied off one of the veins leading from the lower part of her body to her heart. But it would be a considerable time before she could expect real relief. Meanwhile, since she was already receiving close to the advisable maximum dose of meperidine, she was worried about the consequences of increasing the dose or of switching to an even more addicting drug, morphine itself.

At this point the distressed physician-patient confessed her worries to the doctor caring for her in the hospital. "I'm terrified at the prospects of getting hooked by one of these narcotics if the dose is increased," she said, "and yet this pain is almost more than I can bear. What can I do?"

The attending physician suggested a new compound developed at the National Institutes of Health, in Bethesda, Maryland. It was still undergoing clinical trials, he explained, but he had used it in treating more than 100 patients and the results had been good.

"Then for heaven's sake let's try it—right away," the patient pleaded.

The doctor slipped a hypodermic needle into her arm, injected a one-milligram dose of the new drug, called phenazocine, and within an hour her pain was completely relieved.

"The change was most dramatic," he told me, in discussing the effects of this remarkable new synthetic substitute for morphine. "By giving the patient (Continued on Page 88)

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The Mischief-Maker from Moscow

This is what happened when a Russian virtuoso let his long hair down in Manhattan.

By
OTTO FRIEDRICH

I had been living like a hermit while I polished Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto* for my debut with Bernstein, but a trip to Idlewild was the least I could do in honor of Vassily Deutscher's arrival from Moscow. It took the taxi an hour to rattle through the January slush of Queens to the windy spot where a claque of men in fur-collared coats stood waiting. As soon as the Air France plane wheeled to a stop, the door burst open, and a fat red face popped out. It waved and smiled as an underdeveloped photographer trotted up with his camera. I say "it" because this was the first time I had seen Deutscher as a public figure, waving remotely to a remote audience.

In Russia, in the ridiculous *dacha* filled with cats and carved bears and fringed lamps and cuckoo clocks, all varying five to twenty minutes from one another, there he had been just the old master at home, stamping around in his old black sweater and scarf, grumbling to his visitors about "parasites." Now, on the frozen steppes of Idlewild, the parasites had taken charge. Sam Schmidt, the impresario who had negotiated for months to import Russia's greatest pianist, pushed forward to get himself into the news photographs. At his heels the muffled Russian envoy, Kashovsky, trotted along to make sure that nothing went wrong. Schmidt's flunkies and the embassy flunkies were handing out press releases of welcoming statements that were never spoken. In such a swarm of official greetings I was naturally flattered (Continued on Page 96)

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ADVENTURES
of the MIND

Life's Mysterious Clocks

One of the greatest riddles of the universe is the uncanny ability of living things to carry out their normal activities with clocklike precision at a particular time of the day, month and year. Why do oysters plucked from a Connecticut bay and shipped to a Midwest laboratory continue to time their lives to ocean tides 800 miles away? How do potatoes in hermetically sealed containers predict atmospheric pressure trends two days in advance? What effects do the lunar and solar rhythms have on the life habits of man? Living things clearly possess powerful adaptive capacities—but the explanation of whatever strange and permeative forces are concerned continues to challenge science. Let us consider the phenomena more closely.

Over the course of millions of years living organisms have evolved under complex environmental conditions, some obvious and some so subtle that we are only now beginning to understand their influence. One important factor of the environment is its rhythmicality. Contributing to this rhythmicality are movements of the earth relative to the sun and moon.

The earth's rotation relative to the sun gives us our 24-hour day; relative to the moon this rotation, together with the moon's revolution about the earth, gives us our lunar day of 24 hours and 50 minutes. The lunar day is the time from moonrise to moonrise.

The moon's arrival every 29.5 days at the same relative position between the earth and the sun marks what is called the synodical month. The earth with its tilted axis revolves about the sun every 365 days, 5 hours and 48 minutes, yielding the year and its seasons.

The daily and annual rhythms related to the sun are associated with the changes in light and temperature. The 24.8-hour lunar day and the 29.5-day synodical month are associated most obviously with the moon-dominated ocean tides and with changes in nighttime illumination. But all four types of rhythms include changes in forces such as gravity, barometric pressure, high energy radiation, and magnetic and electrical fields.

Considering the rhythmic daily changes in light and temperature, it is not surprising that living creatures display daily patterns in their activities. Cockroaches, earthworms and owls are nocturnal; songbirds and butterflies are diurnal; and still other creatures are crepuscular, like the crowing cock at daybreak and the serenading frogs on a springtime evening. Many plants show daily sleep movements of their leaves and flowers. Man himself exhibits daily rhythms in degrees of wakefulness, body temperature and blood-sugar level.

We take for granted the annual rhythms of growth and reproduction of animals and plants, and we now know that the migration periods of birds and the flowering periods of plants are determined by the seasonal changes in the lengths of day and night.

In a similar fashion creatures living on the seashore exhibit a rhythmic behavior corresponding to the lunar day. Oysters and clams open their shells for feeding only after the rising tide has covered them. Fiddler crabs and shore birds scour the beach for food exposed at ebb tide and retreat to rest at high tide. The reef heron, though living many miles inland, appears to know when low tide will occur and leaves

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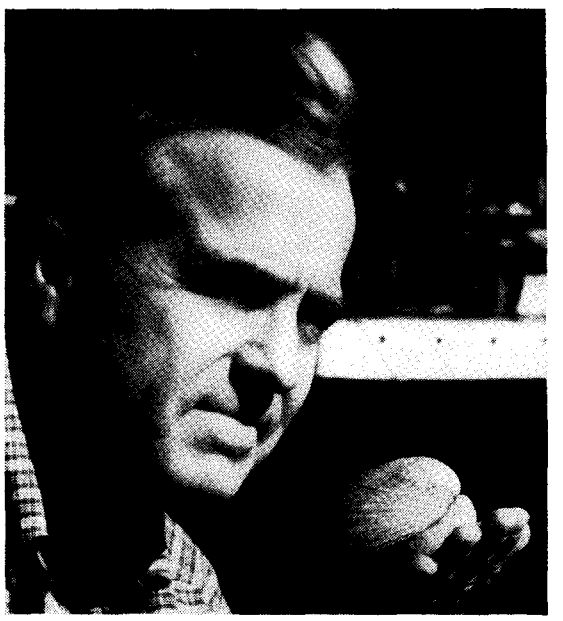
How nature's timing systems regulate the behavior of all forms of life, from the simplest organisms to man himself.

By FRANK A. BROWN Jr.



About the Author

Frank A. Brown Jr., Morrison Professor of Biology at Northwestern University, first became interested in the phenomenon of living clocks twelve years ago. As an endocrinologist studying the actions of injected hormones on crabs and shrimps, "We found that something beyond the influences of our ordinary laboratory conditions and procedures was affecting our animals and their reactions. Subsequently, with our study of the fluctuations with lunar and solar periods, the rhythms of life became more fascinating than our former problems." Professor Brown was educated at Bowdoin College and at Harvard. In summer he conducts his research at the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

home each day just at the proper time to take advantage of it.

Synodical monthly breeding rhythms, geared to particular portions of the year, phases of the moon, and times of solar day, are common among animals inhabiting the sea. These rhythms assure that the eggs and sperm of a given species will be available at the same place at the same time. Each species has its own characteristic breeding time, which is often so precisely scheduled that we can accurately predict its occurrence. If, for example, we should go to the water's edge in Bermuda about an hour after sunset during a three- or four-day period of a summertime full moon, we would witness within a few minutes the mating display of the Atlantic "fireworm." At that time the females swarm to the surface from their burrows in the coral rock and luminesce brilliantly until joined by the males. At the same location, just before midnight either three to four days before or two days after a new moon,

Attention: *Post* Readers

This copy of the Post combines the issues of December 24 and December 31 into a single expanded edition featuring a Post-sponsored survey of education which begins on page 59. The next Post will go on sale January 3, 1961.

THE EDITORS

the swarming of the males and females of the glassy transparent shrimp, *Anchistioides*, takes place.

Palolo worms of the Southwest Pacific swarm in huge numbers on the nights of the third quarters of the October and November moons, liberating their reproductive elements into the sea water just as the dawn breaks. The breeding behavior of a small California fish, the grunion, is also exquisitely timed. Just after the moment of high tide, on nights from April through June, when the tides are at their monthly highest, these fish arrive at the beach in large numbers and ride the waves onto the sand. The fish quickly dig pits into which they discharge their eggs and sperm. Thus the new generation is able to develop over the period of a month without being prematurely washed out by the surf of the ordinary high tides.

Reproductive rhythms also occur in certain seaweeds. *Dictyota*, a brown alga, produces eggs and sperm on a monthly schedule. All the plants in one area may be synchronized to one phase of the moon, while those in another area will be regulated to another phase. The particular phase appears to be determined in some manner by the local tides.

Lunar reproductive rhythms are not restricted to sea dwellers. The reproductive cycle of the human female, averaging exactly the synodical month, indicates that here, too, exist both solar and lunar rhythms.

Though it might appear that such rhythms are merely the responses of organisms to rhythmic changes in light, temperature or the ocean tides, this is far from being the whole answer. For when living things, *CONTINUED ON PAGE 43*

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[illegible]LAND

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By Leonard Wibberley

On the Hampshire downs where the shepherd lived, year in and year out, high summer and deep winter, there was always a sense of eternity. It lay in the nature of the place—the enormous sweep of the sky and the equally enormous sweep of the grasslands below and, between these, the unending movement of the wind. The boy who helped the shepherd was sometimes frightened by the size of sky and earth around him, which made him feel small and alone. When he was frightened in this manner, he would lie down in the short stiff grass and, discovering there a variety of tiny insects, take comfort that they were so much smaller than he and yet lived in such a huge place; they went about their business unappalled. Then his fright and loneliness would leave him; everything would be all right in the world. It was only because he was a boy that the size of the world sometimes appalled him.

The shepherd himself was of no help to the boy on these occasions—which was why he had to turn to the insects. The shepherd had lived on the Hampshire downs all his life, from his own boyhood. He lived in a corrugated-iron caravan mounted on four wheels, which was occasionally pulled from one place to another by one of the farm horses when it was necessary to move the sheep to new pasture. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 86*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LIDOV

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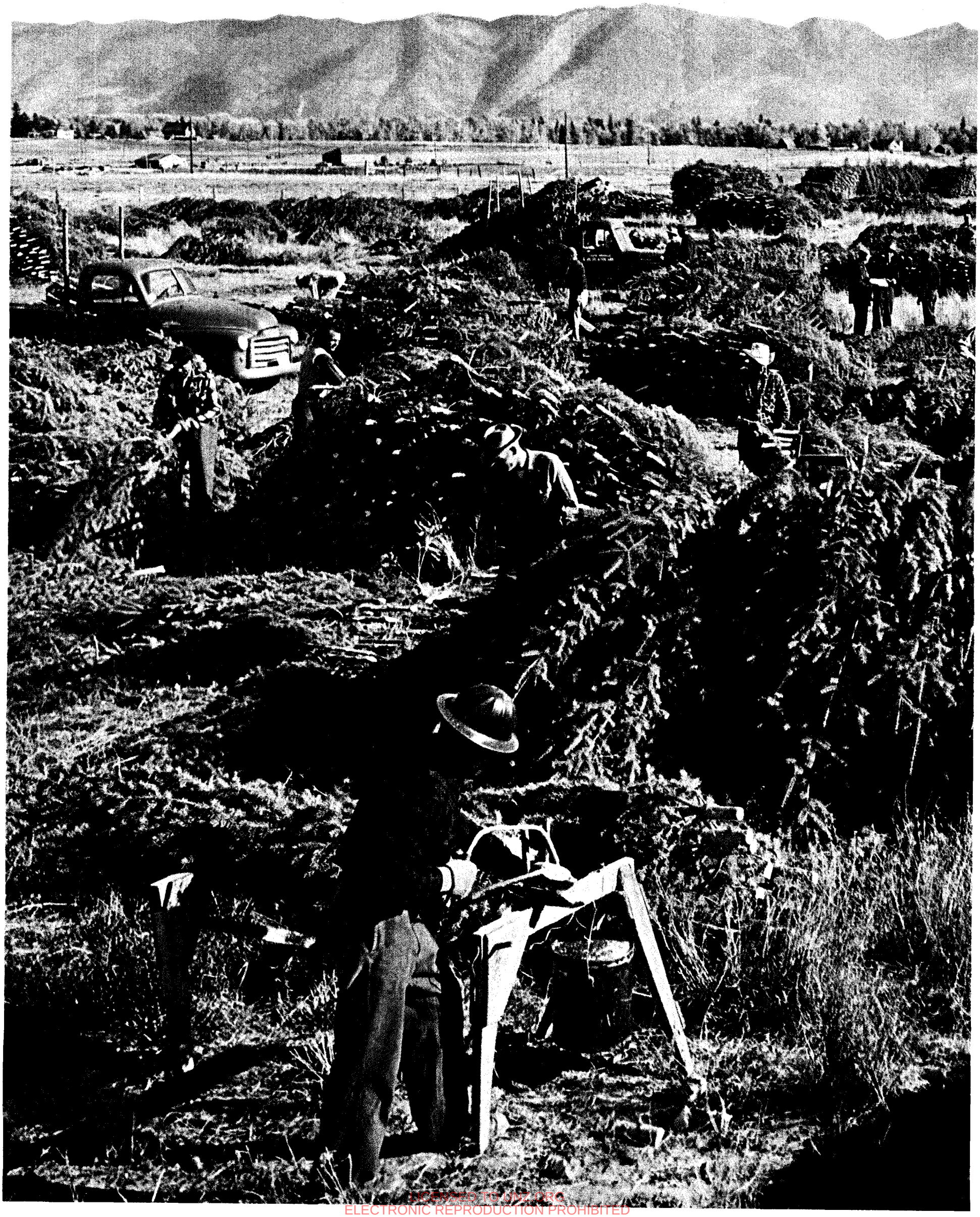

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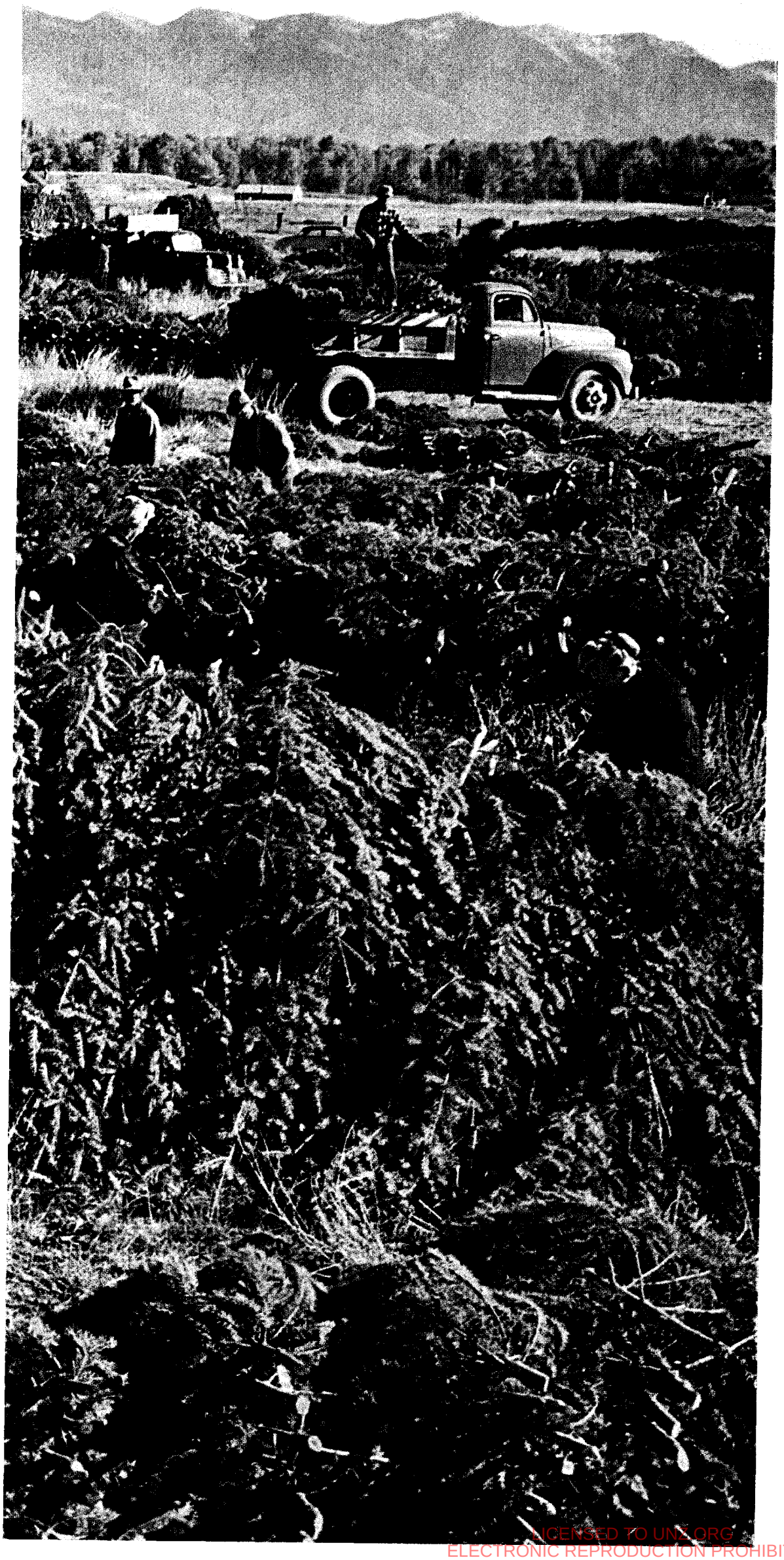

The Face of AMERICA

Harvest for a Holiday

The Christmas tree you trim this week may well be one of these, cut in early October from the mountainsides surrounding Kalispell, Montana. Here, in the northwestern corner of a northwestern state, Christmas trees must be cut and shipped before the Rockies are deep in snow. Within a fifty-mile radius of Kalispell, lumbermen, farmers, families and college students—intent on fattening the Christmas kitty—cut the firs and load them on trucks and jeeps. Then they descend upon fifty-odd tree yards such as this one, where they sell their festive wares. More than 1,500,000 Christmas trees are bought, unloaded, graded, trimmed, baled and tagged at Kalispell for shipment throughout the United States, to be adorned with ornaments and lights on Christmas Eve. Many are kept until Twelfth-day, or Epiphany, January sixth.

● Photograph by Joern Gerdts

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"Well," he said, "how did it go?"

He offered
a list of
hidden treasures
that were . . .

A SURE CURE FOR THE BLUES

By VIVIAN JAMESON

As the doors slid open at the 72nd Street express stop and Peggy was swept out onto the subway platform with the crowd, it all seemed dingier than usual. Outside it was no better—a drizzly Friday night with the fog moving in from the Hudson River.

The lights of the cocktail lounge across the street offered a spark of cheer, and Peggy debated. Maybe, just possibly, if she walked right up to the bar and ordered a Pink Lady there would be a man on the next bar stool. He would be rather intelligent, a teacher or a publisher's representative, and that's how it all would start. Except unescorted ladies were—well—unescorted ladies and, after all, only merchant seamen hung out at that bar.

Peggy walked the two blocks to her apartment, and she had the strangest feeling. She just knew that something was going to happen. In her mailbox she'd find one of those slips from the post office telling her that a registered article had arrived. Or perhaps it would be a letter from Cousin Ned telling her she had been left a small inheritance. Premonitions are funny things.

There were three envelopes in the mailbox—two bills and an appeal from a charitable agency for money.

Peggy dragged up the stairs to her apartment and opened the door. Everything was familiar and predictable—the maroon wall-to-wall rug, the maple furniture, the Murphy bed. The only unpredictable thing in the room was the phone. Maybe someone would call. But all her friends were as familiar and predictable as the wall-to-wall rug.

The chill in the apartment house descended around her, and Peggy knew it was going to be another one of those restless evenings. Somehow it seemed (Continued on Page 84)

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A Christmas Letter...

...Which tells a true story to an adopted son.

By Mary Brown Hunter

Ken Dear:

I have your letter, and between the lines I read the questions in your heart. So now to answer some of them, may I tell you a little Christmas story?

It was as many years ago as you are old this Christmastide that the person you know as "mother" told me one day that she longed above all else in this world for a baby. She said that whenever she saw lovely children in the hands of casual and often impatient little mothers, she would go home and cry because her own arms were empty. She asked me, with tears in her eyes, if I ever knew of a baby who needed a mother, would I not bring him straight to her doorway and not tell her a thing about him.

Knowing how deeply she meant it, I sought counsel with our mutual doctor and good friend, whose understanding heart was equal to everyone's need. In less than two weeks he called me to say he had found just the baby needing the home and the very special love your mother was waiting to give.

And so it came about one silent night in late December—although your "father-to-be" had been called out of town on business—that Doctor Bob and I tiptoed up the driveway to the front door and set the precious basket on your mother's threshold. We rang the bell and hid behind the tall holly bushes by the doorway, waiting to see her expression when she opened the door, but no one came. Suddenly, to our dismay, we realized that the doorbell was out of order. Wishing to remain anonymous for that evening, the doctor left me—like Miriam of old—to guard the basket while he went to a nearby telephone.

While I waited I lifted the corner of the blanket and peeked at you. You looked up at me with eyes that smiled and spoke, and all the time you clutched in one little hand the formula and schedule for your food, which the doctor had put there. In the other hand you held a message to your new parents. That's the message I had placed there which you found recently among your late father's papers. It said only that there was nothing about your birth or ancestry to be ashamed of; that your mother was dead and your father could not keep you; and that because you had heard their hearts calling, you had come.

I watched over you and listened for the telephone to ring in the hallway. Suddenly I heard it and stepped out of view. I saw your mother leave her two callers in the living room and come into the hall to answer it. I was breathless as I watched her take up the receiver, for I knew she was about to hear a man's voice from the darkness say, "There is someone at your door who would like to come in." Without a moment's hesitation she exclaimed eagerly, "Oh, I will go and lift the latch." She said afterward that she must have known it was going to be you.

The doctor and I walked around the house and hid in the shrubbery by the east window, where we had a full view of the living room. We watched her and her two callers bring in the basket and open it.

They set it opposite the fireplace, where the Yule log burned brightly and flickered over the group. They dropped to their knees around the basket, to peek under the blanket and clasp their hands. It was like an Adoration, a real Christmas picture, which has lived and glowed in our hearts ever since. For on that night a great joy was born, and a great love has transformed and enriched three lives. Devotedly,

Aunt Mary

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How to speak French without saying a word

By STEWART ALSOP

Odd, the sort of thing you learn in a war.

Take the pictures on these pages. In the Second World War I spent a couple of delightful months behind the German lines, with the French maquis. I learned several things from that experience. I learned quite a lot about French brandy, for example—by sheer chance, which I have never regretted, my maquis group ended up in a town called Cognac. I also learned a smattering of the sort of French which, as I later discovered, is definitely *not* spoken in polite circles. But I learned something far more useful—How To Speak French Without Saying a Word.

Once you have learned Wordless French, you can express complex shades of emotion or conviction without so much as opening your mouth. But before going on with a basic course in Wordless French for the fortunate readers of this magazine, I'd like to say something about how the pictures on these pages came to be taken. Ollie Atkins, the dauntless *Post* photographer, had come to my house to discuss plans for a trip we mean to take together to darkest Africa, and also to take a few stills of my aging face. While he was taking the pictures, we got to talking about the war. I told him how I had learned to speak French without saying a word, and he asked me to illustrate. The pictures on these pages resulted.

As I trust the pictures Ollie took will demonstrate, it is possible to express such shades of feeling as Polite Skepticism, Impolite Skepticism, Amused Amazement, Open Contempt and Profound Disgust without opening your mouth, and in such a way that any Frenchman in the world will instantly understand you.

Here, for example, is Polite Skepticism:

Polite Skepticism

Note the hand gently fingering the tie. Suppose a *maquisard*, or ex-*maquisard*, remarks, "Me, with my proper hands nude, I have killed not less than ten Boches." In French, or anyway the kind of French I learned in the Resistance, such a boastful fellow is called a *cravateur*. You wish to express Polite Skepticism about his exploit. You simply half-close the eyes and place your hand on your cravat, or where your cravat would be if you wore a cravat.

As a political reporter in Washington since the war I have earned the reputation of having some sort of nervous tic, a compulsion constantly to finger my tie. Think of all the enemies I would have made if I had not had the good fortune to learn Wordless French.

I feel certain that the reader will find many opportunities to employ this technique. In France, if the *cravateur* shows signs of irritation, it is only necessary to exclaim in a mollifying manner, "But, my old friend, I was occupying myself all simply to arrange my cravat." The same phrase will certainly serve in

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this country, where the technique of expressing Polite Skepticism is all but unknown.

Impolite Skepticism is conveyed by a technique almost as simple. The index finger of the right hand is applied to the cheek in a circular motion, while the face is permitted to assume an expression suggesting the recent sucking of a lemon, as follows:

Impolite Skepticism

Even an American untutored in Wordless French would be likely to catch the general drift when you are expressing Impolite Skepticism, so it may be well when using this technique to be prepared for an argument, or possibly a hard right to the jaw.

Amused Amazement would be more likely to puzzle than to annoy an American, although it is a gesture which is used, with an infinity of variations, throughout France. To express Amused Amazement, it is only necessary to place the index finger along the nose and assume an expression of amazed amusement, thus:

Amused Amazement

Amused Amazement has many obvious uses. I found it particularly useful in France when somebody told, in spoken French, a joke I didn't understand, which was often. In Washington I find it useful for the same purpose almost equally often.

Open Contempt requires two illustrations. First, you place the nail of the right thumb inside the upper front teeth, or, to be technical about the whole thing, central incisors, thus:

Open Contempt 1

You then bring the thumb and enclosed fist forward in a sharp, throwing motion. While making this gesture it is permissible, and even, according to some schools, advisable, to make a hissing noise, which can be roughly transliterated as "Psssst." Here is the correct position and expression at end of gesture:

Open Contempt 2

Continued on next page

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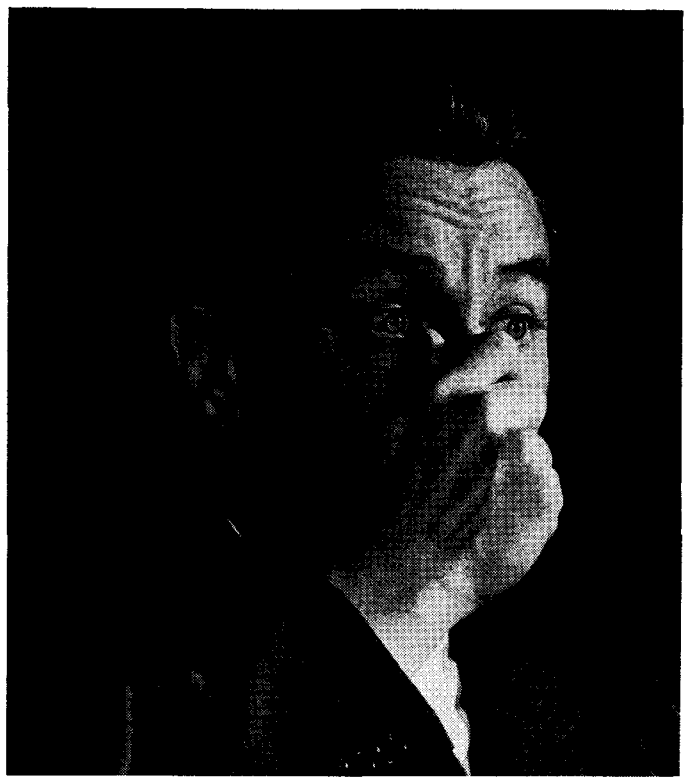
In France the gesture invariably leads to precisely the same gesture being made in return, with much eloquent spoken insult ensuing. I have employed the gesture only three or four times in America, and on each occasion the object of my contempt regarded me as though I had gone batty. Still, it is a useful way of blowing off steam, when the more restrained gesture of Polite Skepticism does not suffice.

Profound Disgust is expressed by placing the right hand upon the outstretched nose, thus:



Profound Disgust 1

Then a downflinging gesture of the right hand ensues, thus:

Profound Disgust 2

I have discovered that Profound Disgust is a useful way of reducing my opponents to a condition of speechless irritation during a political argument. Suppose that some knowledgeable fellow has been holding forth eloquently and at length on farm parity, or reciprocal trade, or on the merits of some politician he admires. There is a brief pause, and then—the gesture of Profound Disgust. What is he to say?

Wordless French is not confined to such negative reactions. It is possible, for example, to express quite graphically a feeling of admiration for, let us say, a pretty girl. Yes, let us say a pretty girl, for now that I think about it, I have never seen the gesture used for any other purpose. It consists simply of placing the thumb and forefinger together to form a circle, while assuming the expression of a cat eager to consume a canary, thus:

A Feeling of Admiration

It is also possible to communicate wordlessly for diverse other purposes. A simple gesture of the

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thumb toward the lips, for example, is universally recognized in France as a generous invitation:

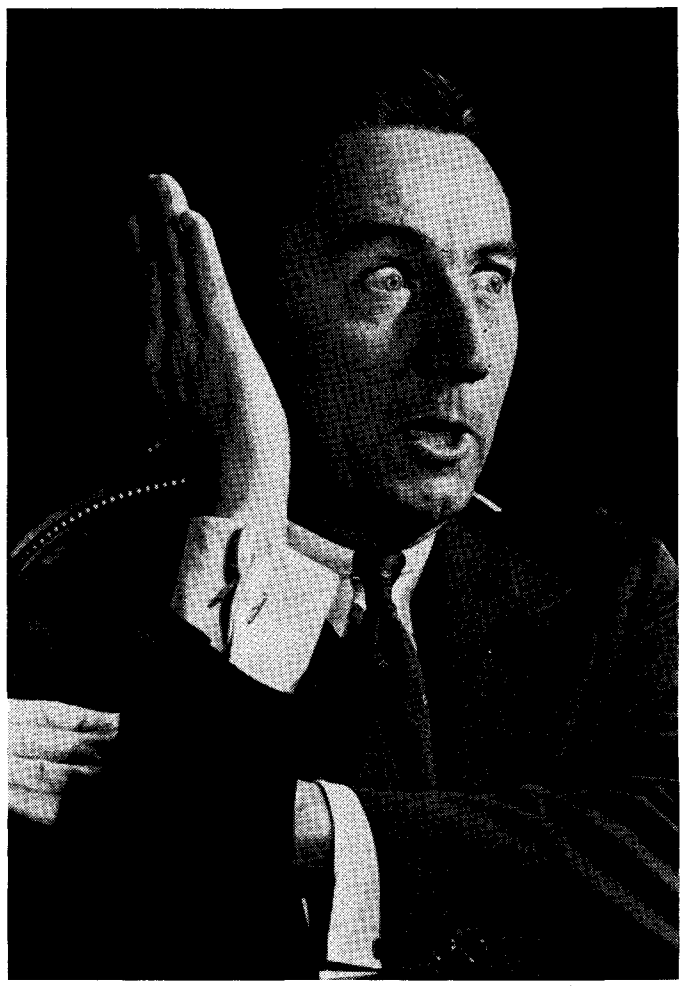
A Generous Invitation

The French are a generous people—or at least my maquis friends were—and this bibulous gesture was often made, and as often accepted. But there were two gestures we found even more useful in those days. As students of resistance techniques will assure you, a guerrilla force should never risk open battle with the enemy, which is one reason why life behind the enemy lines is so delightful. Suppose you have word that the enemy is moving in your general direction. You then hold out your right hand and bring the left hand down smartly on the wrist thus:

"Let's Get the Hell Out of Here."

This gesture may be roughly translated as, "Let's get the hell out of here."

But suppose you have word that the enemy is right around the next corner, and with plenty of machine guns. Then you bring the left hand down smartly over the crook of the right elbow, thus:



"Let's Get the Hell Out of Here—But FAST!"

This gesture may be roughly translated as, "Let's get the hell out of here—but FAST!"

As I say, I've found Wordless French useful even in civilian life, and even in America. But these two gestures are probably the most useful of the lot. My wife has learned them, of course, and she can recognize them at parties, at distances at which no amount of husbandly eyebrow-raising or half-winking would be useful. I only have to use the second, more desperate, gesture three or four times a year; but when I do have to use it, it is a godsend.

All in all, I trust that Wordless French will prove useful to the reader if and when he goes to France, for he can then communicate eloquently with the natives without so much as a glance at a dictionary. But I further believe that Wordless French is remarkably useful right here at home. Try it and see.

THE END

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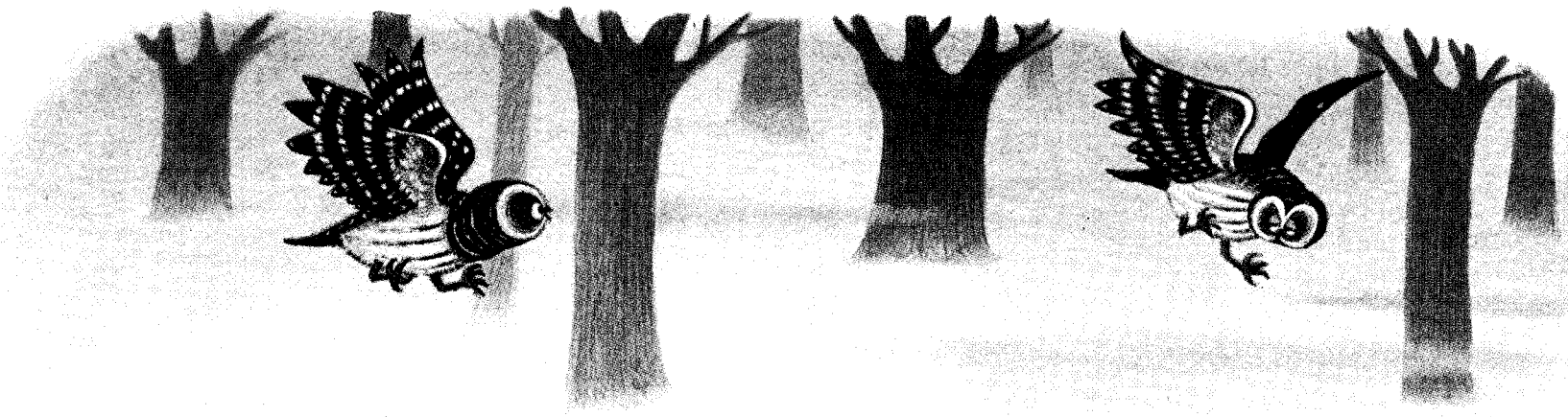

"Haven't we met someplace before?" Japheth asked her.

Japheth was picked up by the neck and hurled into the night.

"What's this I hear about you flouting the rules?" the eagle said.

Japheth had to learn night flying the hard way, through trial and error.

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Japheth fell into a spring hole of crystal-clear ice water.

the owl that asked why

By DON TRACY

Concerning an impertinent young bird that refused to fly the night shift.

Japheth was unusual right from the start. When he was only three days old, a ball of white fluff with a pair of enormous eyes, he uttered his first word. It was, "Why?"

His mother, a barred owl named Emily, was doubly impressed. First, little barred owlets seldom talked before they were at least five days old; second, Japheth showed he was no run-of-the-mill kid who opened up with the conventional "ma-ma" or even the more common "Who?"

"Here, truly, is a smart owl," said Emily at once. "He shall be named Japheth, meaning 'Blessed With Wisdom When Three Days Old.'"

Which will give the reader an idea—Japheth actually means "enlargement"—whatever *that* means. But Emily, like most owls and all barred owls, was usually a little confused. It was Emily, for instance, who bragged so much about one of her ancestors' owning a castle in Greece, the Emilian twist to the myth of the owl of Pallas Athene.

"Say it again, Japheth," Emily urged in the days that followed. "Say it for Aunt Rosalie and Cousin Clara."

"Why?" squeaked Japheth dutifully, while his brothers writhed enviously and the word spread through Garrabrandt's Woods that Emily's Japheth was a very remarkable owlet indeed.

"Hear you've got a boy can rattle off the A B C's and name the Presidents up to Chester A. Arthur," was the greeting often given Japheth's father, Joe. "Hear he's the quiz kid hisself."

"All I know it's discouragin' feedin' him," Joe said gloomily. "All four boys eat like goshawks anyway, but this Japheth, he puts it away faster than you can say star-nosed mole and then asks why. It's enough to make a guy wonder sometimes. Here I bust my tail feathers findin' grub for them little monsters, goin' hungry myself half the time, and this Japheth kid practically asks me if it's worth it. I dunno."

"Well, you know what they say about four boys in one brood," a friend chuckled.

"What do they say?" Joe asked.

"Who?" demanded the friend in turn.

Joe sighed. So many exchanges between barred owls seemed to end in this cul-de-sac; no wonder the art of conversation was dying.

Japheth's three brothers, Art, Charley and Gervais, were nothing if not normal. They ate their three four-times-their-own-weight meals every night like good little owlets, they went from the adorable white fluff-ball stage to their less attractive brown-and-white-pinfeather adolescence in the prescribed time, they rapidly assimilated a mass of misinformation from their mother and became almost as confused as she when the night arrived for them to leave the old hollow-tree homestead.

On Eviction Night—an observance roughly corresponding to the *bar mizvah*—Art, Charley and Gervais said their good-bys and winged off into the darkness. Not Japheth.

"Come, Blessed-With-Wisdom-When-Three-Days-Old," Emily said fondly, "it's time to leave the nest. Off you go. Godspeed and *a rivederci*."

Japheth shook his head. "I'm waitin' till mornin' when I can see somethin'," he said. "If I gotta go, at least I wanta know where I'm goin'. It's dark out there."

"Of course it's dark," Joe said. "Owls only fly when it's dark, stupid."

"Why?" asked Japheth.

"C'mon, c'mon," Joe said, "quit stallin'. If you think you're gonna freeload on me for the rest of your ——"

"Now, Joe," Emily put in. "Remember, the boy's different." To Japheth she said kindly, "You see, dear, it's the system of things; it's the way the world was made. Long, long ago, the great god Manitoba ——"

"Manitou," Joe put in without much hope. "Manitoba's a place in Canada—I think."

"The great god Manitoba," Emily went on serenely, "gathered together all the birds and gave out flying schedules. The owls drew the dusk-to-dawn patrol. Hawks and eagles work days, and we owls take over at night."

"Why?" Japheth asked. "Why do we have to stay up all night to make a living? How come we drew the night shift?"

"Because Manitoba said so," Emily told her son.

"Why do we have to listen to him?" Japheth argued. "Why is he givin' the orders?"

"Because—well, aside from that, we owls have eyes that can see in the dark," Emily said.

Japheth went to the front door of the hollow-tree apartment and peered out. "Unh-unh, not me," he said. "Can't see my wing before my face." He walked back to his corner and bedded down. "Don't wake me too early," he told his parents. "I've had a hard day." And he fell asleep immediately.

Joe flexed his talons. "I been waitin' for this excuse," he said. "One side, Em."

"No, now wait," Emily said. "Japheth's not an ordinary owlet. For all we know, he can't see in the dark. It's possible he was intended to be the first owl to keep daylight hours. Just think of it, Joe—our boy a first."

"If he was intended to keep daylight hours, he'd've been born an oriole," Joe grunted. "He's just figurin' on layin' around here for the rest of his life, waitin' for me to bring home the groceries and then askin' me why I'm sucker enough to do it. Out he goes."

So, despite Emily's grievous protests, little Japheth was picked up by the nape of the neck and hurled through the front door into the night. He awoke in mid-air and managed to wing out of his spin, but when he leveled off, he crashed head on into a sturdy gum tree.

(Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Gyo Fujikawa

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They whip through the freezing wind with the greatest of ease—but at speeds so terrifying that a spill becomes unthinkable. No wonder its devotees call iceboating

Winter's Wildest Sport

By RALPH KNIGHT

Light Yankee Class boats cost about $1500. They are steered by the forward runner and can seat two.

One sun-drenched yet ghastly cold day last winter the traffic in a New York City street paused at a traffic light and I said, "Now what in the world has that chap ahead of us got on top of his station wagon? It looks like an oversize canoe, but this isn't exactly canoeing weather."

My companion, who, for some reason incomprehensible to me, likes to play around outdoors in cold weather, said, "You're looking at an iceboat fuselage, and those long things beside it are the runner plank and mast. Iceboats move very fast. Three, four times faster than the wind—a hundred miles per hour when conditions are nice. Say, a friend of mine is a hard-water sailor. Want to get taken for a ride some blustery day?" My reply was vigorously in the negative, but eventually I surrendered. It was terrible. Yet in retrospect it does have a certain hair-raising charm.

That ride can be described with more feeling if first we take a look at what iceboating is all about. A good place to begin is on one of the relatively small lakes that snuggle around the Great Lakes, where the speed demons of the Midwest forgather to see who's boss. The lakes of that weather-favored region maintain sailable ice—are supposed to, anyway—from before Christmastime clear into the mellowing sunshine of March.

Early last February I arranged to attend, purely as a spectator, the Detroit Ice Yacht Club's Gar Wood Regatta, for it features the swiftest of all yachts, the Class E Skeeters. Gar Wood, that great boatman, set up a trophy in 1940 to stimulate interest in speed on ice, and he certainly succeeded. Unhappily the regatta had to be postponed—two feet of snow. But a fortnight later the skippers' telephonic grapevine informed me that Mother Nature would have the ice on Lake St. Clair swept and polished for Saturday. On a map, St. Clair is a little bulge of water in the passageway between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, but in reality it is very big and very lovely as befits that region of mighty waters.

In a rented car I tacked northward through Detroit's eight-lane traffic, and forty miles later came suddenly to a land's end. Beyond the shore stretched very cold-looking green-gray ice, joined at the horizon by the downward arch of very cold-looking pale-blue sky. The nearer ice teemed with walking, running, skating or falling-down spectators and dogs. There were scores of skippers lovingly engaged in the (Continued on Page 91)

Jane Pegel beat 21 men to win the 1960 Scripps Trophy for DN boats, a very popular racing class.

Iceboating competition is enthusiastic in the Great Lakes Basin, where hard-water sailors have ice from mid-December until early spring. Those below thronged to the 1960 Gar Wood Regatta on Lake St. Clair, near Detroit.

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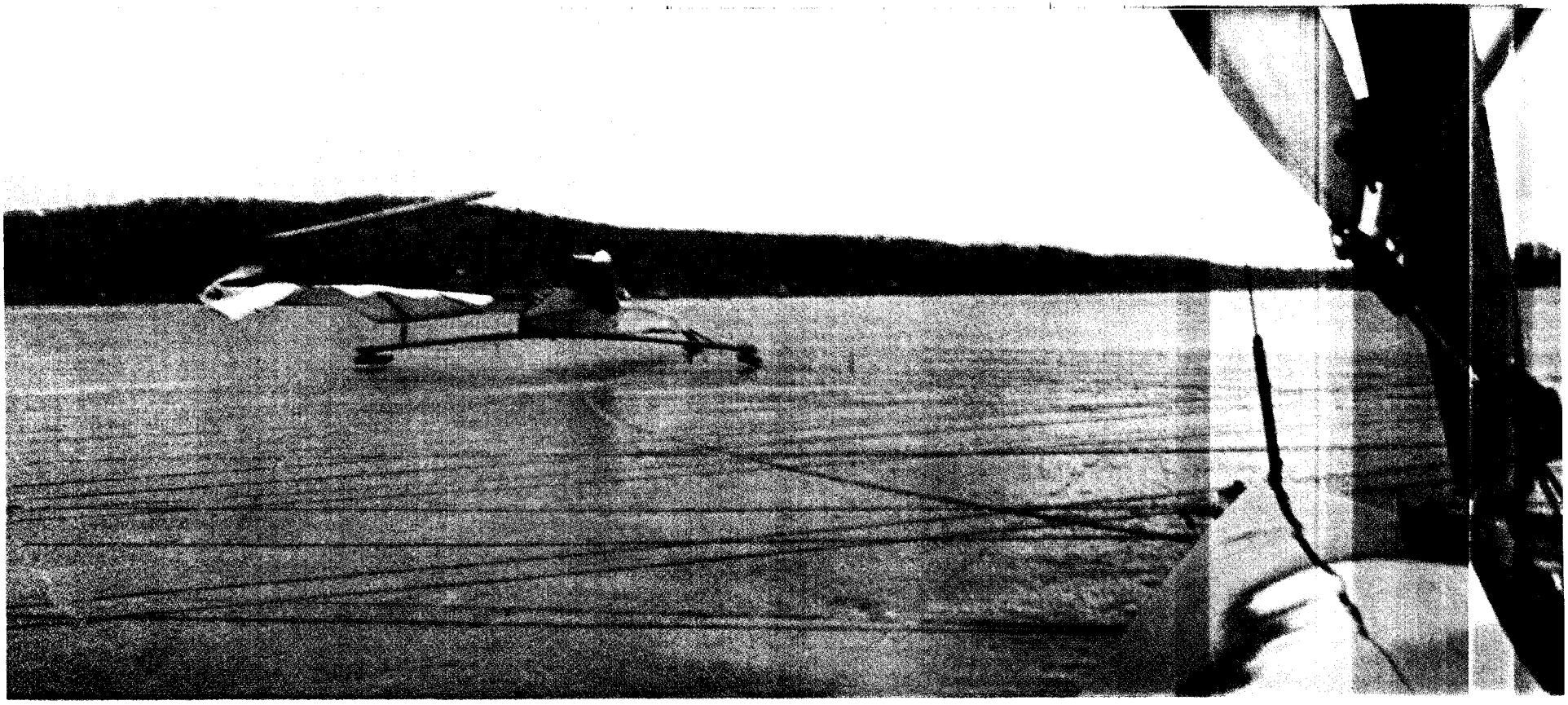
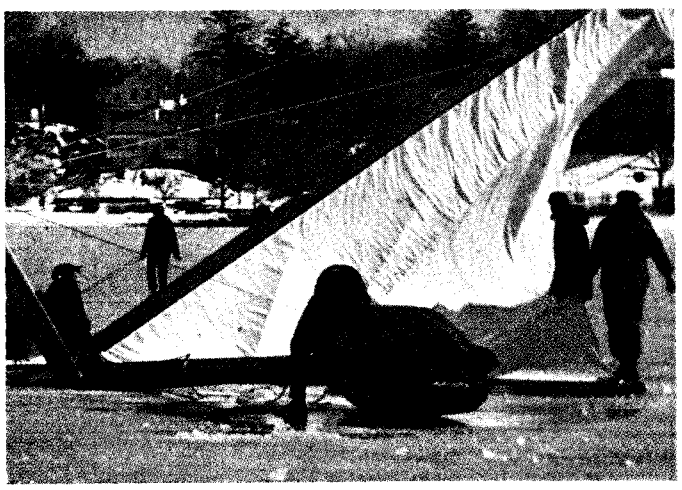


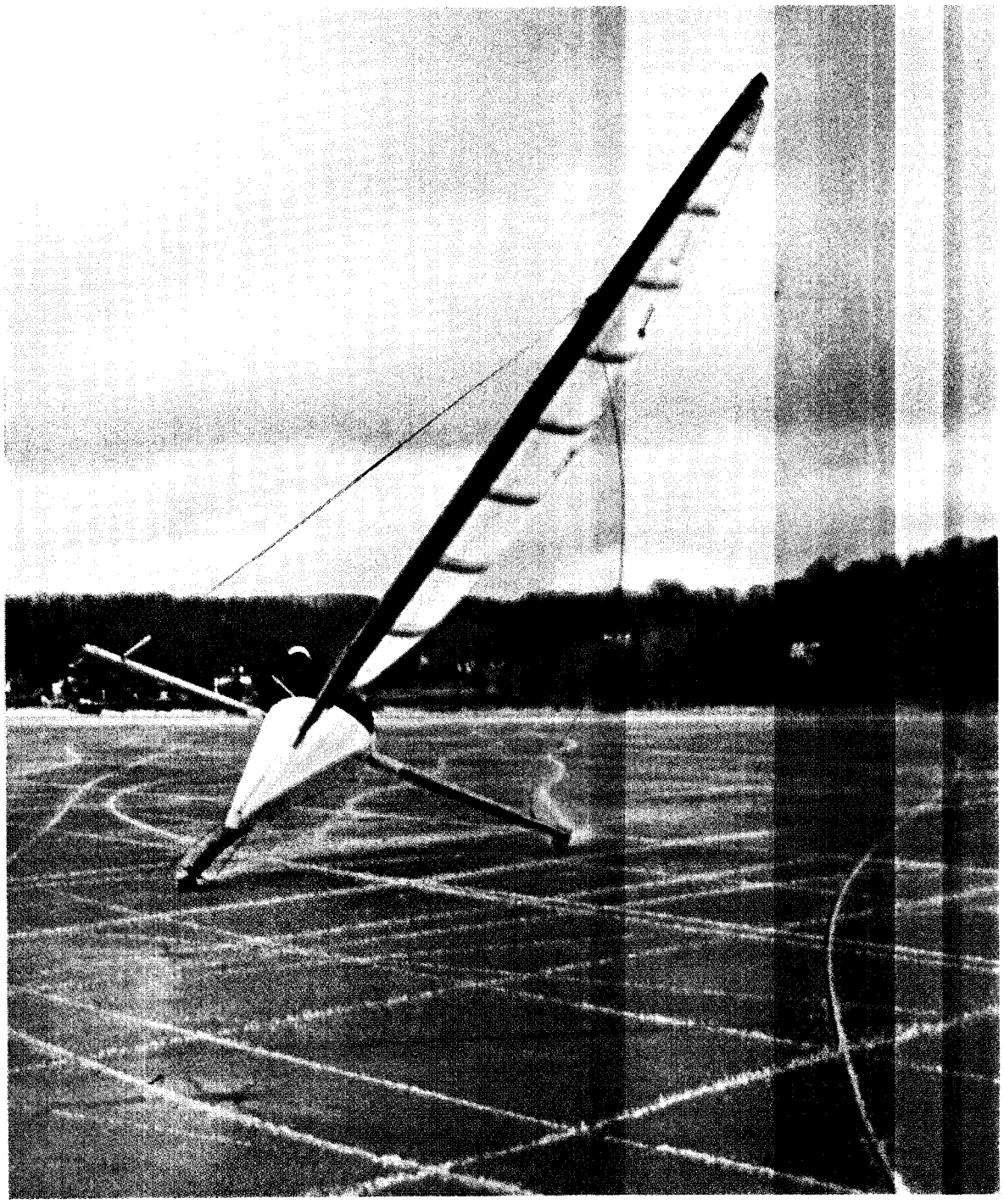
Lake Hopatcong, N.J.: The *Post* photographer took a 60-mph ride to shoot a boat sailing in front of him and got this view when its mast snapped in high winds.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

Iceboat fever: Two months after breaking his leg while sailing, Al Sternkopf hobbled out to his boat on crutches to race again.



Red Bank, N.J.: This half-ton Class A boat went through the ice when it reached a soft spot left by Navesink River ice fishermen.



A skipper strains to bring his boat level on its sharpened blades when hit by a sudden puff of wind. Iceboats have been clocked officially at 140 miles per hour.

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A POST novelette complete in this issue.

SUBSTITUTE SON

Could a Mexican orphan help them forget their own boy was a criminal?

By PRENTISS COMBS

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

Tribus Afton's mail route veered west at The Seep, left watered country behind and wound through gray sage so thick that only Tribus's daily passage kept open the track. It was the far leg of a long route, a dry and monotonous stretch where the mailboxes were far apart. Tribus had little mail for the boxes here, but in neighborliness he brought out such things as binding twine, baking powder and thread from town.

Each man here obeyed some ancient urge which drove him to lay claim to as much of the waste as he could. It made him live far from his neighbors, made loneliness a perpetual sickness, and the red flag up on the mailboxes did not always mean mail going out. Often it was a cry of distress springing from loneliness that could no longer be borne. It was a thing that Tribus could understand. He went and sat, sipping coffee and listening, giving silent comfort.

The midmorning sun had already made the steering wheel hot in his hands that day as he bounced over the dusty track. He squinted his eyes against the flour-fine alkali dust, and he squinted his mind against the troublesome presence of the letter he had to deliver to the Wheelocks. Tribus usually took pleasure in delivering mail from an absent member of a family. But the letter beside him on the seat was from young Billy Jack Wheelock to his folks, and it was not a thing in which Tribus cared to share at all. The letter came monthly, and it was a stirring stick in dark water that should settle.

Tribus was relieved when a road runner chose a race and took his mind off the thing. He leaned over the side of the car and was grinning at the silly bird's proud pacing when the Model T bucked, backfired and died. Tribus was not sorry about the delay. It put off delivery of the Wheelock letter.

He spread a tarp in the track, took the carburetor off the manifold and began the job of dismantling it.

But the task was not complicated enough to keep his mind from Matt Wheelock. Matt was a big and gentle man who never spoke of his trouble. Tribus had seen Matt's face grow taut and troubled as his wife, Hilda, driven by some strange twist of pride or bite of remorse, told somebody how well Billy Jack was doing on the apple ranch up in Oregon.

It spoke loudly of the respect in which the community held the Wheelocks that no drunk man or mean woman had ever let on to either parent that everybody knew that Billy Jack was serving a life sentence in the pen up north.

Bent over the strewn carburetor parts, Tribus shivered in the rising heat, thinking of Billy Jack. Tribus knew a lot of what had happened, more than he cared to know, but nobody knew the whole story.

"That upstairs room is not empty," Hilda said. "He can sleep in the barn."

Matt Wheelock had gone that day up into the barn and halted a second in the gloom. Billy Jack's snarling rush had taken him off his feet as he stood blinking. Matt's head bounced near the edge of the barn floor, and the boy's hurtling body flew on over him. Matt raised his head and saw Old Sukey lying next to a hay bale. The polished wood handle of the hay hook protruded from the bale, which partially covered the face of the old hired hand. Matt saw the blood that coursed his wrinkles into the open mouth, and the fears of years came rushing to reality. (Continued on Page 78)

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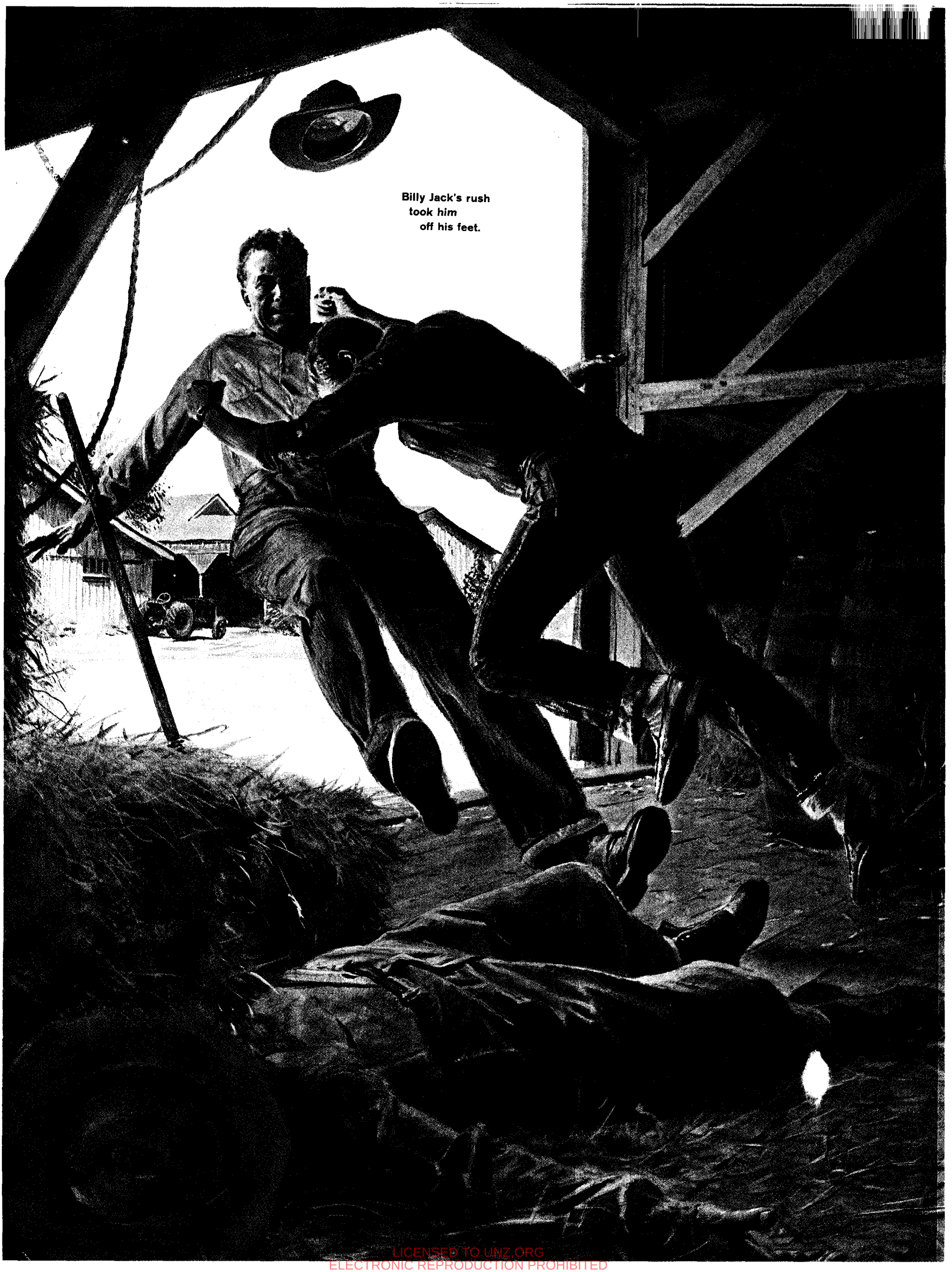

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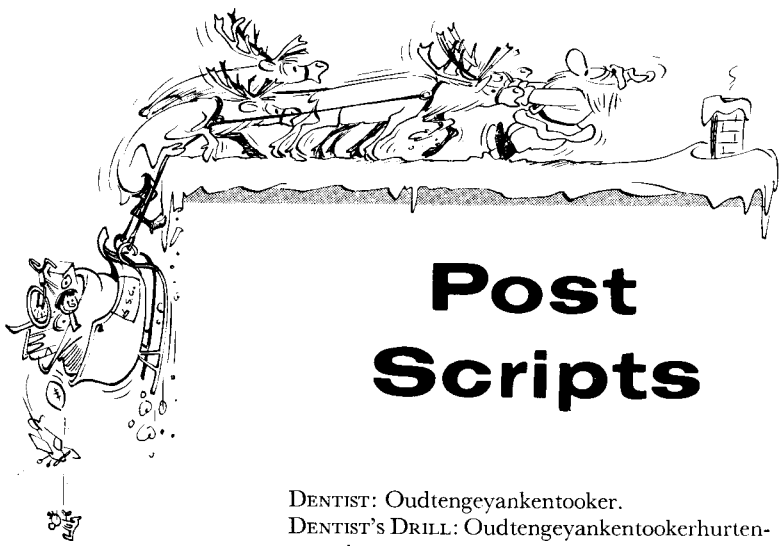


Post Scripts

Heinrich Schnibble's Wordenbooke

DENTIST: Oudtengeyankentooker.
DENTIST'S DRILL: Oudtengeyankentookerhurtenzizzer.
DRILLING FOR A FILLING: Oudtengeyankentookerhurtenzizzergrindenspelle.
DENTAL APPOINTMENT: Squirmengeflinchenhourmitwishenderblitzenbenstriken.

HEN: Scratchencluckenmama.
CHICKS: Scratchencluckenmamafluffencheepers.
INCUBATOR: Scratchencluckenmamafluffencheeperhatchenkoop.
INCUBATOR THERMOSTAT: Scratchencluckenmamafluffencheeperhatchenkooperheatengeraisenstarter.

FACTORY: Smokenstackengepuffenmillhaus.
TIME CLOCK: Smokenstackengepuffenmillhausenincomenpunchenticker.
FACTORY WHISTLE: Smokenstackengepuffenmillhausenworkenfolkerquittentooter.

OCEAN LINER: Flotenboten.
STATEROOM: Flotenbotenpitchengetossenroom.
SEASICK PASSENGER: Flotenbotenrailengehuggengreenischerfacenmoanengroanermit—ach!

POLITICIANS: Insidentrackengroup.
CAMPAIGN: Insidentrackengrouperoudtengespoutenrattenrace.
PLATFORM: Insidentrackengrouperduckendodgenmiddlischersplittenranten.
PUBLIC OPINION POLL: Roundergesnoopenvotenresultenguessenmaker.

DAVE MORRAH

Just in Time

I'm saddened as the old year leaves,
Since at my age it's tough to lose one;
But there's a new year coming up,
And, brother, I can really use one!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

DAD'S CHRISTMAS LIST (REVISED)

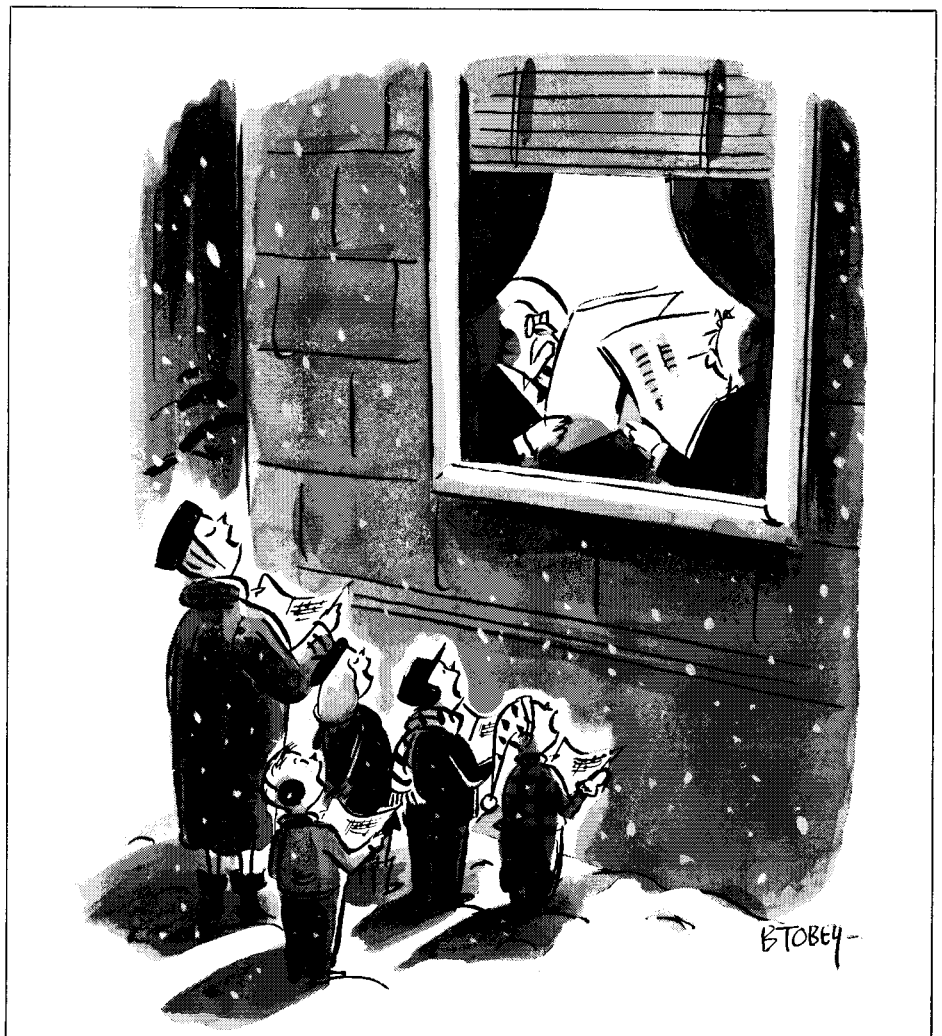
Johnny.....~~Set of Encyclopedia~~ BB Gun, Launching pad + rocket, Racing bike

Sister.....~~Doll Buggy~~ ~~Junior Steam Iron & Board~~ ← Cosmetic kit, Extension phone, Record player

Mother.....~~Floor Waxer~~ Fur stole

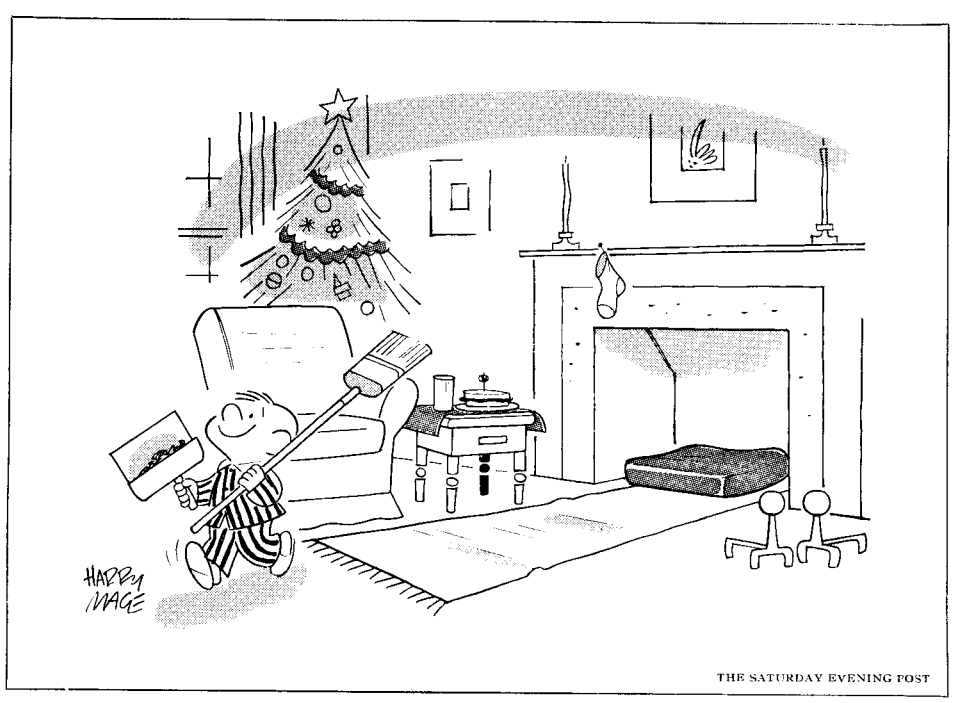
Myself.....~~Outboard Motor~~ Floor Waxer

GLENN BERNHARDT



"God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Predictions on Breaking a Bowlful of Resolutions

The Resolution	The Breaking Point
I shall waste no more time watching TV.	Pregame color direct from the Sugar Bowl, January second.
I shall never take another drink.	First quarter of the Sugar Bowl game.
I shall always be a pal to Junior.	Second quarter of the Sugar Bowl game ("Let's play, daddy").
I shall eat no more between-meals snacks.	Half time of the Sugar Bowl Game.
I shall nevermore argue with my wife.	Third quarter of the Sugar Bowl game (Time for Mabel's open house).
I shall never again take naps in the afternoon.	Fourth quarter of the Sugar Bowl game

LOYD ROSENFIELD

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Good things begin to happen when teen-agers warm up with good hot soup.
For there's healthy energy in a cup of soup – good natural nourishment from good natural foods. That's Campbell's Tomato Soup our teen-agers are drinking. It smells good. It tastes good. It feels good.
And it makes you feel good, too—whether you're seventeen, or twenty-seven, or a hale and hearty seventy.

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's* (M'm! M'm! G[illegible])

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The Soldier

Farralon had gambled on an old Civil War tactic. Would it fail?

By RICHARD POWELL

Col. William Farralon became a hero in the Lower Pacific Command when he led the American troops on Moon Island to victory against the Japanese. So when the American invasion of Rotai Island stalled, Maj. Gen. Harley McGuire asked Farralon to go to Rotai to find out the cause of the trouble.

Farralon discovered that Col. Ben Hetherington, Farralon's roommate at military school, refused to make the bold moves necessary to capture Rotai. Ben commanded the 484th Infantry Regiment, officially attached to the Lower Pacific Command but operating on Rotai under the command of marine Brig. Gen. John Stock. Stock was furious with Ben and the Army because the 484th wasn't advancing.

When Ben declined to change his timid tactics, Farralon did what he had to do. He dismissed Ben from his command and put himself in charge of the regiment.

CONCLUSION

A lieutenant and several enlisted men were on duty in the message center. Farralon said, "Lieutenant, are the telephone lines from here to General Stock's headquarters absolutely secure? Is there any chance that Japs could have infiltrated and cut in on the lines?"

"The lines are O.K., sir," the lieutenant said. "They don't run anywhere near the front and they're patrolled all the time."

"All right. Get me a line to General Stock and then clear everybody out of here except your switchboard man."

The call to General Stock went through, and Farralon heard the rasp of his voice. "Sir, this is Farralon," he said. "I have just relieved Colonel Hetherington from command of the 484th."

© 1960 by Richard Powell

"You have, have you?" Stock said. "Without asking me or anything, huh?"

"I thought we discussed the matter, general."

"Well, we did some talking, but I expected you to check with me before doing anything."

"The situation seemed to require prompt action, sir."

"Huh. Makes it look like the Lower Pacific Command is running the regiment, not me."

That was exactly how it was supposed to look. "General," he said, "you can rescind my order if you wish."

"No, no, let's not go that far," Stock said. There was a note of relief in his voice—he didn't mind being out from under. "I approve your action. Now about the new C.O. ——"

"For the time being, sir, I have assumed command."

What sounded like static came over the line. Perhaps General Stock had turned away from the phone to catch up on his cursing. Stock said, "You seem to run things your own way."

"I didn't want to leave the regiment even for a short time without a C.O., sir. I recommend that a message be sent to General McGuire asking him to detach Colonel Gruder, who is C.O. of one of our other infantry regiments, to come here and take command of the 484th. When Colonel Gruder arrives, I would like to be relieved at once. I'll prepare a message to General McGuire covering all this."

He was pushing General Stock fairly hard. "All right, all right," Stock finally growled. "I don't know what else I can do but say O.K. But now listen, Farralon. While you're commanding the 484th you're completely under my command. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your regiment better do something tomorrow or there'll be hell to pay. You'll get the written orders in the next hour, but I'll tell you what they are. The Thirty-third Marines will hold that salient. The 484th will advance and straighten the lines. Understand?"

So far, things had gone Farralon's way, but now they had come to a touchy point. "General," he said, "I'd like to outline a plan of attack for your consideration. There's a cove three miles up the coast. We've scouted it, and it's not guarded. I'd like permission to move my reserve battalion to that cove by landing craft tomorrow night, without any preliminary bombardment, and throw it across the enemy line of communications. I think that would let us stage a major breakthrough on our front. Of course, it would involve postponing tomorrow's attack twenty-four hours."

There was silence at the other end of the line.

"Perhaps I could come up now and explain all the details to you, sir."

Stock shouted, "I don't want any of your details. It was bad enough with Hetherington not pushing his attacks. Now you don't want to attack at all!"

"General, it's merely a postponement to put us in position to crack the whole Jap front."

"Postponement, hell! The Japs might hit that salient in the flank tomorrow and roll my marines back. Listen, you have your orders. The amphibious landing is out! The postponement is out! You're to attack at 0700. Follow my orders, or I'll get somebody who will."

"Yes, sir," Farralon said. "I understand."

"That's all, then," Stock said and slammed down his phone.

Farralon replaced the phone slowly and wiped the sweaty palm of his hand on his shirt. He had to launch an attack tomorrow or else. The attack that had just been ordered, however, was sure to fail.

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"Here it comes," Farralon said to the artillery batteries. "Give us a box barrage and keep it coming."

Once before he had received direct orders to do something he knew was wrong. Its words still crawled through his memory—"*You will turn over Anchor Island command to next ranking officer.*" Of course, all through history soldiers had received orders they felt were wrong and had disobeyed them. Sometimes you could get away with it by claiming you didn't receive the orders or didn't understand them or couldn't carry them out. But there was no question of that here.

He left the message center and went to the operations tent and said to the regiment's executive officer, "I have relieved Colonel Hetherington from command of the 484th and I have assumed command. Please have my sergeant, Kowalski, report to my tent at once. I want a meeting in my tent at 1900 with you, the adjutant, intelligence officer, plans and training officer, supply officer, the C.O. of the artillery battalion, and the C.O.'s of the three infantry battalions."

At his tent he found that Ben had cleared out his personal things and had left. He sat at what had been Ben's desk and studied the map. The amphibious operation was out. But when you came right down to it, probably he didn't have to have landing craft.

He waited until Kowalski came in, then said to him, "That patrol you made last night. Could a whole battalion make it?"

Kowalski rubbed a speck of dirt off his B.A.R. "I dunno about the heavy-weapons company," he said.

"Forget the weapons company. Can three rifle companies make it?"

"Not if the bums make a racket."

"All right. No racket. How about it?"

"Jeez, colonel, if five guys can make it, three rifle companies can."

"Were the four other men in your patrol pretty good?"

"Not bad, colonel."

"If you leave one of them to guide the battalion, can you and the three others take out that Jap post at the head of the ravine leading up from the cove and hold it until the battalion gets there? Can you do it without making any noise?"

Kowalski licked his lips. "Sure thing, colonel."

"O.K. I'm having a meeting here in a few minutes. I want you to stick around. Just stand back of my desk leaning on your B.A.R. and don't say anything."

For once, Kowalski almost grinned. "I stand back of you looking mean, huh, colonel?"

Farralon said sharply, "Just stand there. Don't start turning into an actor on me. And as long as we're staging an act, give me a couple of hand grenades. I'll use them as paperweights."

Kowalski dug two grenades from his bag, and Farralon placed them on corners of the situation map. It would be a corny scene, but perhaps effective—the grim figure of the B.A.R. man behind him and the hand grenades holding down the map.

His officers began coming in. Each of them looked at Kowalski and at the deadly paperweights. When they had all arrived, Farralon said, "Gentlemen, I'm sure you all know that I have assumed command of this regiment. I'm not going to give you a lecture or a fight talk. The 484th is a good outfit. In the next twenty-four hours it's going to prove it's a lot better than you or anybody else thought. The marines are going to start looking up to you, not down on you. Here's how we're going to do it."

He outlined the plan. The 3rd Battalion, less its heavy-weapons company, carrying nothing but weapons, ammunition, entrenching tools and one day's rations, would move from the reserve area to the shore at the base of the cliffs. Its men would then move in single file, maintaining absolute silence, along the shoreline to the cove three miles up the coast. There the battalion would occupy high ground secured by an advance patrol led by Kowalski, and dig in across the enemy's line of communications. The Japs would probably attack in force during the morning, withdrawing front-line units to do so. The regimental artillery would send along a team of forward observers to direct the fire support. At 1300, with the Jap front lines presumably weakened by withdrawal of units, the 1st and 2nd battalions would attack, neutralizing strong points instead of stopping to destroy them, and break through to the 3rd Battalion. Walkie-talkie would be used for communication. Any questions?

There were only a few technical ones. His officers were taking this very well. They liked the idea of not having to stage another bloody frontal attack on fully manned Jap positions.

The lieutenant colonel commanding the 3rd Battalion said he could have his men on the beach at 2300. They ought to be able to move along the beach at the rate of a mile an hour. The leading elements should reach the head of the ravine at the cove by 0300.

Farralon gave orders about the patrol Kowalski was to lead and about the guide for the battalion, then ended the meeting.

After they left, he typed a message to General McGuire reporting the relieving of Colonel Hetherington and asking for Colonel Gruder. He sent it to the message center for immediate transmission. Then he wrote a full report on his plans. In the report he took the position that, since General Stock had merely vetoed an amphibious operation and a postponement of the attack, his new plans were acceptable. Of course, he knew that they weren't. He intended, therefore, to make sure that the 3rd Battalion was on its way and beyond recall before he let Stock know what was happening. He signed the report and put it in his pocket and went to the operations tent.

On the dot of 2300 a walkie-talkie message informed him that the 3rd Battalion was starting its march along the beach. Farralon brought out his report and sent it by runner to General Stock. Farralon could almost see and hear General Stock grabbing the phone and calling him and relieving him from command.

He got up and beckoned to his exec and walked outside with him. "How do you feel about this operation we've started? Do you think it will work?"

"I'm sure it'll work, sir. These aren't bad soldiers. This will give them a chance to prove it. I have an idea they'll do fine, and it'll be the making of this regiment."

"I planned this operation all on my own," Farralon said. "Just a few minutes ago I sent a report on it to General Stock. That will be his first news of it. My guess is you'll see sparks in the sky over Task Force Headquarters."

"I see what you mean, sir."

"I want to tell you a little story from military history. Are you familiar with the Vicksburg campaign of General Ulysses S. Grant?"

"I've forgotten whatever I knew about it, sir." (Continued on Page 98)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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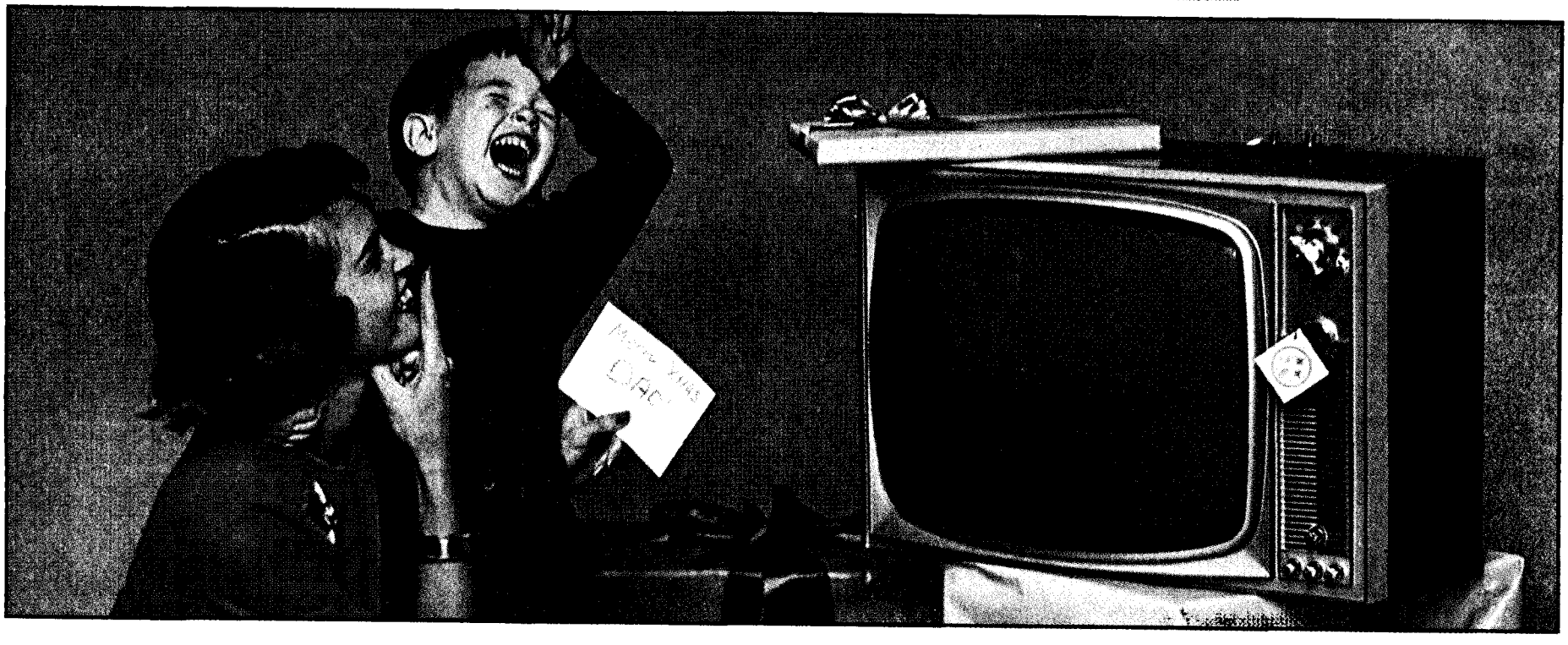
'TWAS THE NIGHT before Christmas and all through the house, everybody was stirring ❦ discovering wonderful surprises ❦ a dishwasher for Mother, to lighten her work ❦ a TV set to brighten Dad's leisure ❦ bright, shiny steel toys for the youngsters ❦ shhhh, don't tell a soul ❦ just tell everyone you know ❦ gifts made of steel are gifts that last. They're great to give, wonderful to live with. You'll know them by the Steelmark tag. USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**



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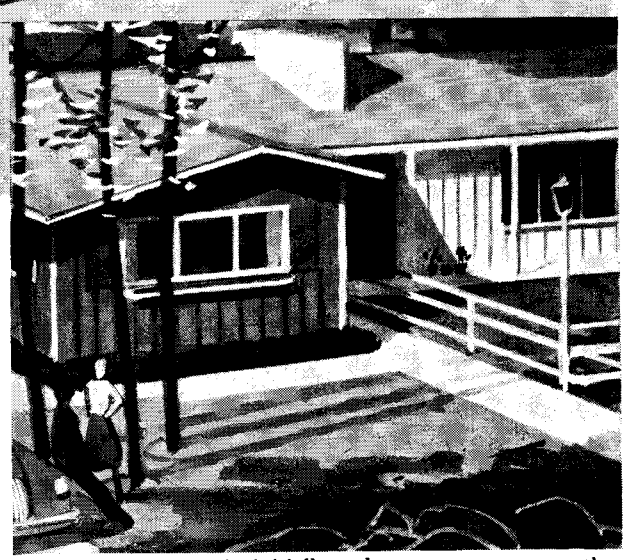

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Life's Mysterious Clocks

(Continued from Page 19)

ranging from the single-celled Paramecium to flowering plants and mammals, are removed from their natural habitat and placed under conditions where no variations occur in any of the forces to which they are generally conceded to be sensitive, they commonly continue to display the same rhythms they displayed in their natural environment. The fiddler crab, for example, normally darkens by day and pales by night, runs actively at low tide and rests at high tide. When removed from the beach to laboratory isolation from light, temperature and tidal changes, the crab continues to behave in synchrony with his fellows still free on the beach. The crab somehow possesses the capacity to measure accurately and simultaneously both solar-day and lunar-day intervals without the stimulation of light, temperature and tidal changes.

Seeds persist in their annual sprouting cycle under similar laboratory conditions. This persistent adherence to rhythms with sun- and moon-related periods under conditions in which the organism is isolated from any obvious manifestation of these time cycles strongly suggests that an inherent clock system is probably a universal attribute of life.

Although living clocks appear to function simply and precisely in their regulation of organisms in nature, they present baffling difficulties when they are studied in the laboratory. The inquiring biologist faces a problem comparable to that of an observer in space who tried to figure out the nature of man's artificial clocks by observing the activities of a coastal industrial town. In the daily activity rhythm, some persons would be early risers, others late. Some, the clam diggers, would appear to have a lunar-day timer. The employees of a factory with three equal shifts working around the clock, would appear to have no daily clocks. The general population would appear to have a seven-day clock reflecting no natural terrestrial period.

In studying the living clocks in nature we are confronted with a similar observational limitation; we can analyze the clocks only by observing the rhythmic phenomena they time. We must, in other words, work from what the clock does back to the clocks themselves. This sort of inference is simply illustrated in a study of the common fruit fly.

In its natural habitat, the adult fruit fly normally emerges from its pupal case about dawn. If this process is subjected to laboratory control, with the eggs being laid and allowed to develop in continuous darkness, the young flies will emerge at any time of the day. If the maggot-larvae hatched from the eggs are subjected to even a single light flash during this controlled period of darkness, however, the flies, when they emerge, will come out of their pupal cases at the same time of the day that they were exposed to the light flash. This suggests that fruit flies have operating twenty-four-hour clocks; under natural conditions the clocks of the developing flies are set to local sun time while they are still maggots and alert the flies for emergence at dawn. In much the same way, the lunar-day activity rhythms of such creatures as oysters and fiddler crabs correspond to the tidal times of their local shores.

The adaptiveness of the basic timing system may be illustrated with organisms as unlike as beans and bees. The leaves of beans, which rise and fall in a regular daily sleep rhythm when the plants are kept in a constant dim illumination, may be induced to rise momentarily from their lowered position by a brief light stimulus. This induced behavior will continue day after day at the same time, without further stimulus, if the plants are kept in the same environment. Similarly, honeybees trained to come to a sugar-water feeding station at one or two arbitrarily selected times of day, will persist in this same twenty-four-hour food-seeking schedule for a few days even if the food is no longer provided.

This adaptiveness of daily rhythms is most useful when living things are moved rapidly to a new time belt. When, for example, a person flies from California to England, he arrives in England with his physiological rhythms of waking, body temperature, blood-cell count and hormone secretion still adjusted to the local time of California. It takes at least eight or ten days for these physiological processes to adjust to the new local time. The various processes change at different rates; time of waking shifts fast, requiring only two or three days, while other rhythms shift more slowly. Hence there appears to be a period during which various bodily processes are shifting gears relative to one another.

Recent studies by Dr. Mary Lobban and by Dr. Janet Harker, both at Cambridge University, suggest some possible consequences of having our rhythms out of their ordinary relationships with one another. Doctor Lobban found evidence of stress in some human subjects who, during the protracted daylight of the arctic summer, lived by watches adjusted to indicate recurrent "days" of unnatural lengths. Doctor Harker, working with cockroaches, discovered she could produce tumors by transplanting a hormone-producing neural element, the sub-esophageal ganglion, from animals with their running-activity rhythms set to the usual time of day into animals whose rhythmic changes had been artificially reset (by reversing the natural light-dark cycle) to be twelve hours slow.

It is well established that some animals navigate by the sun, the moon or even the constellations, orienting themselves relative to these objects at an angle which changes systematically with the rotation of the earth. Birds or bees also alter their usual direction of orientation when their natural clocks are reset by cycles of light and darkness to indicate a different time zone. One can even predict the new direction of orientation from the interval by which the timing rhythm has been reset.

This was dramatically illustrated in a recent study by Dr. Max Renner of the University of Munich. Honeybees were trained on the East Coast of the United States to fly northwest to a feeding station at one P.M., Eastern Standard Time. The trained bees were then taken by airplane to the West Coast. The next day, in California, the bees went seeking food about ten A.M., Pacific Coast Time. They were still on Eastern Standard Time. But they adhered to their previously learned sun angle, and now with the morning sun flew off in a different direction—southwesterly. In both cases the sun was, so to speak, in their left eye.

Daily changes of both light and temperature are primarily responsible for resetting natural rhythms to local time. The twenty-four-hour rhythms in an organism's sensitivity to light and temperature facilitate this resetting process. If a plant, for example, is exposed to light during the hours of darkness (when it is sensitive to light), the plant will immediately reset its twenty-four-hour rhythm of light sensitivity. If the plant is then returned to its natural environment of uninterrupted periods of light and darkness, this adjusted rhythm will continue to be reset by a small amount each day until the plant's light-sensitive and light-insensitive periods match the appropriate periods of night and day. In a similar fashion a mouse's rhythm of light sensitivity is set so that its activity and its running occur at night.

Each species seems to utilize such characteristic sensitivity rhythms. It also seems probable that these same twenty-four-hour cycles of light and temperature responsiveness in some way assist living creatures to measure the changing lengths of night and day and thus adapt themselves to natural annual cycles.

When some animals and plants are kept under controlled conditions of unchanging light and temperature, their daily rhythmic activities are observed to occur, in some cases, slightly earlier, in others, a little later each day. This produces activity rhythms with periods which vary from the twenty-four-hour cycle. These latter rhythms also vary somewhat in their periods with changes in temperature and illumination and from one individual to another. Such variations from the twenty-four-hour cycle introduce a fundamental question. Are these variations the product of poor-quality living clocks which run fast or slow? Or are the clocks themselves precise—with the apparent inaccuracies ascribable to some other cause?

We think we have the answer to why the rhythms often appear to run fast or slow under these unchanging conditions. To the organism placed in the laboratory at a constant level of light and temperature these two factors will continue to have the most impact during the sensitive phase of its twenty-four-hour cycle of responsiveness to the environment. These two factors in effect will appear, therefore, to the organism to show a daily variation, but now the light and temperature cycles will seem to have become inverted. Thus, during the sensitive period of its cycle—which normally falls at night—it will interpret the increased effectiveness of the light and temperature as indicating daytime. Employing the same splendidly adaptive machinery it uses in nature to reset its rhythm until the sensitive portion comes to fall in the darker, cooler nighttime, the organism keeps resetting its sensitivity rhythm a little forward, or backward, regularly each day in a futile attempt to adjust to the illusory "day-night cycles."

This simple, reasonable hypothesis, compatible with all our current knowledge, makes it probable that the living clocks are always precise in their timekeeping. The alternative interpretation—that the inaccurate rhythms persisting under controlled conditions reflect inaccuracies in living clocks—is most improbable in view of the precision of the clocks under natural conditions where such resettings would not occur.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BASIC CLOCK QUESTION

Scientists are reluctant to credit a phenomenon for which they see no plausible explanation. As a consequence, evidence for living clocks was for a long time essentially ignored by most biologists. Recently, as our knowledge has become more refined, the phenomenon of timed rhythms was encountered so frequently by investigators in so many areas of biology that the possession of clock systems by living things became tacitly accepted. The problem of the nature of the clock systems had then to be faced.

Man-made clocks are of two general types—those with intrinsic timing and those with extrinsic. Examples of the intrinsic type are the hourglass, the pendulum and hairspring-balance clocks. Intrinsic clocks possess independent timing capacity and are useful any time and any place. Extrinsic clocks, like the sun dial and the electric clock, have no independent timing capacity but depend upon an inflow of timing information. The sun dial depends upon the sun's shadow, the electric clock upon the sixty-cycle alternating current. Extrinsic clocks are sometimes referred to as repeaters.

The basic question concerning the clocks of living things is whether they are intrinsic or extrinsic or whether, perhaps, they are both. This question has long been debated by students of biological rhythms.

The intrinsic-clock hypothesis has been generally favored over the years. This seemed the simplest hypothesis to account for the persistence of behavior of rhythms in unvarying light and temperature—especially the apparent inaccuracies and individually differing periods of the rhythms, their adaptiveness and their persistence in organisms transported long distances eastward or westward.

The extrinsic hypothesis, on the other hand, was questioned because it demanded that living things be sensitive to still unidentified, subtle pervasive factors. Such an hypothesis was radically opposed to the universally accepted concept of "constant conditions" in the laboratory—which postulated that under controlled laboratory conditions we could truly isolate an organism from fluctuations of every factor of the environment to which the organism is sensitive. The organism was deemed insensitive to such factors as magnetic and gravitational changes.

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Since the rhythms persist in meticulously controlled "constant conditions," the working hypothesis of most investigators has been that the living clocks are intrinsic. The lengths of their natural periods, it was thought, are inherited and a consequence of fully independent cyclic biochemical transformations which would someday be explained solely in terms of the principles of physics and chemistry. But every investigation based upon this assumption found the living clocks unorthodox in terms of any ordinary biochemical scheme. Though all ordinary metabolic processes are greatly speeded up or slowed down by raising or lowering temperature, respectively, the periods of the clocks seemed generally independent of temperature. Crabs, as indicated by their color change and running habits, continue to measure accurately the periods of the day and the tides whether they are kept at 54° F. or 77° F.; dried seeds, as shown by testing samples periodically, display the same annual rhythm in their capacity to germinate whether they are stored in a freezer at -8° F. or in an incubator at 113° F. Similarly, none of the drugs known to alter the rate or character of metabolic changes seem to interfere with the accuracy of the basic timer.

Clearly, if the timer is intrinsic, it is a most extraordinary mechanism. But this is exactly what one would expect of any good clock. And if the experimental conditions in which these rhythms persisted were really constant for the organism, the timer had to be intrinsic. On the other hand, if it were proved that laboratory conditions hitherto presumed constant for the organisms were really not constant and that the organisms continued to receive outside rhythmic stimuli despite laboratory controls, a potential timing signal would be available for an extrinsic clock. And such an extrinsic clock could account readily for all the observed properties of the rhythms, including temperature and drug immunities, and the long rhythmic periods which are the same lengths as the geophysical ones.

EXTRINSIC RHYTHMICALITY

It has recently become evident that organisms, even when hermetically isolated under so-called constant conditions, still derive information as to the geophysical rhythms from their environment. Such information must be transmitted by highly pervasive forces hitherto ignored by biologists. Let us briefly consider the evidence for this.

Oysters, collected in New Haven Harbor, Connecticut, were shipped to Evanston, Illinois. Kept in pans of sea water in a dark room, they continued for time to open their shells widest when it was high tide in New Haven waters. By the end of two weeks the New England oysters had reset their rhythms to open their shells widest at the moon's zenith and nadir positions with reference to Evanston. The oysters maintained thereafter this new schedule throughout the month they were observed. The zenith and the nadir positions of the moon—the two lunar positions on opposite sides of the earth which give rise to twice-daily high tides—are the periods of the moon's maximum gravitational effects upon the atmospheric tides over Evanston; this same gravitational effect would produce high ocean tides if Evanston were a coastal city. Recently, from simultaneous studies of fiddler crabs collected from beaches with differing local tidal times, we have learned that these creatures are also able to reset their tidal rhythms of running activity to accord with lunar zenith and nadir, despite absence of any obvious cues as to these times. Obviously some subtle atmospheric fluctuation related to local lunar time is able to substitute for local ocean tides and reset the periods of maximum activity. The same factor must continuously signal the lunar periods.

Living things as different as fiddler crabs and potatoes continue indefinitely to display both solar-day and lunar-day rhythms in their metabolism while they are subject to constant conditions in a laboratory. These two rhythms co-operate to provide both species with a synodical monthly rhythm. Plainly, the artificially isolated organisms continue to derive a wealth of information about outdoor atmospheric rhythms. Some of the evidence available is quite fantastic.

The solar-day tides of the atmosphere are expressed in rhythms of barometric pressure. The atmospheric tide rises in the morning, reaching its highest point about ten o'clock, and then falls to its lowest in the afternoon. The daily rhythms of organisms, even when they are sealed off from such pressure changes, are somehow associated with these daily tides of the atmosphere and their regular modification by lunar influences.

Nature provided us with a ready means for discovering this relationship. The daily tides of the atmosphere in temperate latitudes are continuously distorted by large irregular, weather-associated pressure changes. We know that both potato plants and crabs follow some outside factor reflecting the daily atmospheric tides because the daily cycles in their rate of oxygen consumption continuously reflect significantly the unpredictable distortions in the daily pressure cycles. Since it is inconceivable that living things are provided with a detailed program of all the erratic weather changes which are to occur while they are sealed under conditions including unvarying light, temperature, humidity and pressure, we must conclude that information reaches them continuously.

All of numerous species of animals and plants which have been studied reflect, in their metabolic processes between five and seven A.M., the amount the barometric pressure changed between two and six o'clock that same morning. Their metabolism from five to seven P.M. reflects the amount the pressure changed between two and six o'clock that same afternoon. These times are highly specific; no comparable relationships are found at any other time of day.

In both winter and summer the atmospheric tide tends to rise in the morning; at the latitude of Chicago, the time of lowest tide occurs about two P.M. during the coldest months and about seven P.M. during the warmest months, and so the afternoon pressure tends to fall during summer and rise in winter. The metabolism of potato plants, even when they are sealed off from pressure changes, conforms to this annual pressure change.

A by-product of this study has been the astonishing discovery that the late-afternoon biological activity of nearly all living things, while only remotely related to mean daily barometric pressure of the same day, is intimately related to that of the second day thereafter. These organisms seem to be "predicting" the atmospheric-pressure trends. The biological explanation of the riddle is this: the afternoon pressure change which the organism's late-afternoon metabolism reflects is itself quite inexplicably tending to predict the barometric pressure trends two days in advance. Imagine the predicament of a meteorologist, sealed away like the potatoes, and faced with the problem of weather prediction.

Fluctuations in the numerous factors in the earth's atmosphere are variously interdependent. The discovery that the metabolism of living things, even under hermetic seal, reflects erratic changes in such rhythmic environmental factors as outdoor air temperature, cosmic radiation and general background radiation was, therefore, not surprising. Collectively, these relationships, continuing year after year, compel us to conclude that the organisms, even in so-called constant conditions, are not fully shielded from their rhythmic geophysical environment.

Within the past year my associates and I have implicated magnetism as one subtle factor related to the rhythms. Terrestrial magnetism is known to fluctuate rhythmically with the solar and lunar periods. Additionally, the earth's magnetic axis, at an angle with its polar axis, wobbles as the earth rotates and produces a movement of the magnetic field in relation to the polar axes. Snails, when oriented geographically, were found to display solar- and lunar-day rhythms in their tendency to veer from a true southward path, even while in presumably unchanging conditions. Experiments with magnets further proved the snails could perceive very weak magnetic fields. In addition, the snails' response to a bar magnet showed both solar and lunar rhythms.

The snails were able also to distinguish directions of magnetic fields and, therefore, they possess a magnetic compass. The snails' perceptive system for a magnetic field behaves like two rotating "directional antennae," the rotation of one is related to the sun, the other to the moon. For fields of equal magnetic strength, the field parallel with the snail's body was most effective when the sun or moon was above the horizon, while a field at right angles was most effective under other conditions. Hence, the magnetic receiver behaved like a living compass geared in with the living-clock system. This compass may serve as a navigational instrument.

These magnetic-field studies have introduced a subtle and pervasive geophysical factor with which biologists must now reckon. It seems highly probable that other animals will be found similarly armed with both a clock and a compass. We have, furthermore, experimental evidence suggesting that both flatworms and snails perceive changes in electrostatic fields, the fields surrounding electrically charged bodies. And, as with magnetic fields, the response seems to be regulated by the living-clock system.

The weight of all the evidence suggests that living clocks depend upon some universal-time, geophysical rhythm—one with simultaneous world-wide changes. Magnetic and electrostatic sensitivities support this theory, since these forces are known to fluctuate on a universal scale. If living things truly possess such a universal timer, they have always available what man terms Greenwich time and uses for purposes such as navigation and astronomy—a means for pinpointing their location on the earth's surface. Interestingly, studies of bee, bird and fish navigation have proved that these creatures are acutely aware of the heavens.

Experimental evidence suggests, therefore, that life, time and space, in the range of their terrestrial dimensions, are very intimately interrelated. It appears that the forces regulating the life processes are dependently related to their counterparts of the outside physical environment. The living organism is a diminutive oscillating system with periods paralleling those of the physical environment.

What kind of timing system did nature fit into the microscopic dimensions of single cells—a timer which could reproduce so unerringly the long natural periods?

Evidence suggests the primary timing system to be the movements of the sun, moon and earth. Nature provided means by which this timer could simultaneously serve the rhythmicalities of both living organisms and their environment. Ingeniously the timing bridge to living systems was fashioned, not in terms of such variable and biologically potent forces as light and temperature (to which organisms must respond in specifically adaptive fashions), but in terms of more stable forces demanding little or no specific adaptive response and simultaneously so pervasive that no living thing would ever normally be deprived of their influence. Only with such provisions could living clocks become the loyal servant rather than the domineering master of life.

The Owl That Asked Why (Continued from Page 31)

Japheth had told the truth. He was one owl who couldn't see in the dark. When the pyrotechnics of mild concussion faded, when the jar of his thumping fall to the forest floor subsided, Japheth sat up and looked about him.

"Midnight in the blackboard factory," he muttered. "What do I do now?"

At once a voice asked, "Who?"

"Japheth, that's who," the ruffled, aching lad cried. "Somebody get me outta here."

"Not Japheth," said a silky voice from the darkness. "Not the wonder boy."

"Look, Art," Japheth said, "be reasonable. Was it my fault ma made a big thing outta me? You know ma."

"Who?" asked another voice, and a third echoed, "Who?"

"You heard me the first time," Japheth said. "Oh, I recognize your voice, Gervais—you too, Charley. C'mon, give a fella a hand. After all, we're brood brothers. Be good guys and tell me what direction to head in so's I can crawl under a rock or somethin' till daylight. I don't hanker to be no midnight snack for a weasel."

There was a whispered consultation in the darkness above, and finally Charley said, "Over to your left about six feet. You can't miss it."

So Japheth turned left and went six feet and fell into a spring hole of crystal-clear ice water. He emerged spluttering while his brothers hooted in laughter. They were still guffawing when they flew away, leaving Japheth to spend a miserable night huddled beside the spring hole, expecting a weasel, wildcat or mountain lion at any minute.

Came dawn and the boy's spirits lifted. Daylight revealed a pleasant glen traversed by a happy little stream that flowed from the bubbling spring. Birds greeted the sunrise. Insects tuned up for their morning symphony. Fingerling trout began playing in the pools.

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"This is somethin' like it," Japheth told himself "Lookit them colors. Lookit the play of light and shadow on the water. Listen to all that pretty music. That guy Manitoba says we gotta miss this because we're owls? And the rest of them listen to him? Why?"

He flew up to a low-hanging branch and let the sun dry out his damp feathers. By the time he was presentable again, he was hungry; so, the first shrew that skittered past below was welcome. Also the mouse, the wood rat, the garter snake and other assorted rodents and reptiles that were unlucky enough to take a short cut through the glen that bright and sparkling morning.

Japheth had been busy for about an hour when there was a swoosh of wings and a large bird planed up to a nearby limb. He regarded the owl malevolently.

Japheth reviewed his mother's nature lectures and failed to come up with an answer. This was no owl, but he certainly was no robin redbreast either.

"Hi," the boy said cautiously.

The other's beak barely parted. "Look, Popeye, we got ways of dealin' with poachers."

Japheth swiveled his head in a 359-degree arc and back again. "I don't see no KEEP OFF signs," he said. "Besides, what authority you got goin' first-sergeant on me, whoever you are?"

"I'm a red-shouldered hawk, that's who I am," the other said in a gritty voice. "That enough authority for you, buster?"

The price of perfect manners is to appear peculiar.

FRANK MILES

Japheth blinked. According to Emily's home-study lessons, red-shouldered hawks were colored only a little less brilliantly than macaws. The owl, however, showed none of his apprehension.

"So you're a red-shouldered hawk. So?"

"So you owls needn't think you can chisel in on our territory," the hawk said. "You was due outta here by five fifty-seven, standard time."

"Why?" Japheth asked.

The hawk seemed outraged. "Why?" he shrilled. "Because it's the rules, that's why."

"Whose rules?" Japheth demanded.

"How do I know whose rules? All I know is you smart owls got a nerve to try oochin' over into our time." The hawk shook his head at such gall. "What would you guys think if I started huntin' at night?" he asked Japheth.

"I don't know about the others, but I personally would think you were nuts," the boy said. "Daytime's much better. A guy can see where he's goin'—easier on the headbones." He passed a wingtip over his pate and winced.

The hawk stared. "I don't get it," he said after a pause. "You owls ain't even supposed to see in the daylight."

"You've been listenin' to my mother," Japheth snorted. "She gave me that jazz too—about how we owls can see through a barrel of tar, but a little sunshine throws us into a tin-cup-and-pencil routine. She's a good old girl, but she's a little mixed up."

"You mean you can't see at night like anybody else can't?" the red-shouldered hawk asked.

"Look," Japheth said, "this guy Manitoba made the night so's a guy can sack in, the day so's a man can fly abroad, live a little—somethin' to do with light refraction or metabolism or somethin'. So why would one bird be any different from other birds, even if he is an owl?"

"But—but all these years!" the hawk managed with an effort.

Japheth shrugged. "Maybe I shouldn't say it, but let's face it—most owls are dumb. Somebody told 'em once they were supposed to fly at night—or at least they thought somebody said that—so they've been gropin' around ever since, bashin' their heads in, gettin' twigs in their eyes, pouncin' on prey that turns out to be their own brother-in-law. So, over the years maybe they have strained their eyes to the point where they can maneuver in the dark better than most, and never mind their chronic migraines—is that sayin' they wouldn't be better off usin' the daylight this Manitoba set up for twenty-twenty vision?"

The red-shouldered hawk seemed dazed. "Parm me," he said at length. "I gotta see somebody about this." He flew off, a trifle wobbly.

Japheth busied himself in happy endeavor. So fruitful was his work that when the hawk returned with a friend, the young owl was stuffed to the point where he let several titbits pass unswooped upon.

The hawk had with him a much larger bird, snowy of thatch and stern of mien. Japheth looked at this oldster and held up a wing. "Don't tell me," he said. "You're an eagle. Lemme hear you scream *semper fidelis*."

"Huh?" the eagle asked, startled.

"No? So ma was wrong again," Japheth said. "But you are an eagle, aren't you?"

"I am," the other said pontifically. He moved his head to give Japheth his right—and better—profile, then turned back to fix his yellow eyes on the young owl. "What's this I hear about you flouting the rules, young man? Can't have that. Utterly reprehensible."

"I dunno about that," Japheth said, "but I gotta eat and I can't see in the dark."

"Nonsense," the eagle said curtly.

"Just what I told him, chief," the red-shouldered hawk put in.

"What are you, one of these confounded radicals?" the eagle asked Japheth. "I've heard about you people. Away with tradition, away with convention, away with law and order and the things that have made us great—is that it?"

"No, that ain't it," Japheth said sturdily. "I'm no radical. I just don't see why a guy can't use some of this free sunshine if he wants to, that's all. Ain't there enough for you guys and me too?"

"That's beside the point," the eagle said, frowning. "The point is that we can't permit the system to be upset by every harum-scarum owl that idly decides he wants to change from nightwork to daywork. Even supposing we made an exception in your case—why, we'd set a precedent that would be disastrous."

"Why would it be?" Japheth asked.

"Because—why, because it would be," the eagle said. "Imagine these woods full of owls all day with their silly who's-who survey. Preposterous! First thing you know, daytime birds would get ideas. They'd want to stay out all night, most likely. The world turned upside down."

He bent his piercing gaze on the young owl. "Have you no patriotism at all?" he demanded. "Or do you force us to take steps?"

Japheth considered. Reluctantly he admitted that what the eagle had said added up. It would be pretty ridiculous to upset an established system just for one freak owl. And that was what he must be. Art, Charley and Gervais had no trouble getting around (*Continued on Page 47*)

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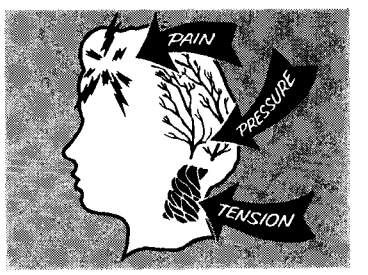

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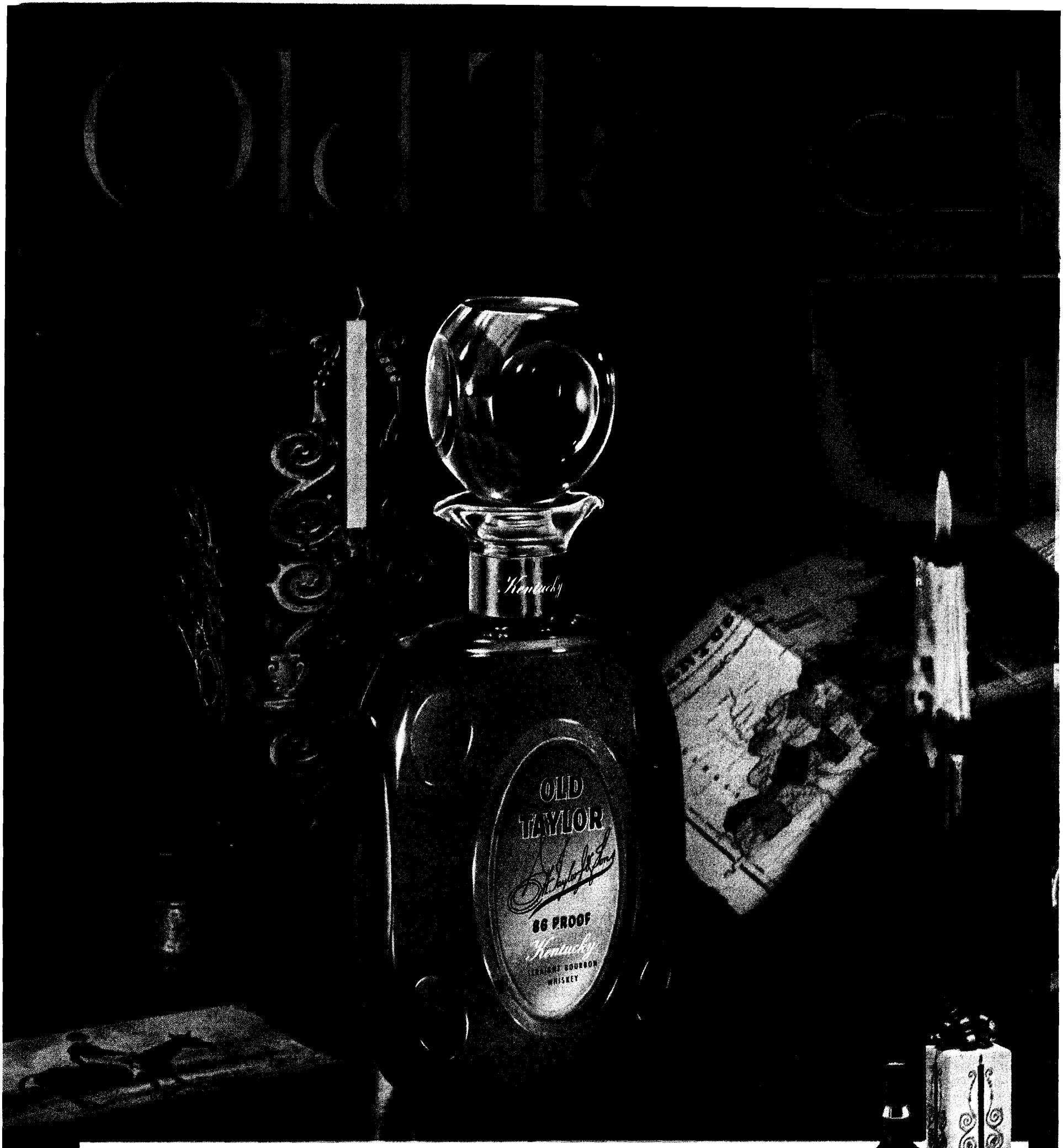

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(*Continued from Page 45*) in the dark. Ma must have been right in this one thing—owls were supposed to see at night and go blind by day.

And besides, the hawk and the eagle outweighed him by fifteen pounds, easily.

"O.K.," he said finally. "You win. I'll leave. But I gotta eat, gentlemen, and believe it or not, I really can't see in the dark. So tell me someplace to go where I'll be outta the way and the system won't get shook apart, and I'll co-operate."

The eagle and the hawk went into conference. From where he sat, Japheth could see they were having trouble reaching agreement. Any suggestion the hawk made was greeted by a snort from the eagle; when the eagle named some place of exile, the hawk muttered, "No, no, chief, we gotta consider the right people in that precinct." The discussion between the two took so long that Japheth grew ravenous. So the young owl just flew off, leaving the elder statesman and his lieutenant locked in argument.

He found another woodland glade—not as nice as the one from which he had been ousted, but passable—and went back to work. Almost immediately a flock of crows spotted him and set up such a holler that he moved on to escape earache. At the next stop a gang of blue jays hurled insults. At the third place he tried to alight, a bristling vireo—doubtless encouraged by the spreading report that owl baiting could be fun—tried to heckle him, but Japheth was tired, hungry and unco-operative. He listened to only a few of the vireo's taunts before he put a permanent end to that misguided midget's mouthings.

This sudden turn in what birdland had begun to regard as clean, wholesome sport eased Japheth's persecution for the time being. The young owl found a perch in a grove on the outskirts of a town and managed to catch two field mice before dusk descended. He sacked in, but did not rest well—only one vireo and two mice since Manitoba knew when did not make for deep, contented sleep.

He was tempted to go back to the glen when he awoke at the first blush of dawn, his stomach protesting indignantly.

"Nuts to the system," he muttered aloud. "So they put it on me. So I die of starvation if I don't. What's to lose?" Under his breath he began to hum the *Marseillaise*, summoning up his courage. It came slowly, but finally he got enough, and he was just about to take off on his defiant—if suicidal—return flight when from beneath him there came a shrill human shout.

"Over here, Julie," shrieked a woman. "A perfect specimen of the saw-whet, or Acadian, owl—in broad daylight. Quickly!"

Camera shutters snapped as Japheth swiveled his head to get a good look at the two stout females who, like ma, were confused. Saw-whet owl? Why not go all out and call him a snowy?

"I'm not at all sure it's a saw-whet," said the woman called Julie four telescopic-lens exposures later. "He looks more to me like a snowy owl in summer plumage. Oh, dear, I wish he'd spread his wings so I could be sure." She clucked her tongue and made strange gargling noises she obviously believed were owl talk. "Come on, owlie, owlie, spread your wings," she pleaded.

"Why should I, for Manitoba's sake?" snapped Japheth.

The unmannerly question was jolted from him by his irritation at the woman's ignorance and that ghastly gargling. He did not expect the reaction it brought. Both bird watchers lowered their cameras; both stared up at him, open-mouthed. There was a silence, and then Julie turned to her companion slowly.

"Did you hear what I heard?" she asked in a hushed voice.

"I heard it—or something—go *Why?*" the other woman said after a strained swallow. "Quite distinctly."

"Then, of course, it's no owl at all," Julie said. "Owls go *Who*."

"Or *Who-who-whooo*," her companion nodded. "Occasionally *Hoot* and on rare occasion *Who-who-hoot*."

"But never *Why?*" Julie whispered.

The two women looked at each other, pale with excitement. Julie broke the silence. "Doctor Anselmuth must see this," she announced tersely.

"But how will we keep it here?" the other woman asked. She gave a despairing wail. "It'll fly away, and nobody will ever believe us—Doctor Anselmuth least of all."

Julie obviously was the idea woman of the pair. She pried open the knapsack that swung at the opposite hip from her camera case and began tearing open waxed-paper parcels. "Owls are known for their rapaciousness," she said breathlessly. "Spread your lunch on the ground; perhaps it will keep him here feeding long enough for us to get Doctor Anselmuth here. Besides, owls don't travel in daytime—they can't see in the sunlight."

Japheth started to demur, but closed his beak. These females were spreading a banquet of egg-salad and salami sandwiches, stuffed olives, cookies, fruit and chocolate bars beneath his tree, and a hungry young owl will stand for almost anything to get a meal. He let them depart, twittering, and swooped down to chomp his way through the strangest meal ever set before a barred owl.

"Y'know," he mused when he resumed his perch, replete, "I might have a good thing going for me if I can keep this Anselmuth character interested. If *Why* is the magic word, I'll *Why* this guy till first snowfall."

He was rehearsing a full tonal range of *Why's* when Doctor Anselmuth, trailed by Julie, her companion and fourteen other men and women burdened by cameras, battery-powered tape recorders and bird books, arrived.

And so Japheth became a nine-day wonder of the ornithological world, the barred owl that posed for his three breakfasts, four lunches, two high teas and several early dinners in light suitable for color slides. Bird watchers came from all over to look and marvel and spread edible tribute beneath his tree. Japheth grew fat and well content.

Then something happened. It was at dusk on the eighth day of this plenteous existence, and Japheth was preparing to retire, the shutter snappers having retreated before the fading light, when there was a hushed passage of wings close to the tree wherein our hero had taken up lodgings. Japheth caught a blurred glimpse of an owl on the wing before it flicked out of sight in the gathering night.

"He better keep goin'," Japheth muttered. "He better not try to jump my claim."

He flopped in his sack, but sleep refused to come. There had been something strange about that owl—something about it had been entirely and delightfully different from, say, Art or Charley or Gervais—something soft, sweet.

"What are you, nuts or somethin'?" Japheth asked himself irritably. "You only caught a glimpse of him and you know you can't read big print after four-thirty. Soft. Sweet. *Sheee!*"

Still sleep evaded him. It got so bad that Japheth finally went out on the front limb; perhaps the night air would make him drowsy. He was sitting there, casting back over his meals for the day to find out what might have disagreed with him, when there was the muted sound of an owl passing close by, and back to him floated the dulcet inquiry, "Who?"

It was a feminine voice, ineffably enticing. Japheth felt his breast feathers quiver with the leap of his heart. "Japheth's the name," he called back. "Haven't we met someplace before, Miss Uh?" And without a second thought, he launched himself from his perch in pursuit.

He crashed, of course. He had not flown six feet before he ran slam-bang into a large oak and wound up on the ground with a neck that felt fractured. At the sound of the girl's voice, fainter now and wistful, he tried again. This time he went at least twenty feet before he cracked up. He spent the night, aching and heartsick, on the ground; and only the great Manitou knew why he wasn't swallowed by something before dawn let him find refuge in his tree.

But no gourmand's paradise now, that tree. For some reason, all the goodies strewn beneath his perch by Doctor Anselmuth and his disciples lacked savor; Japheth barely pecked at his third breakfast and passed up lunch altogether. The antics of the humans irritated him too, so that midway in the photographic revelry, the young owl marched into his apartment and refused to show himself, despite the squeaks, hoots and other gibberings sent up by the bird watchers.

Japheth was in love. He was hooked—and badly. Dusk found him on his front limb again, straining those extraordinary owl eyes in an effort to pierce the gloom. When She came by—oh, very casually, just happening to be in the neighborhood—she was no more than a darker shadow against the nightfall and she faded fast into total blackness even as she winged past.

"Wainnaminnit," Japheth cried. "I want to talk to you—I *gotta* talk to you."

Her answer was properly indignant. "Do you mistake me, sir, for a girl who'd pick up strangers instead of having them come calling like a gentleman at my home in the third sycamore south of the brook in Garrabrandt's Woods after dark? The very idea!"

"But I can't see in the dark," Japheth wailed. "How about me droppin' in for brunch tomorrow noon?"

He heard her sniff, but her response, if any, was lost in the distance.

Japheth flew back to Garrabrandt's Woods the next morning and found the sycamore; but, of course, nobody was stirring. He called and called outside her door, but there was no answer except from a patrol of red-shouldered hawks that gave poor Japheth the bum's rush and threatened painful liquidation if he dared return during daylight hours.

The young owl returned to his own tree and gazed sourly at the offerings of the relieved bird watchers who heralded his return joyfully.

He retired to his apartment and brooded. When She floated past again at dusk, he knew what he must do. He had to learn night flying the hard way—by himself, through trial and error.

It was mostly error, those first few evenings. Japheth flew into countless bushes, innumerable trees, several TV antennas, three billboards, the side of a parked car and once into the flank of a browsing deer. When he was knocked to the ground, he staggered into flight and tried again. Battered, bruised, ruffled beyond recognition, he somehow managed to survive each night; during the day he slept the sleep of the exhausted. Doctor Anselmuth and the others departed, disillusioned, and foodless Japheth grew gaunt and haggard.

He failed to find any improvement in his after-dark navigation at first, but came the evening when he chased her a full hundred yards before losing her in the darkness. That was what he needed—he gritted his beak and kept trying.

It was some time later when Art, Charley and Gervais, chatting in the moonlight on a limb in Garrabrandt's Woods, watched a pert young lady owl fly past. All three boys loosed long, low whistles.

"What a dish," Gervais murmured. "But no time for nobody. I can't figure it."

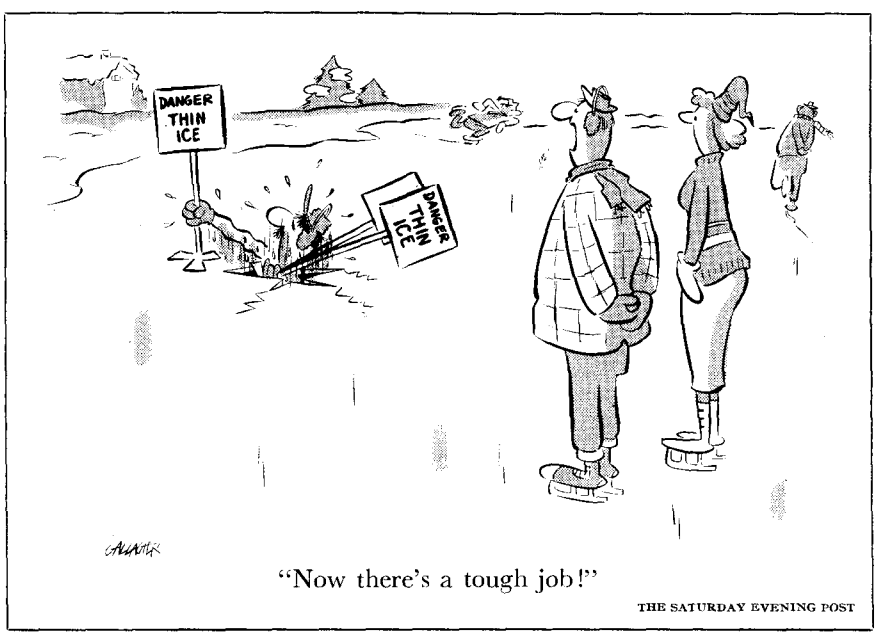
"I heard she's engaged to ——" Art began, then stopped. Because barreling along a scant fifty feet behind the young lady came a rumpled, hollow-eyed owl who somehow managed to beam through his dishevelment. As this tattered apparition streamed past, the three brothers heard him say out of the corner of his beak, "Hi-ya, fellas. One side, before I clobber you."

He flew on, plowing through a treetop, but maintaining altitude and speed. There was a long silence as Art, Charley and Gervais looked after him.

It was Charley who spoke first. "Y'know, I'd swear that was Japheth, old Blessed-With-Wisdom-When-Three-Days Old hisself; except for two things—he was flyin' like a normal owl, at night, and he didn't ask why?"

Gervais looked down the way to the third sycamore south of the brook. There perched two young owls, side by side, very close.

"It was Japheth, all right," he grinned. "He's straightened himself out somehow; and as for the other—well, I'd say he's found out why." THE END



"Now there's a tough job!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A reminder that your nearby Hartford Agent is ready to serve you every day of the year!

...illustrated by one of the most popular artists of our day

The following advertising pages dramatize one of the big advantages of carrying your insurance with a Hartford Group Agent. It's day-in-day-out service.

Whether it's keeping you advised on new policies, or modifying your protection to meet changing needs, or being on hand whenever trouble strikes, your Hartford Agent, along with 34,000 other Hartford Agents in every part of the country, is ready to serve you every day of the year, every way he can.

Artwork by Henk Bos

The illustrations on these pages are by the eminent Dutch artist Henk Bos. Today in the United States, reproductions of his still life art are among the best-selling works of all artists, past and present.

The fine art quality of these illustrations makes them most attractive wall decorations for your home or office. Their pleasing tones and rich style blend with any surroundings, whether traditional, contemporary or modern. Tasteful . . . and useful!

To save this reminder... hold the eight pages together, pull them gently but firmly from the binding, and hang them on your wall.

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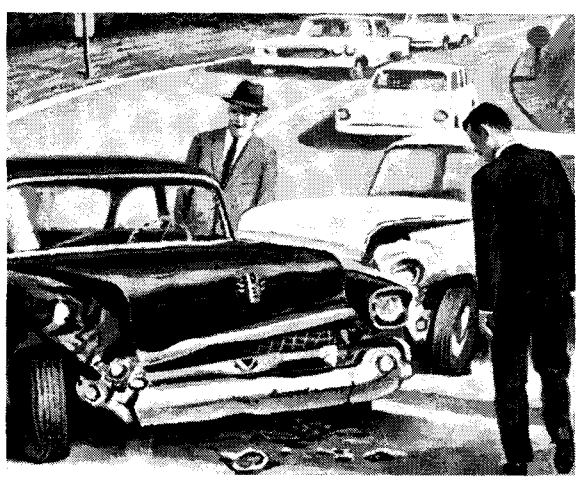
1 minute insurance quiz . . .

How would you fare in these 6 difficult situations?

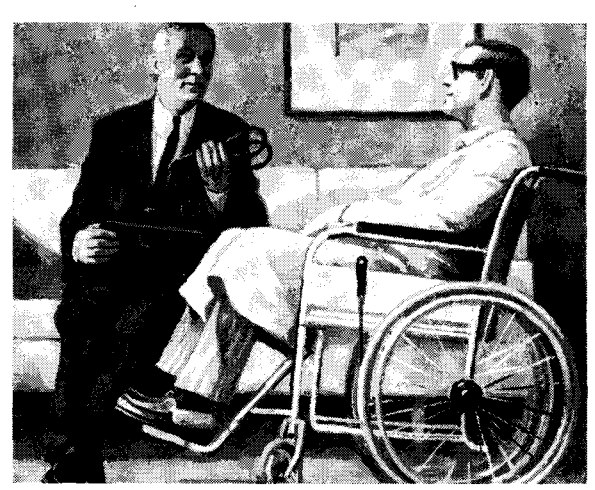


You have a serious automobile accident 2,000 miles from home. You need help but don't know a soul in the area. Is there an agent of your insurance company close at hand—someone you can turn to who will have your best interests at heart?

YES____ NO____ DON'T KNOW____

A neighbor's little girl, visiting your home, disturbs your dog during his feeding. He snaps at her, inflicting a painful face wound. Will your insurance pay the medical expenses involved? Defend you if a lawsuit develops because of the injury?

YES____ NO____ DON'T KNOW____



After being hospitalized for a few weeks, a member of your family is released for long and costly treatment at home. Do you have insurance that covers the medical expenses incurred at home or in the doctor's office, as well as in the hospital?

YES____ NO____ DON'T KNOW____

Your home is seriously damaged by fire. You are fully covered by fire insurance. But does your insurance cover the expense of living elsewhere during the months your home is being rebuilt?

YES____ NO____ DON'T KNOW____

While on a vacation trip you return to your car and find a window has been broken. Your luggage is gone. The loss comes to $600. Do you have the kind of insurance that covers your loss in full?

YES____ NO____ DON'T KNOW____

Your family is left with the benefits of your life insurance to help them carry on. Will it give them an adequate income to meet their needs? Pay the mortgage? Put your children through college?

YES____ NO____ DON'T KNOW____

How's *your* score? If you can't answer "yes" to all six questions . . . you'll profit from a talk with your Hartford Group Agent or your insurance broker. In many communities, you'll find your Hartford Agent listed in the Yellow Pages under "Hartford Insurance", or look for him wherever you see the familiar Stag trademark displayed.

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When you feel all tied up in knots, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.

TAKE TEA AND SEE

To get the most out of tea — make it hefty, hot and hearty. Use one teaspoon or one tea bag per cup. Add bubbly, boiling water and brew 3 to 5 minutes. For instant tea, follow directions on the package.

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Is European Education Better Than Ours?

Seeking the facts behind a hot debate, the *Post* asked a famous poll taker for a five-nation survey. Back came studies of 4142 school children—and an astonishing report.

By Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill

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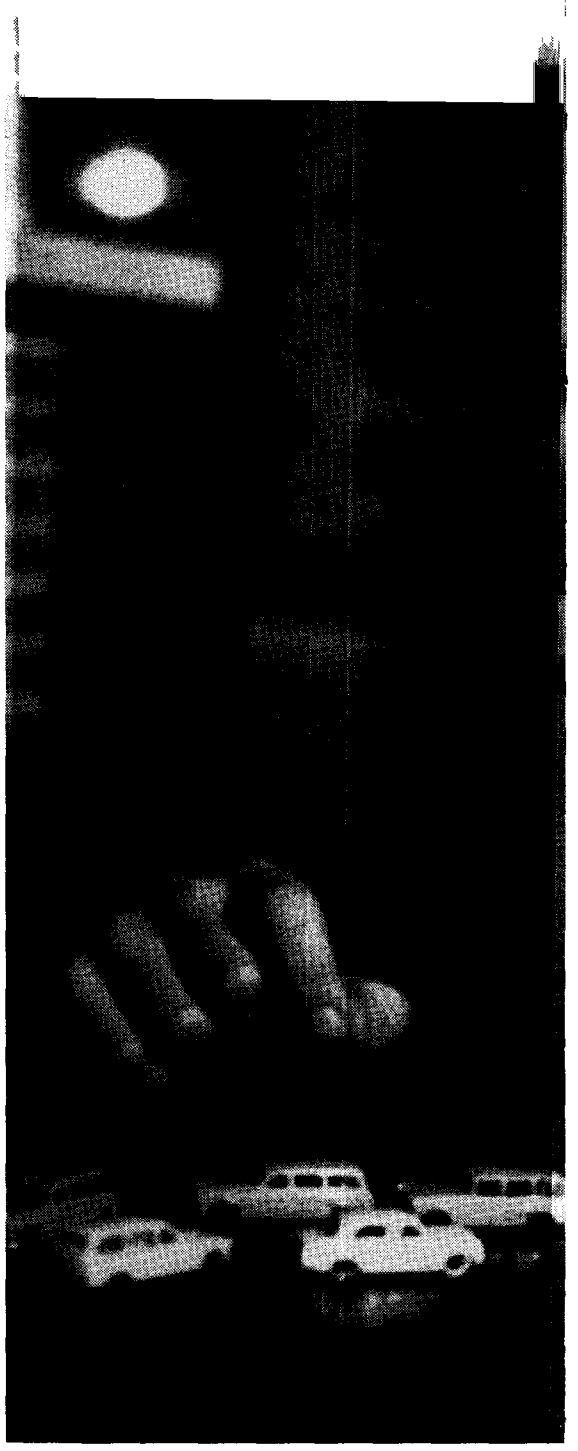

Bernard Capelle, a French schoolboy, plays with toy cars—brief relaxation after long hours of homework.

Is European Education Better Than Ours?

Educators and critics have had their say and left us bewildered. Here are the hard facts, gathered in months of research in the schools of England, France, Norway, West Germany and the United States—an impartial report by Gallup Poll teams on a crucial question.

"When I was a little boy," says ten-year-old Bernard Capelle, "we lived across the street from a pharmacy. I saw the pharmacist working late into the night, and he went home on a bicycle. Then in a few years he was going home earlier, in his own automobile, and he owned houses. Perhaps that is why I want to be a pharmacist. But there is another reason—I know that the work will be quiet and tranquil."

Bernard Capelle is a shy, big-eyed French boy who speaks slowly and precisely, occasionally running his hand through his short brown hair. With his parents and thirteen-year-old sister, Monique, he lives in Mons-en-Baroeul, a suburb of the industrial city of Lille, only a few miles from the Belgian border.

He attends the Lycée Faidherbe, where each week, in addition to arithmetic, science, geography, history, art and music, he studies Latin for five hours (he's half through Caesar's *Gallic War*), English for three and a half hours and his native language for four hours. He will continue Latin for at least seven more years and English for probably at least as long. Next year he begins studying German too.

Although Bernard was skipped a year ahead of his age group, he remains an honor student. In his weekly written tests he is scoring fifteens and higher, the perfect score being twenty. Although he is the youngest child in his room and the second smallest, he is unconcerned. "Why should this bother me?" he asks.

Each morning he rises at 6:30 and leaves home at 7:15. His first class starts promptly at eight o'clock. At noon his two-hour recess is divided into thirty minutes for eating, an hour of supervised play in the schoolyard and a half hour of study. His afternoon classes begin at two o'clock and end at four. By 4:30 he is home, and by five o'clock he is hunched over his homework at the dining-room table.

Bernard is a slow worker—"as speedy and as steady as a turtle," says Mme. Capelle—and it is usually 10:30 before he is finished. With time out for dinner, his home-study time on an average school night is about four hours.

French students attend classes for a full day on Saturday, but Thursday is a holiday, and then Bernard breaks his routine. After a one-hour piano lesson he spends the rest of the morning amusing himself by wandering through the city market. In the afternoon he plays with a companion, often at solving traffic problems with his collection of tiny automobiles. If he has neglected his homework the night before, he spends Thursday afternoon in study.

There is no television in the Capelle home. Bernard's parents can afford a TV set on Michel Capelle's salary as a social-security official, but they feel "it would interfere with Bernard's study. We don't even play the radio at night for fear it will disturb him." Both parents are pleased with French education, although Mme. Capelle is critical of the new system of teaching children to read. "When I was a girl we first learned the alphabet, and then learned to read words. But not now! Terrible! They learn to read words before they know the letters."

In London's Camden School for Girls, authors George Gallup (center) and Evan Hill (right) interview the school's administrator at lunch.

In Hamburg, Germany, the Mendelssohn Elementary School gives bright children a special room in which to do extra work. Glass sets off the main classroom, at left.

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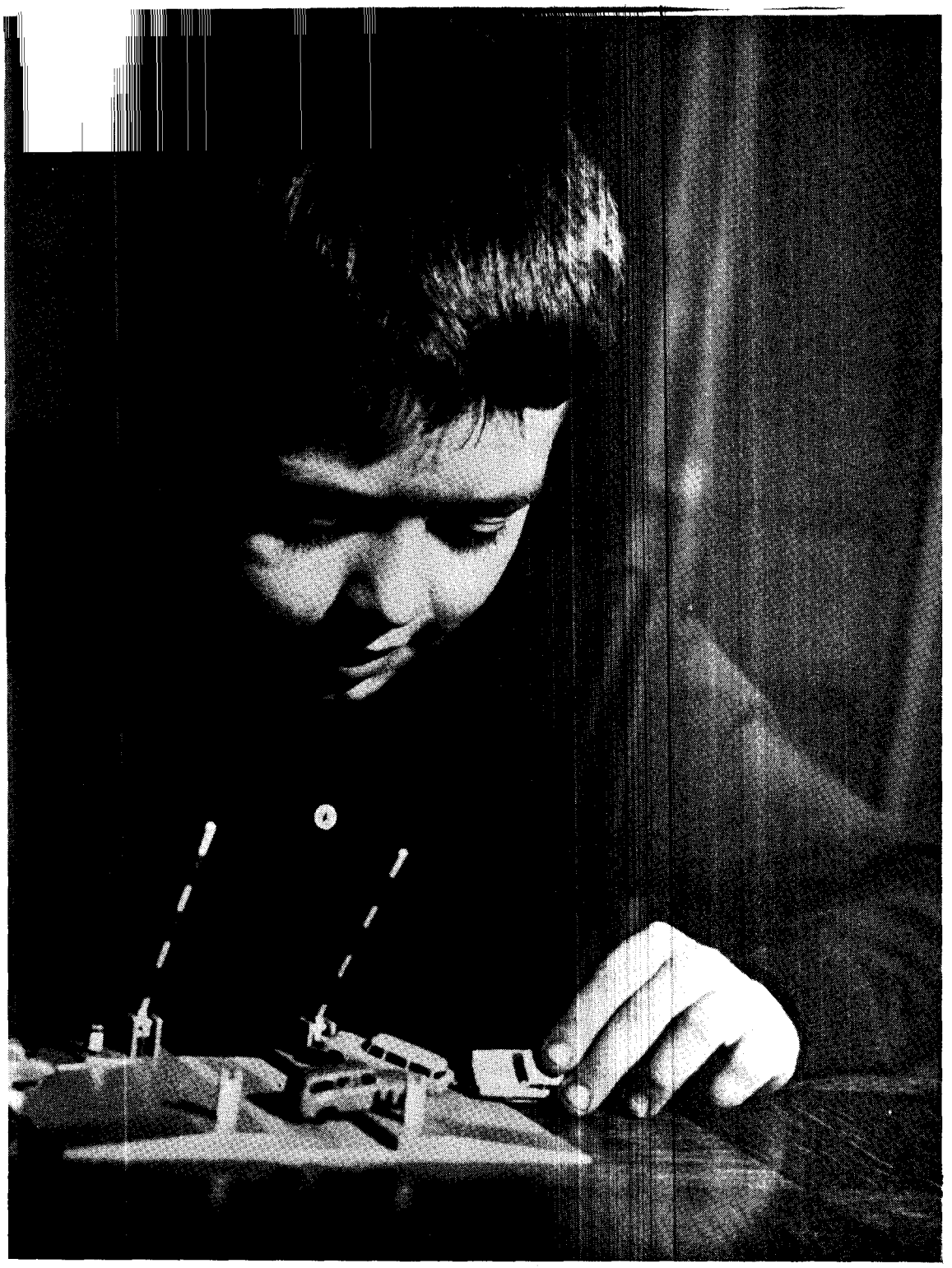


Let's turn now to another ten-year-old, Johnny Houlihan, who lives about 3600 miles west of Bernard Capelle. Johnny is a bright, lively boy with much personal charm. He is in the fourth grade at Warren School, a public school in Charlestown, Massachusetts, part of the cultural city of Boston. His father is a leather worker. Johnny would like to be an explorer "because it's exciting," and he wants to go to Notre Dame because he's interested in football and baseball.

Like Bernard, Johnny studies arithmetic, science, history, geography, music and his native language. After that their paths diverge. While Bernard is pegging away at Latin, Johnny is required to take classes in health education, physical education and manual training. Bernard gets three and a half hours of English a week; Johnny is "exposed" to thirty minutes of French.

Johnny Houlihan's teachers rate him "above average," and his report card shows mostly A's. But Johnny says he "hardly had any homework" last year—Boston schools discourage homework before grade six. He wrote only one theme—"a letter"—and he is glad that he does not attend the local parochial school. "Boy, they're hard there," he says. "Those kids take home seven or eight books every night."

Since he has no homework and does no chores at home, Johnny has time for watching television an average of three hours a day and time to read books for pleasure. In one three-month period, he says, "one book was about Robin Hood, one about Yellowstone National Park and five were sports books."

There is a great difference between ten-year-old Johnny Houlihan and ten-year-old Bernard Capelle. With his A grades and love of sports, Johnny is probably what we like to call a "healthy, normal, average, well-rounded American boy."

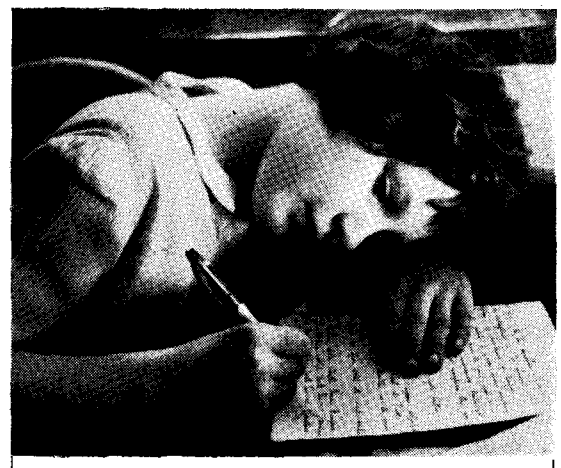
By contrast, Bernard has been shaped by one of the most competitive education systems in the world. Only about 16 per cent of his age group goes on to *lycée*, and Bernard is there because he passed a stringent, nationwide entrance examination. He is pointing toward a university education and probably will end up in what France calls its "intellectual elite."

To compare the elite with the average, or even the above-average like Johnny Houlihan, is obviously unfair, yet such comparisons are often made in the current debate about American education. Ever since the Soviets beat us into space with their Sputnik, the debate has been conducted in an atmosphere tainted with misunderstanding, hypersensitivity, distrust, inaccuracy, anger and sometimes deceit.

Rudolf Flesch's book, *Why Johnny Can't Read*, is aimed at Americans; an education professor quotes a study which shows that British children read even worse. In Washington Vice Adm. H. G. Rickover asks for a longer school year and higher standards, and insists on the separate education of the gifted; in New Hampshire a superintendent of schools says Rickover "wants to train the best and shoot the rest."

The critics say that Americans write in illegible scrawls; that our schools are glittering palaces empty of knowledge; that the bright and the dull sit in the same classroom handicapping each other. The defenders say that laymen are not qualified to criticize; they hint that raising teachers' salaries would automatically solve all our problems; and the *Defense Bulletin* of the 700,000-member National Education Association reports that "in one month alone . . . nearly 100 organizations and individuals . . . were creating trouble for public education."

Even foreigners get involved in the debate. One visitor to the United States remarked that



Assignment in England: essays, essays.

How Much Essay Writing Is Enough?

One way to learn to write is by writing, and this survey shows that American school children are required to write much less than the French or English. They write about as much as the West German child and more frequently than the Norwegian child.

ESSAYS AND COMPOSITIONS

	Average Number Written in 5-Month Period	% Who Wrote More Than 16 in 5 Months
FRANCE	12	33%
ENGLAND	11	34
W. GERMANY	7	13
U.S.	6	12
NORWAY	4	3

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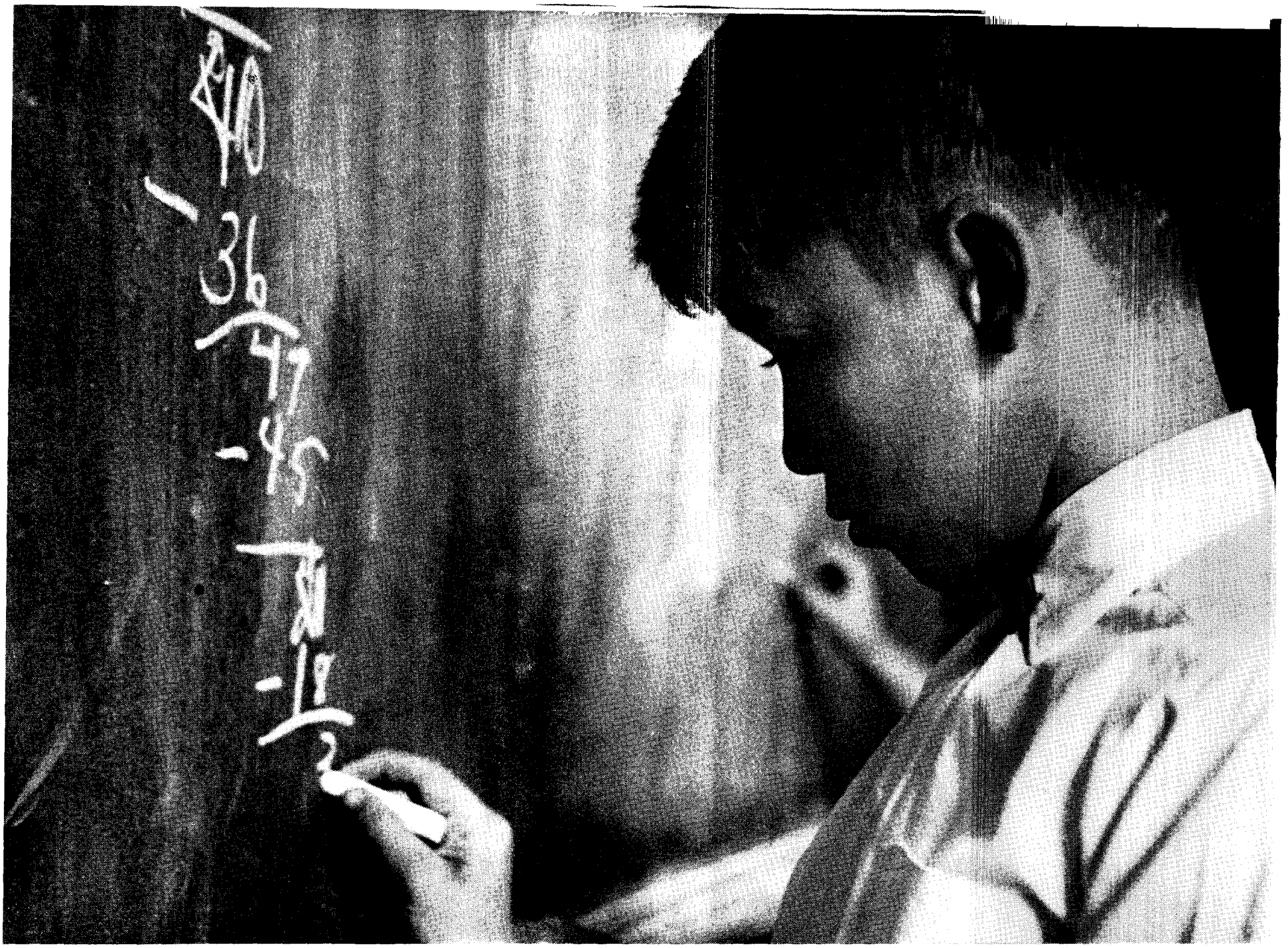

Ten-year-old Johnny Houlihan, an "A" student in Boston, is taking it easy by European school standards.

U.S. schools: not the best, but not so bad.

"American coeducation . . . is intellectual socialization, and everyone is free to learn just as little as he wishes." Disagreement is voiced by Oliver J. Caldwell, assistant commissioner for international education in the United States Office of Education. "Generally I feel we're doing a better job than any of these other countries," he says. "But it depends on what we're trying to do—educate as many people as well as possible, or educate an elite few superbly."

Calvin E. Gross, Pittsburgh's nationally respected superintendent of schools, says, "The primary function of the schools is intellectual training." He remarks caustically that "care of the teeth and care of the brain sometimes seem to be accorded equal educational importance." Yet the Pittsburgh school system suggests no homework in the first three grades, limits it to thirty minutes each day in grades four through six and to an hour a day through junior high.

To cut through this fog of contradiction, the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* commissioned us almost a year ago to get answers to a plain question: Is European education better than ours?

We soon saw that we could not compare the American Johnny Houlihans with the French Bernard Capelles, or with students in English "grammar" schools or German *Gymnasiums*. Nor would it be fair to compare children who voluntarily attended school with children who were compelled by law to attend.

We decided then to compare children of the same age, as long as education laws required them to be in school. We pin-pointed our efforts on ages ten and fourteen; ten because it is about halfway through elementary education and fourteen because this is the last year of compulsory education in some Western European nations.

Using the fact-finding facilities of the Gallup Poll in the United States and the Gallup affiliate organizations in Europe, we polled 4142 children in five nations—the United States, England, France, West Germany and Norway. The sample was divided equally by sex and age—half boys, half girls, half ten years old, half fourteen years old. It included the correct proportion of students from poor homes and rich, from public, parochial and private schools, of the dull and the bright, of the gifted and the retarded.

While the polling and tabulating went on, we traveled almost 20,000 miles in the United States and Europe, interviewing ministers of education and other government officials, educators, teachers, students, parents and critics. The printed documents that we have studied on this subject number more than 200.

The project was designed to characterize the composite ten-year-old and fourteen-year-old school child in each country; and it has. We now have more than 250 tables and charts giving us the answers to the 163 questions on our questionnaire. In addition, we have the scores made by more than 800 children in each of the five countries in an identical test covering geography, arithmetic, science and the identification of world-famous men. We can report, too, on school and homework in the five countries, and on discipline, reading, teaching methods, outside activities and attitudes about education.

Our findings may vex both the defenders and the critics of American education, for in essence we have found that while United States

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schooling is not the best, it is better than some critics have led us to believe.

What are the uncomfortable facts about our children when they are compared with children of identical ages in England, France, West Germany and Norway? To oversimplify slightly, here is what our polling reveals about the American child versus the European:

- During a school year the American child spends the least time in classroom work.
- He does much less homework, except for the English child.
- He gives more trouble to his teachers.
- He is high in science, lowest in knowledge of world-famous men, poor in geography and low in arithmetic.
- He spends more time at television and telephoning, except for the English child, who is equally fascinated by television.
- He reads fewer books.
- He writes fewer essays, except for the Norwegian child.
- And he memorizes least of all.

On the other hand, here are some of the more comforting findings about the American child:

- He wants to stay in school for more years than European children do.
- He is second only to the French child in wanting to be a teacher.
- He would much rather have high grades than be the most popular person in his class.
- He worries more about examination results, except for the French child.
- He sees fewer movies.
- He is second high in church attendance, the French child being first.
- He does more household chores.
- He gets more physical punishment from his teachers, except for the English child.
- He gets more physical punishment from his parents, except for the German child.
- He is more restricted on school nights than are English and Norwegian children.

This then, is the composite American elementary school child—high in television watching and church attendance; low in homework, more stringently disciplined than we thought, serious about examinations. But much more needs to be said about the American child. To compare him with his counterparts in England, France, Norway and West Germany, we must understand something about the educational systems and purposes of the nations involved. Here, too, we run the risk of oversimplification.

Perhaps the most significant difference between the United States and the four European nations, as revealed in this study, is in the various goals of education. Except for the Soviet Union, the United States is probably the only large nation in the world that has consistently and consciously regarded education as an instrument of national purpose. We have done this since the Puritans required parents by law to educate their children.

Our educators frequently quote Jefferson: "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free . . . it expects what never was and never will be." And De Witt Clinton: "The first duty of government . . . is the encouragement of education."

During the latter 1800's and the early 1900's our schools were an instrument of national purpose as they turned millions of immigrants and their children into Americans. Because the job was so immense, we concentrated on the middle mass, largely ignoring the small numbers of exceptional children, either gifted or retarded, at either end. Even when the job was done, when we no longer needed to keep fires burning under the melting pot, we continued to think of our schools as shapers of the national character. This attitude explains why we are so critical of our education today. We expect so much of education—much more than it can produce—that we have forced educators into taking responsibility in areas where they are incompetent.

For example, we have blamed our educators because the United States was not first in orbiting a space satellite. But, as Calvin Gross points out, "The schools were not responsible; they had produced the brains to do the job. Congress simply decided not to do it."

Unlike most Europeans, the average American regards education as a sort of magic that can transform a nation. He credits education for almost everything we have, a view that explains why Americans have dedicated their schools to the education of everyone. The European knows what most Americans choose

Do American Children Study Hard Enough?

One measure of education is the amount of time spent at it. Other factors being equal, the child who spends more time learning should learn more. This, in fact, is the argument of many American educators who say that American schooling is better because our children spend more years in school.

But school years can be compared only if we count actual classroom hours, deducting lunchtime, sicktime and days absent for other reasons. If we then add time spent on homework, we get statistics comparing the composite American child with the European.

Figures gathered by the Gallup Poll and its affiliates in five countries show that the American child rates last in time spent in combined homework and school hours; and rates fourth in homework, superior only to the British.

EFFORT OF TEN-YEAR-OLDS

School Hours Per Year		Homework Hours Per Year		Total Annual Time on Schoolwork	
FRANCE	1153	W. GERMANY	297	W. GERMANY	1334
ENGLAND	1089	NORWAY	280	FRANCE	1326
W. GERMANY	1037	FRANCE	173	NORWAY	1305
NORWAY	1025	U.S.	106	ENGLAND	1128
U.S.	969	ENGLAND	39	U.S.	1075

Compared with the highest in the table above, the American ten-year-old spends 16 per cent less time in the classroom, 64 per cent less time on homework, 19 per cent less time in total effort.

EFFORT OF FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLDS

School Hours Per Year		Homework Hours Per Year		Total Annual Time on Schoolwork	
FRANCE	1175	FRANCE	508	FRANCE	1683
W. GERMANY	1158	W. GERMANY	311	W. GERMANY	1469
ENGLAND	1092	NORWAY	308	NORWAY	1337
NORWAY*	1029	U.S.	212	ENGLAND	1242
U.S.	1024	ENGLAND	150	U.S.	1236

Compared with the highest in the table above, the American fourteen-year-old spends 13 per cent less time in the classroom, 58 per cent less time on homework, 27 per cent less time in total effort.

*(All Norwegian figures based only on children attending school daily, a majority.)

The Following Table Compares the Amount of Time Spent on Homework in the Five Countries on a Typical School Day.

TEN-YEAR-OLDS

Average Time on Homework		No Homework at All	
W. GERMANY	84 min.		1%
NORWAY	69		6
FRANCE	52		12
U.S.	39		30
ENGLAND	14		72

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLDS

Average Time on Homework		No Homework at All	
W. GERMANY	89 min.		1%
FRANCE	131		7
NORWAY	91		11
U.S.	73		16
ENGLAND	50		41

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to ignore—that our tremendous national resources, our isolated world position and our long years of peace have done much to mold our country. A nation is not necessarily the product of its schools; it is more likely that the schools are a product of the nation.

It is only since World War II that Europe has become genuinely concerned with educating the mass of its children. In general, the purpose of European education has been to hand-pick the best brains at a very early age—often as young as ten—and to concentrate on training these chosen few for adult leadership. The remaining students—often as many as 75 per cent—complete their compulsory schooling at fourteen or younger and turn to the mines, the factories, the farms and the shops.

In the European's view, the American system, with its more than 45,000 independent school boards, is a shocking hodgepodge. In Norway and France the national ministries of education set minimum standards, determine teachers' qualifications, select textbooks, name what subjects will be taught and write student examinations. In West Germany these matters are handled by the separate state ministries, with almost identical results. In England the school principal is the absolute authority on education in his building. British education law limits itself to requiring only one subject, religion. Actually the English boy's schooling varies little from area to area, because of the similarity in nationwide examinations.

We are already familiar with the method that plucked little Bernard Capelle out of primary school at ten years of age and sent him headlong into Latin at the *lycée*. It is important to know that, like all French children, his compulsory schooling extends from age five to age fourteen; but French children entering the first grade this year may not leave school until they are sixteen. It would also help to know that the French primary-education system includes written tests each week and graded tests every three months; and that a public, six-hour oral and written examination is given to fourteen-year-olds who seek primary-school diplomas. Not every French child is a candidate for this *Certificat d'Études Primaires*, but the certificate is the minimum educational requirement for government jobs and for many other types of employment.

In England, children enter school at five years of age and end the compulsory years at fifteen; there is talk of extending the leaving age to sixteen. When the British child is seven he comes under the influence of a noteworthy feature of British education—the "streaming" program. Here students are separated by ability into streams of faster and slower learners, a system somewhat similar to the experimental "track" system used in parts of the United States. However, the British system goes further than the American, for it separates by subject. A student may be in the fast "A" stream in arithmetic, and the slow "D" stream in geography. Most English schools have four streams; some have as many as fifteen.

When he is about eleven years old, the British youngster who seeks a university education may take the famous 130-minute "eleven-plus" examination, testing intelligence, arithmetic and English. If he passes, he is shifted to a special university-preparatory or "grammar," school. A little more than one fourth of British children enter such schools. If the child does not wish to take the "eleven-plus" exam, or if he takes it and fails, he continues with nonuniversity preparatory schooling until the legal leaving age.

The Exam That English Schoolboys Dread

All English children who want a university education must take the so-called "eleven-plus" examination. The test is given at age eleven, and those who pass go to a university-preparatory school. Those who fail the test, and those who shy away from it, get an ordinary schooling that ends at age fifteen. Here are sample questions from a typical "eleven-plus" examination:

Test of Intelligence:

1. Vinegar is to Sour as Honey is to (sugar / comb / bee / sticky / sweet / yellow).
2. Five men, whom we shall call A, B, C, D and E, each inhabit one floor of a five-storied house.
   B lives two floors above A and one floor below D.
   E lives one floor below A.
   Who lives on the bottom floor? Who lives on the top floor? Who lives one floor up?
3. Code—the numbers correspond to alphabetical order:
   (2, 9, 4) means ..... (big / bit / aid / bid / bin).
   (19, 15, 21, 18) means ..... (tour / soul / sour / rout / sown / smut).

Arithmetic:

1. Divide 31 yards, 1 foot and 3 inches by 13.
2. A necklace of beads is 2½ feet long. If each bead is ¼ inch long, how many beads are there in the necklace?
3. I can walk at a rate of 3½ miles per hour. How long will it take me to walk 21 miles?

English:

1. Give the correct spelling of the word with missing letters:
   a. She heard the sound of merry 1....ter.
   b. He brought presents for his nieces and ne...ws.
   c. Water is li..id.
   d. The boy had stolen apples and was in d.sgr....
   e. In church .s..ms are sung.
2. Write a story introducing: an island; a storm; a wrecked ship; an old map.
3. The life story of a man written by someone else is: (novel / livery / serial / autobiography / history / biography).

The West German child starts school at age six and may leave at either fourteen or fifteen, depending on laws of the various German states. He attends school six days a week, and he, too, is selected early to prepare for university. At ten years of age he may take an examination in mathematics and German to see if he is qualified for *Gymnasium*, the university-preparatory school of Germany. The tests take five hours a day for three days. If the child passes, he enters *Gymnasium* for a probationary period. If he survives probation, he will enter university at age nineteen. If he fails, however, he enters the labor force at school-leaving age—fourteen or fifteen. About 15 per cent of the German youth are in *Gymnasium*.

The Norwegian system has more resemblance to the American system, although there are striking differences. The average American child has compulsory education from age six to sixteen, although some states insist on schooling until age seventeen or eighteen. The Norwegian child may not begin school until he is seven, and he must complete seven years of education. The late starting age is a hangover from times when distances to school were too great for six-year-olds to travel.

As in Germany, the Norwegian classes are held six days a week; but in rural areas children attend school every other day because of weather and transportation problems. Surprisingly enough, recent studies made by the Norwegian ministry indicate that these children, attending school only half as long as urban children, are receiving an education "equal to, and in some cases better than, children who attend six days a week."

The cut-off point for Norwegian students who wish to go on to university is at age fourteen, instead of ten or eleven as in Germany, England and France. However, the Norwegian child who seeks five years in *Gymnasium* to prepare for university will elect a course in English when he is twelve. Then, when he is fourteen, he will take a four-day, four-hour-a-day examination in mathematics, Norwegian and English.

Slightly less than half of the Norwegian fourteen-year-olds go on to *Gymnasium*. Most of the others continue their education for a few years in other schools. In contrast, about 90 per cent of our fourteen-year-olds go past eighth grade; and about 65 per cent of our seventeen-year-olds finish high school. It is these figures that encourage those who say that Admiral Rickover wants to "train the best and shoot the rest."

Obviously an exact comparison of the various systems cannot be made; they are geared to different aims. Nor can we compare the average high-school student in America with what we loosely identify as the European high-school student, because the "grammar" school, *Gymnasium* or *lycée* student has been carefully selected at an early age and is taking strictly academic courses as preparation for university studies. He is the pick of the litter.

This is not to say that European educators or parents are satisfied with the systems they now have. They are not. Like Americans, Europeans are re-examining their educational policies. An official in the French Ministry of National Education proudly says that French schools "aim to make a cultured man"; and he defines culture as "what remains after everything else is forgotten." But there is some concern about the small number of "cultured men" in France. Hélène Terré, an expert on French education, told us, "We have created

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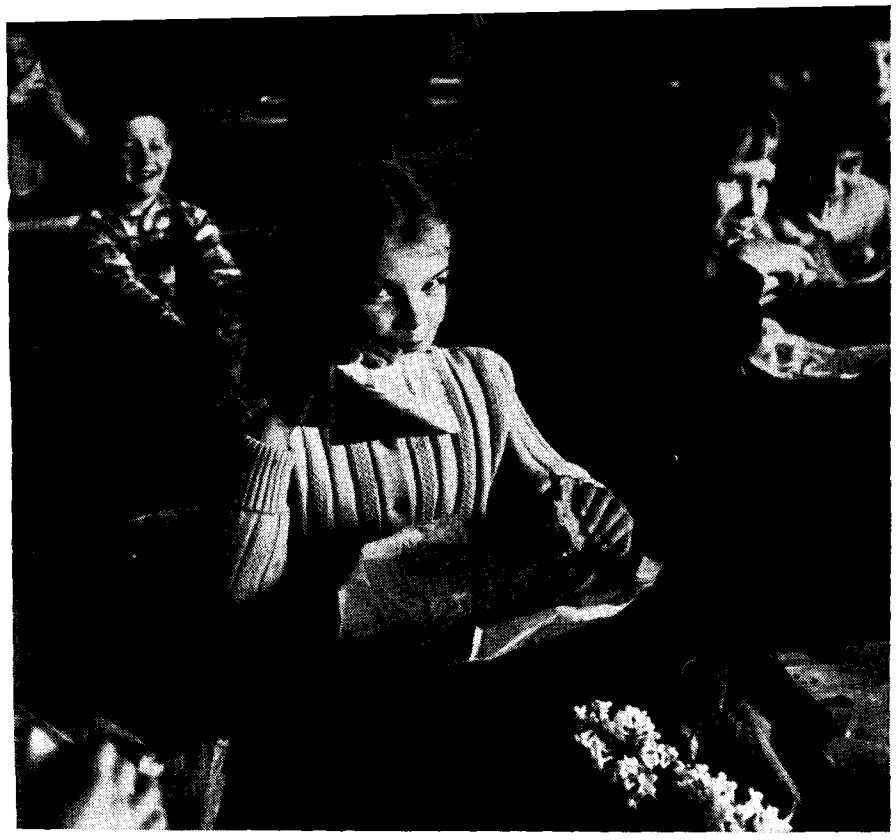


In Hamburg, Germany, children at Mendelssohn School get a midmorning snack.

In Germany's Lohfeld-Regte School, 6-to-10-year-olds are taught in one class.

the finest intellectual elite in the world, but we have done this at the sacrifice of the mass. We must now correct this."

Many French parents complain about the heavy load of school and homework carried by their children, and many feel it is unrealistic to separate the intellectual sheep from the goats at age eleven or twelve. British parents are equally critical of their "eleven-plus" examinations. They point out that Winston Churchill, a notoriously poor student in childhood, would never have received more than minimum schooling if he had taken this test.

West Germany, troubled with an overlay of democracy on a traditionally authoritarian system of education, is thinking of increasing the number of school hours per year, although she already requires more schooling hours than Norway, England or the United States. The five-day work week is coming to Germany, and parents are beginning to grumble about the six-day school week. In fact, all the European nations in this study are looking to the United States for methods of lengthening and broadening the schooling of their average children.

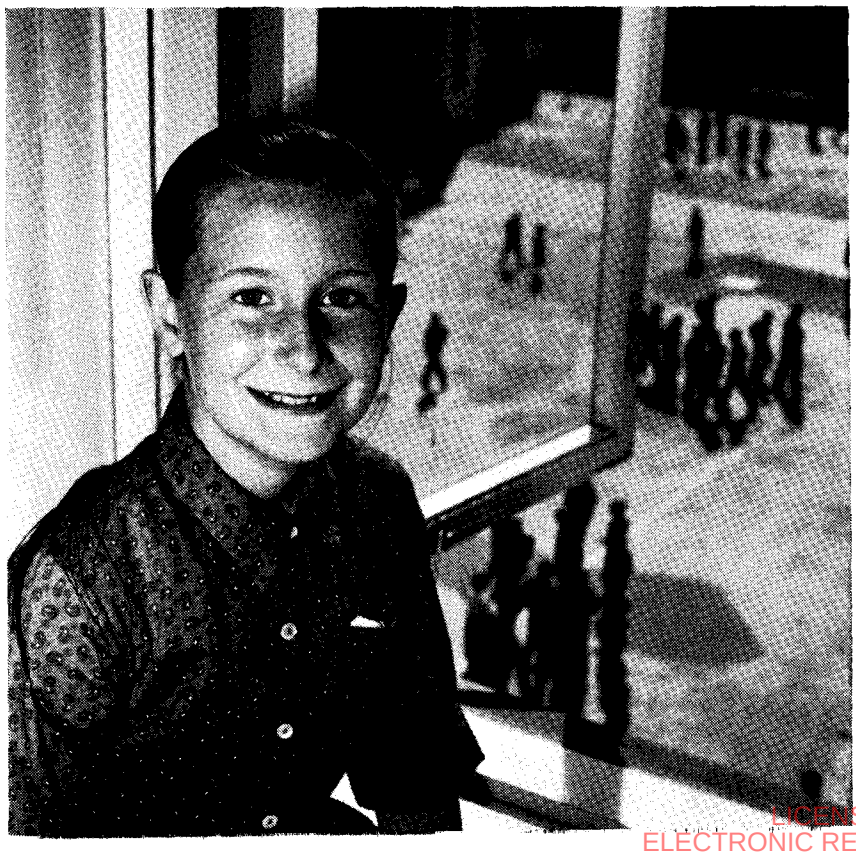
One of the most interesting comparisons of American and European schooling comes from two Norwegian children with experience in both systems. They are not old enough to have been selected for Norwegian university preparation, and they are comparing standard compulsory Norwegian schools with what is probably an above-average American school system.

Blue-eyed Kari Haugland is eleven years old. She braids her hair Norwegian-style now, but when she was a student in Bethesda, Maryland, she caught it up in a pony tail. Her father is a member of the Royal Norwegian Foreign Office. She attends the Ruseløkka Primary School in Oslo, and this is her first experience in Norwegian schools. With her older brother, Arne, she attended American schools for five years, while her father served in Washington.

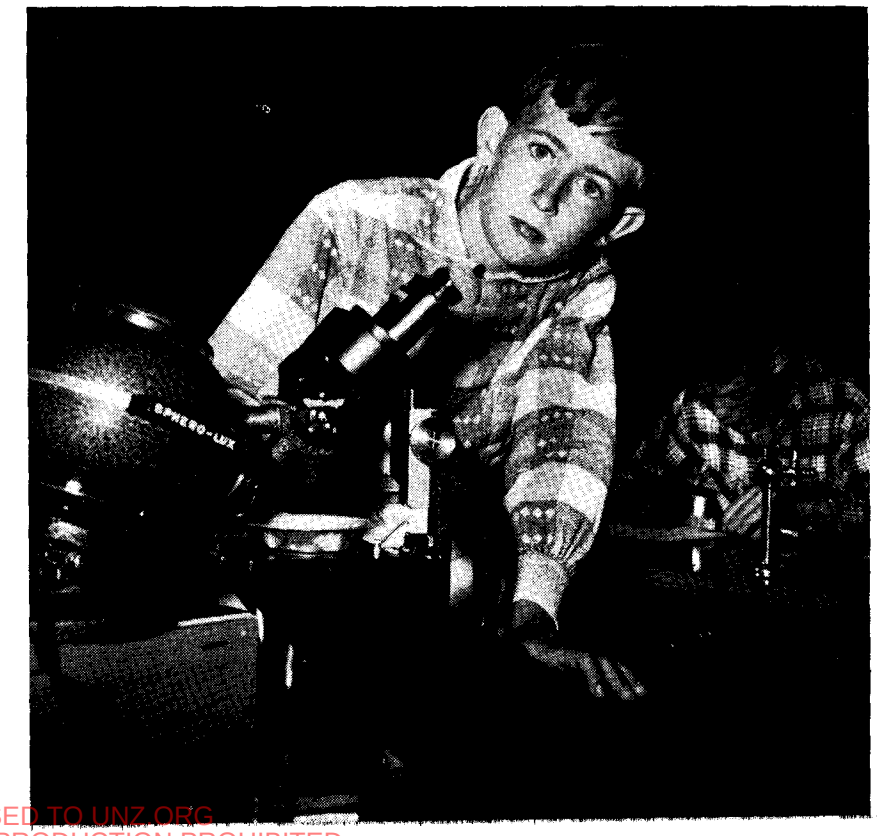
Both Kari and Arne say they are "having a tough time" in school; their principal says they are doing better than they know. Little Kari is candid in her comparison of American and Norwegian schools. "It's not as much fun here in Norway," she says. "And it's much too hard. I didn't do any homework when we were in Washington, and I never got less than a B, with mostly A's. Here I have to do an hour and a half every day, and I'm not doing very well at all. In America the kids would talk the teacher into the fun things. Here our teachers look so sour so much."

Thirteen-year-old Arne agrees with his sister. "In America it was so easy. You didn't have to take books home every day, and there was more time to play. But you learn much more here. If we had Norwegian teaching and the playtime of America, it would be better. But I guess if you just want to talk about how much you can learn, you get a better education here."

In Oslo, Norway, ex-U.S. student Kari Haugland has to study harder, play less.



But her brother Arne, 13, likes the superior equipment provided in Oslo science class.



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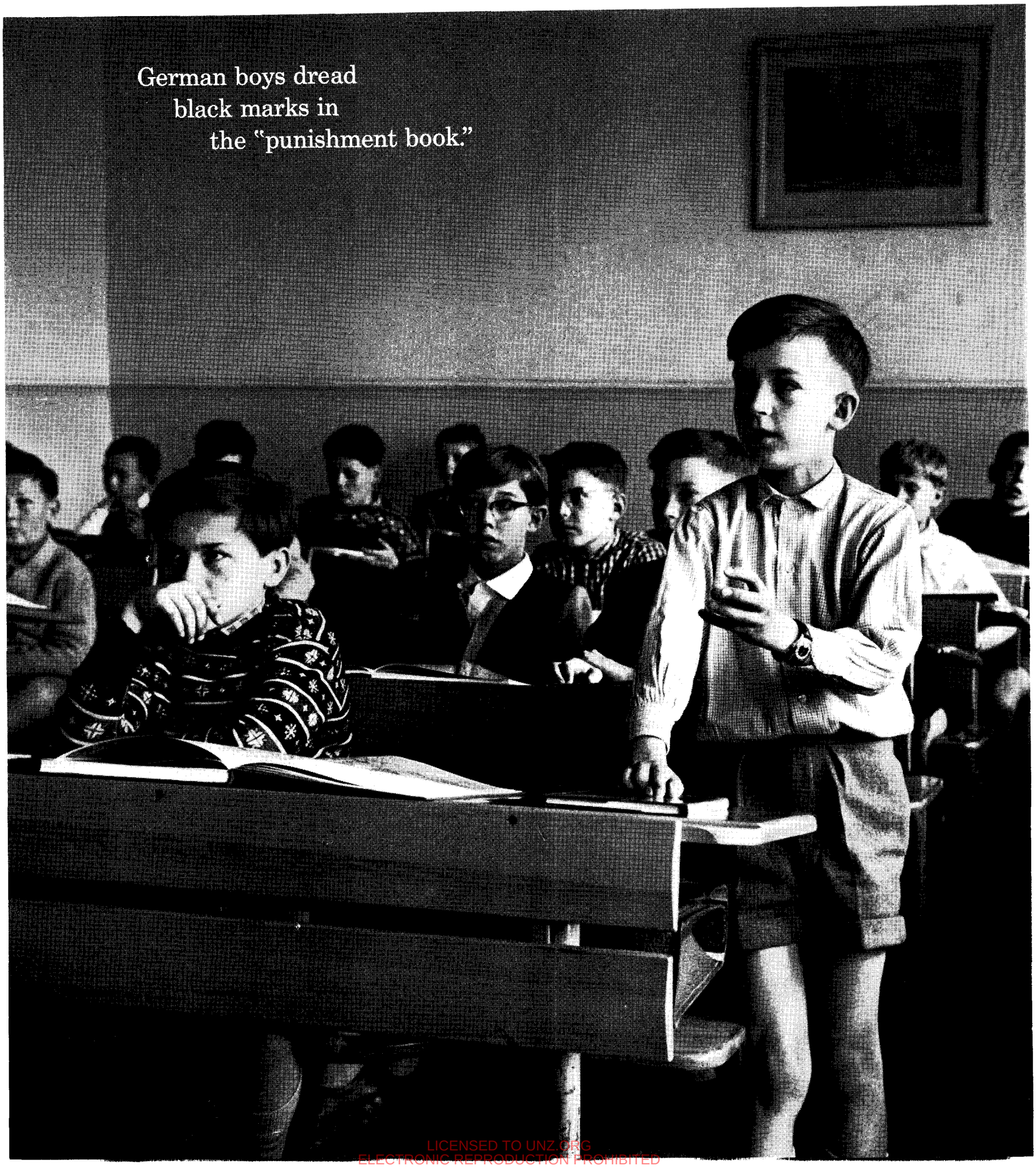
American children get their share of discipline, but Europeans give far less trouble in school.



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Two squeaky-voiced Hans Georg Franke (*left*,) a ten-year-old *Gymnasium* student in Solingen, Germany, the worst punishment he can receive in school is to have his name entered in the class punishment book. "It would be there forever," he says, "even when I am old."

This is not to say that the misbehaving German child is disciplined only by the carefully inked records in the principal's office. He also may be expelled, whipped, reprimanded by the principal, kept after school and given extra work. But to Hans Georg, black marks in the permanent register would be a calamity, even more serious than a letter from the principal to his parents.

Hans Georg is an only child, the son of a foreman in a metal-enameling plant, and he lives in a bright, modern apartment in a new housing development. He is in his first year in Humboldt Gymnasium and has been there since April, when most German schools begin their school year. Despite his six-day-a-week school schedule and his daily hour of homework—almost twice the homework of the average American ten-year-old—he likes school very much. "It's interesting, and you can learn something there," he said.

When he returned home from the first day of his *Gymnasium* entrance exams—they ran for three five-hour days—he told his mother, "This is where I want to go to school. It's exciting."

Hans Georg Franke is not typical of the German child in his delight with education—only 31 per cent say they like school very much—but he is a fairly average German boy in his attitude toward discipline. Statistics gathered by the American Gallup Poll and its European affiliates show that the German child behaves much better in school than children in the United States, England, France and Norway. Less than a third of the West German children reported classmates harrying their teachers; but more than half the American children said their teachers were troubled by bad behavior.

In education, as in criminal law, there is always some difference between legal standards and actual practice. Although West German law forbids corporal punishment of school children except for "offenses of cruelty," 15 per cent of the German ten-year-olds and 8 per cent of the fourteen-year-olds report that their teachers slap, strap or whip children who misbehave.

Norwegian law provides that troublesome children may be sent to "observation schools" for as long as two years and allows officials to fine parents for their children's unauthorized absences. But it flatly prohibits physical punishment and only 4 per cent of the Norwegian children report their teachers ignoring the law.

In France, where teachers are permitted to give "light claps on the hand," 14 per cent of the ten-year-olds and 7 per cent of the fourteen-year-olds report whipping and slapping.

Some English headmasters keep a cane and a punishment book in their offices so that teachers may send culprits for "the stick and the book." English educators say that caning "is not often found," but 60 per cent of the English ten-year-olds and 37 per cent of the fourteen-year-olds report to the contrary.

School discipline in early-19th-century England.

American educators say that, in general, physical punishment is forbidden here; in fact, very few states permit it. Yet 24 per cent of the American ten-year-olds and 12 per cent of the fourteen-year-olds told us that their teachers do slap or whip them, thus placing the United States second only to the British in the frequency of corporal punishment.

The most severe American penalty for misbehavior by ten-year-olds is to send the culprit to the principal's office. The fourteen-year-old offender is suspended or expelled. France and Germany use extra work as their most frequent punishment for both ages; Norway more frequently keeps its ten-year-olds after school and suspends its fourteen-year-olds; and England favors the rod for both ages.

Americans who are critical of our "disrespectful younger generation" often connect Europe's better discipline with the European custom of children rising when a teacher enters the classroom. Although this act of courtesy does not in itself discipline the classroom, the figures show that, in countries where children do rise for their teachers, there are fewer problem students. In Germany, where 93 per cent of the students rise, only 30 per cent of the students report unruly behavior. In the United States, where only 19 per cent of the students rise, about twice as many students report disciplinary problems in their schools. In France and Norway about 90 per cent of the students rise. Although the students report more misbehavior than in Germany, there is less than in the United States.

Despite England's heavy use of the rod, 43 per cent of the students report classroom misbehavior. In Birmingham, students have thrown milk bottles at their teachers. "It seems as if the teachers have lost control," says a London printer who has three boys in school. "Children need more training in social behavior. Why right around here"—he lives in a new housing development—"they're deliberately and maliciously attacking shrubs and trees. When I was a boy, if an adult saw a child rooting out a sapling, he would get that boy's name, and the next day we'd see him at school reporting that boy to the headmaster, and he'd get it. They don't do that any more."

Our figures show—and they are upheld by statistics on juvenile delinquency—that American children are much more troublesome than the English. Disorderly conduct bothers students as well as teachers. One fourteen-year-old Pittsburgh boy, a freshman at Taylor Allderdice High, says he doesn't want to be a teacher because "I don't think I'd have enough will power to keep from slugging some of the kids." The most severe punishment allowed in his school is to suspend a trouble-maker for two or three days.

The disobedient ten-year-old in all countries, except France, can expect a paddling at home more frequently than any other form of punishment. The French parent prefers to discipline with extra work. His second choice of punishment is refusing to speak to his child. In the United States, England and Norway, parents most frequently punish the fourteen-year-old by depriving him of privileges. For this age level, Germany still favors physical punishment.

In comparison with parents in the other four countries, Americans seem to be holding a fairly tight rein on their children. Both English and Norwegian parents give more freedom to children on school nights. In fact, American parents who restrict their fourteen-year-olds to the house during the school week outnumber the English and Norwegians four to one. The difference could be explained by the light homework loads in England and the fact that Norwegian children usually get home from school shortly after two o'clock. But American parents are more strict even on weekends. Forty per cent of the American ten-year-olds are kept at home on Friday and Saturday nights, while only 10 per cent of the Norwegian ten-year-olds and 21 per cent of the English ten-year-olds are restricted.

The most restrictive parents are the French and German. More than 90 per cent of the German ten-year-olds and 76 per cent of the fourteen-year-olds are kept in weekend evenings; about 60 per cent of the French at both ages are restricted. On the other hand, only 3 per cent of the Norwegian fourteen-year-olds and about 8 per cent of the English and American fourteen-year-olds are kept at home.

In Norway, where schools are strictly academic with almost no "activity" time, many children return to the school building after dinner to attend hobby clubs. At Ruseølkka Primary School in Oslo, for example, the building is open from five to eight P.M. for students interested in band, orchestra, ceramics, chess, photography, woodworking for girls and cooking for boys. Some of the groups are large. More than 100 are in the stamp club, and when the junior yacht club meets, it uses fifteen classrooms for its 250 members.

Dating among the teen-age group varies little in the five countries. The figure hovers

THE MOVIES:
Europeans Like Them

Figures gathered by Gallup pollers on movie attendance are surprising: They show that the typical American child sees fewer movies than the typical European. Here are the percentages of children in each country surveyed who attend the movies during a typical school week:

UNITED STATES	28%
FRANCE	32
ENGLAND	32
W. GERMANY	35
NORWAY	45

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around 25 per cent, except for West Germany, where it is 15 per cent. American parents are much more restrictive about the number of times their children may date each week. A much larger proportion of children in England (9 per cent), France (6 per cent) and Norway (8 per cent) are allowed to date three or more times a week. Only 1 per cent of the United States children can date so often.

More American children—about 80 per cent—help around the house than any of the European youngsters in this study; about a third of the English, French and German children do no household chores at all. In the United States and Norway parents are most likely to pay for chores done. English parents are most free with weekly allowances not requiring chores. In France almost half of the ten-year-olds and about one fourth of the fourteen-year-olds get no spending money at all. In America all but 19 per cent of the American ten-year-olds and 10 per cent of the fourteen-year-olds receive an allowance.

There is little difference among the five nationalities in the percentage of children who take music, art or dancing lessons outside of school, but in summer-vacation study for accelerating or catching up on schooling, American children are second only to the French. Percentages of those who study during the summer are France, 65 per cent; United States, 56 per cent; England, 41 per cent; West Germany, 27 per cent; and Norway, 22 per cent.

And so we see that the American child is not exactly what we thought him to be: He does more studying during vacation than we had expected, he gets more discipline both at school and at home than we thought, and he gives more trouble to his teachers than any other nationality in the study.

But are these characteristics the products of the schools, or is our educational system a product of these characteristics? How much of this can be blamed on—or credited to—formal education? If teachers required more homework, would the American child give his teachers less trouble in the classroom?

European educators feel that classroom discipline in America suffers because so many of our teachers are poorly prepared and poorly educated. Students soon sense this weakness, they say, and show less respect.

But there is one aspect of our system that Europeans admire. A Norwegian teacher with experience in American schools says, "There is something happier about U.S. schools; the atmosphere seems more stimulating. We praise the ability of the American student to be uninhibited. In Norway students would get such freedom only when they go to university."

Gunter Kaymer, a German *Gymnasium* teacher who taught as an exchange teacher in Rutland, Vermont, has great admiration for "the freedom and brightness" of his American students. "In Germany the headmaster introduces an assembly speaker. But in America the student-body president does this, and the students feel the speaker is theirs and not the headmaster's. This is admirable."

If the European educator admires this "freedom and brightness," he is not sure that it is fostered by the school alone or that the price of freedom is poor discipline and low quality. If there is a choice between "happy" schools and good education, he prefers the latter.

An English Education: "You can't pick it up with a spoon; you work for it."

Freckle-faced, red-headed Anthony (Tigger) Harrison, aged ten, is the youngest of three boys in the family of Squadron Leader Robert N. Harrison of the Royal Air Force. He lives in Dulwich, England, a part of greater London, and he attends Dulwich College Preparatory School.

At five years of age Tigger was in the first grade of primary school, where he learned the alphabet, counting to 100, some multiplication, some writing and some reading—"Aloud, you know, not silently; we weren't taught that."

But Tigger's parents feared that the state-operated primary school would not prepare him properly for tough university examinations; so his mother Nancy took a job in London to afford a private school, where standards are higher. Dulwich College Preparatory School prepares children for the English grammar school, which in turn prepares students for university. But it was not easy for Tigger to get into Dulwich C.P.S.; first he had to have special coaching, which would get him into a prep school that would prepare him for a prep school that would prepare him for university. That's how serious some English parents are about education.

By almost any standards, even American, Tigger is a normal boy. He plays cricket and soccer; he calls his school's physical training "prehistoric torture"; he is talkative and friendly; he collects stamps, "but it's not a very good collection. You see, I'm not a very hobbyish sort of a chap."

He seems to be a remarkably well-informed ten-year-old, but he does not impress his

Lessons in Patriotism Are Fine, But What About Religion?

While most Americans have reservations about religious teaching in the schools, they strongly favor lessons in patriotism. A recent Stanford University study shows that Americans think the most important task of the schools is to teach the fundamentals and "to instill loyalty to the United States."

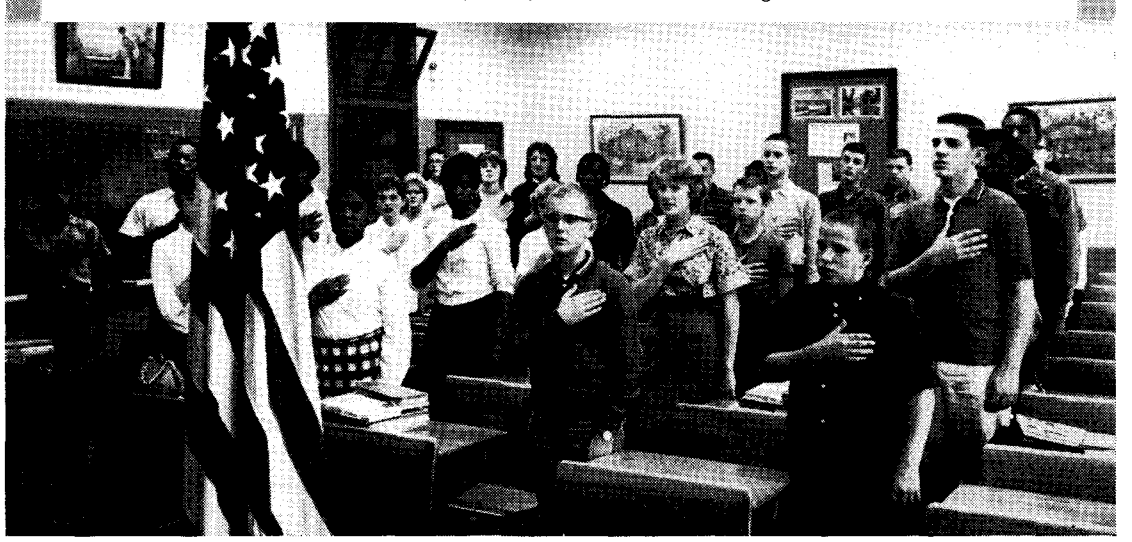
Questioned by the Gallup Poll, about three fourths of our ten-year-olds and about half of our fourteen-year-olds report a daily flag salute or patriotic song in school.

Most of our states prohibit the teaching of religion in the public schools; even so, 51 per cent of our fourteen-year-olds and 58 per cent of our ten-year-olds report a daily prayer, Bible reading or other religious activity.

Do compulsory courses in religion have an effect on church attendance? The survey shows that in West Germany, England and Norway, where laws require religious instruction in the schools, there is less church attendance than in America and France, where there are no such laws. American children are second only to French children in churchgoing on a typical Sunday.

	Attended Church	Religion in School?
FRANCE	72%	No
UNITED STATES	69	No
W. GERMANY	60	Yes
ENGLAND	51	Yes
NORWAY	19	Yes

Middletown, Ohio, students salute the flag.



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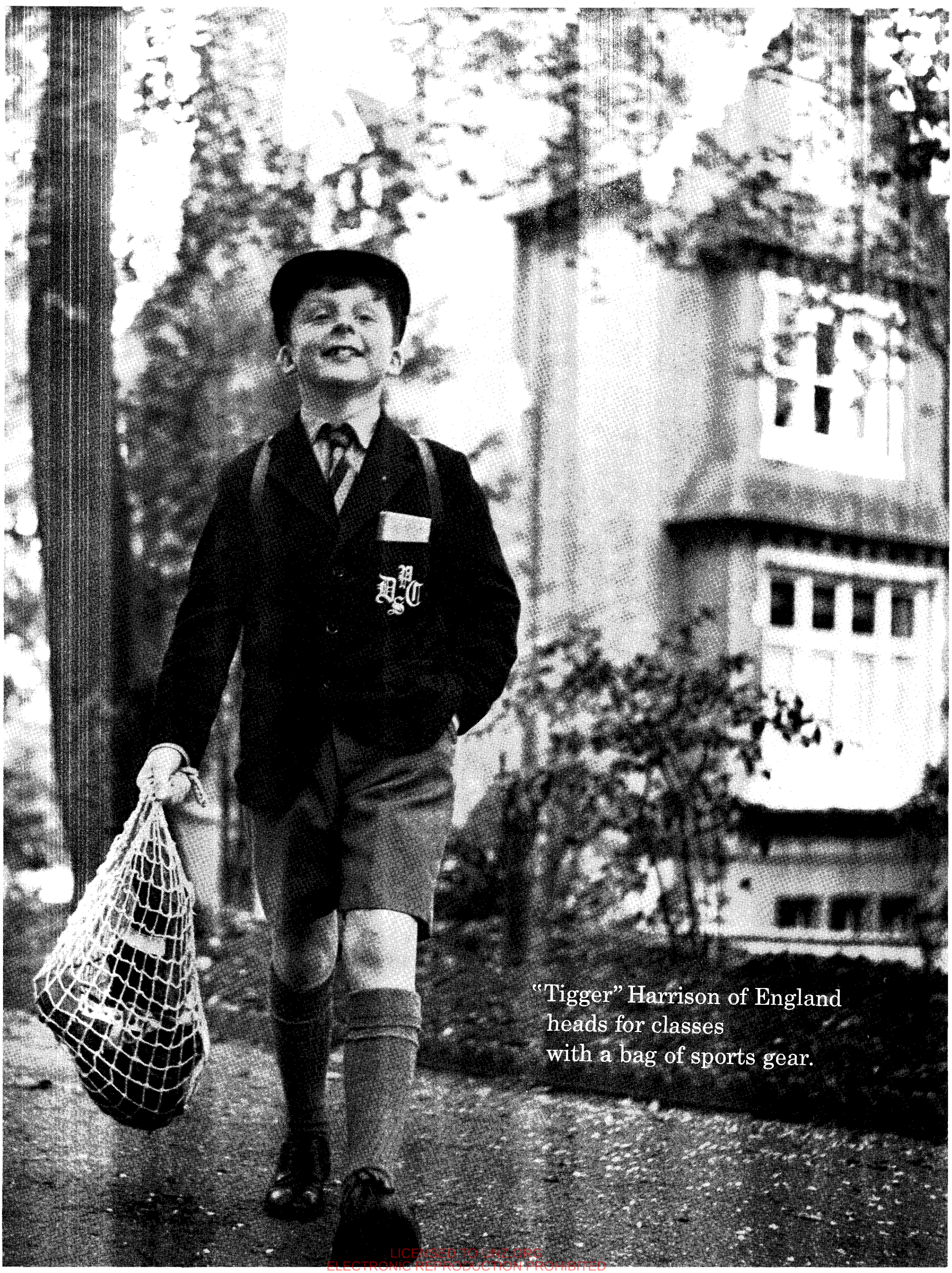

"Tigger" Harrison of England
heads for classes
with a bag of sports gear.

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schoolmasters, nor himself. "I'm not a very good scholar," he says, "as you can see from my report." It shows that in his last year's class of twenty-four boys he stood nineteenth in English, sixth in history, twentieth in geography and twenty-first in mathematics.

To Tigger, and to his parents, this is not good enough. Each school night he does an hour's homework, and Nancy Harrison initials his "prep" notebook to assure his teachers that the assigned work has been done. The Harrisons know that there is no easy way to knowledge; they know what a Dulwich neighbor has said: "Education is not like treacle. You can't pick it up with a spoon; you have to work for it."

Americans, too, apparently realize that effort and education are somehow linked. Our Gallup Poll study of more than 4000 school children in the United States, England, France, West Germany and Norway shows that the American child is much more attracted to education than children in any of the other four nations. More than 40 per cent of the American children hope to be in school until age twenty, which means some years of college; only 2 per cent of the English want to go to school until age twenty. Half of the English, Norwegian and German children are content with minimum compulsory education ending at fourteen or fifteen. In France, 27 per cent of the children interviewed were willing to quit school at fourteen; in America only 8 per cent of the children want to leave school at age fourteen or fifteen.

Perhaps the English child and his continental counterparts feel that if schooling is tougher than spooning treacle, there is some wisdom in leaving it as soon as possible. Perhaps the American child finds his education a little easier to swallow; perhaps his teachers seem easygoing.

It is generally conceded that the American schoolteacher does not occupy a highly respected position. We often pay him less than we do the skilled laborer, forcing him to eke out a living with after-school and vacation jobs in the service trades. We often tamper with his personal life and political views, denying him the freedom enjoyed by other citizens.

In contrast, the European teacher is greatly respected. Personal liberties of the French teacher are vigorously protected, and in rural areas he is a very influential person. According to a recent public-opinion survey, the average German would much rather be a schoolteacher than the head of a huge industry. The public respect for the Norwegian schoolteachers, always high, was increased during World War II when the teachers successfully resisted Quisling's attempt to Nazify the schools.

One would expect the children in these countries to reflect adult attitudes toward teachers, but they do not. When we asked, "Would you like to be a teacher?" American children were second only to French children in answering yes. In the United States, where school is popular and classroom disobedience is high, more than one fourth of the children are

Schoolgirls in Norway: At 14 they are shyly aware of older boys' interest.

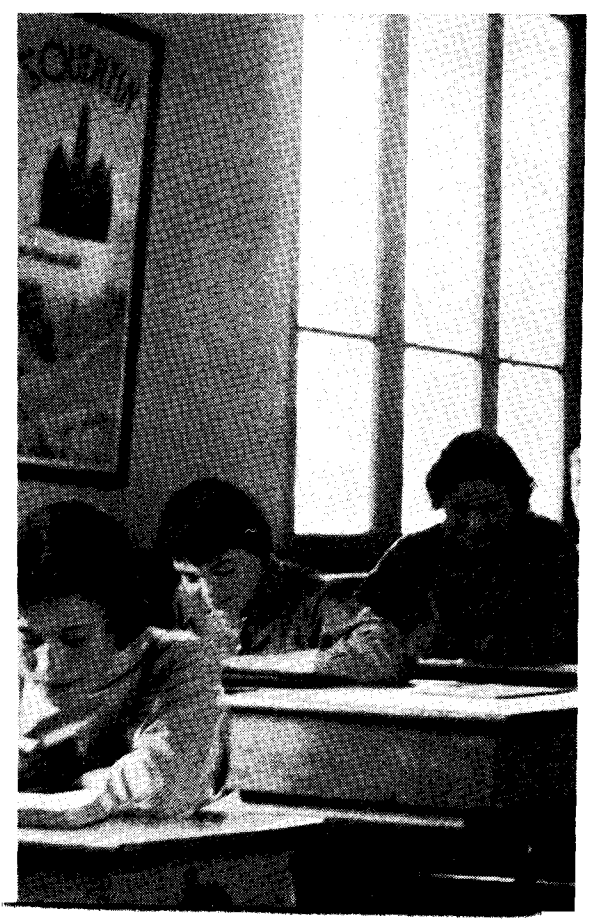
Which Is Preferred — Popularity or Top Grades?

Observers of the American scene have frequently reported that our children yearn for popularity and are indifferent to scholarship. But answers to Gallup Poll questions tell a different story. We asked, "Would you rather be the most popular person in your class or the one who gets the highest grades?" Almost three fourths of the American children preferred the highest grades. Only Norwegian children surpass Americans in respect for scholarship; in France, where school is liked least, more than half of the children preferred popularity to high grades.

CHILDREN WHO PREFERRED HIGHEST GRADES

	10-Year-Olds	14-Year-Olds	Combined Ages
NORWAY	86%	83%	85%
UNITED STATES	82	63	73
W. GERMANY	62	50	56
ENGLAND	63	45	54
FRANCE	53	30	42

Ewhurst Village School, England: At 10, girls seek out other girls.



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interested in teaching as a profession. The French children, who dislike school more than the American or other European children, also desire a teacher's job more than the others. But in all nations the older children are less attracted to teaching than the ten-year-olds.

STUDENTS WHO WOULD LIKE TO BECOME TEACHERS

	Combined Ages
France	30%
United States	27
Norway	19
England	17
W. Germany	15

Can the strong American interest in teaching be explained by our undemanding system of teacher recruitment and training? We seldom hear of a student at a teachers' college being overworked. If this knowledge has filtered down to our young, the American child has been given some peculiar incentives to become a teacher. Max R. Goodson, dean of the school of education at Boston University, says, "Our normal schools are not getting the best students. In many cases we are getting students who have been rejected by other colleges."

Certainly a teacher earns respect when he has mastered the subjects he teaches and has acquired a broad background in the intellectual disciplines of mankind. Two generations ago, when few parents had as much education as the teacher, American teachers were more highly respected than they are today. Now, when many parents have college educations equal to or superior to those of our teachers, they regard teachers with lessened respect.

In Europe there are fewer parents with college educations and fewer who know more than the schoolteacher. This in itself does not account for the greater regard Europeans have for teachers. European teachers win respect because they are much better prepared than American teachers and more carefully selected.

Gerard Marlier, French schoolmaster in a two-room school in Beauvois par Foreste, a community of 300 farmers, had to take two

M. Gerard Marlier teaches primary grades in a French village. The law says he must have extensive university training to qualify for the job.

Oral test in Surrey, England: Three girls want to give the answer.

A Test of Information: Except in Science, Our Children Score Lowest

Each of the 4142 children interviewed for this study was given a "general information" test, designed to measure the comparative effectiveness of educational systems in the United States, England, France, West Germany and Norway.

No test, of course, is above criticism. In this case, thirty-six questions were framed under the guidance of professional testers and tested on many children before submission to the children polled. The test embraced questions on science, geography, arithmetic and the identification of world-famous men.

Here are some of the questions asked:

On Famous Men: Who was Mozart? Who is Khrushchev? Who wrote most of the books in the New Testament?

On Science: What causes a rainbow? What is the chemical term for water? What is the speed of light?

On Geography: In what country is Moscow? The Pyramids? The Amazon River?

On Arithmetic: 5 is to 10 as 15 is to ——? How much is 3 x ⅔? How much is 30% of 50?

American children were second only to English children in answering questions about science. In the other three categories our children scored lowest, although in some cases differences were slight. Here are the figures:

General Information Test
Per Cent Correct—
Ages 10 and 14 Combined

Famous Men

ENGLAND	38%
W. GERMANY	33
FRANCE	33
NORWAY	32
UNITED STATES	30

Geography

ENGLAND	45%
W. GERMANY	39
NORWAY	38
FRANCE	38
UNITED STATES	36

Science

ENGLAND	55%
UNITED STATES	54
NORWAY	49
FRANCE	44
W. GERMANY	42

Arithmetic

W. GERMANY	67%
FRANCE	65
NORWAY	63
ENGLAND	62
UNITED STATES	61

Looking at the scores, the defender of American education might say, "Yes, but the American child is broader. He may not be able to tell you the specific answers to questions in geography or history, but he knows more about so many more things. European education is much more narrow." England's Sir Geoffrey Crowther has answered, "Are you sure that being narrow is worse than being shallow?"

In any event, it is worth noting that the low-scoring American children do less schoolwork and less homework in a year than the Europeans; see statistics on "total effort" shown elsewhere on these pages.

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Elementary teacher Marie Louise Ebert of Germany plays a game with six-year-olds in the Lohfeld-Regte School. She teaches five grades, ranging in age from six to ten, crowded into one room of a two-room school.

years of philosophy, six years of physics and six years of chemistry before he was allowed to teach in the primary grades. The French examination for what we would call a high-school teaching license is so difficult that in one recent year only 629 out of 4353 candidates passed it. This examination includes compositions taking as long as seven hours to write, but the French are not discouraged; the Ministry of Education has more applicants than it can accept, and it chooses the best.

Many American school systems require new teachers to qualify by written examination, even though they have been certified by teachers' colleges and have taught in other cities. But these examinations are often rather meaningless. In Boston, for example, a disabled veteran with an examination score of 750 out of 1000 will be hired before a nonveteran with a score of 900.

Job tenure is equally established in all the nations in this study; it is almost impossible to fire a teacher, except for immorality. But the tenure problem bothers Europeans less than it bothers us, since they take such care in selecting students to be trained as teachers. The result is fewer classroom incompetents in Europe than in the United States.

School superintendents in the United States are often frustrated by a system that forces them to hire unqualified teachers, laws that automatically grant tenure and salary plans

Outside Reading: Fewer Real Books, Too Many Comics

Norwegian student Diann Styrvold, 14, studies at home in a room well furnished with books.

Americans can hardly be described as book lovers, and this study by the Gallup Poll shows that our children share their parents' indifference. In fact, the American child rates last in book reading for pleasure, with the West German child at the top of the list.

Freckle-faced Diann Styrvold, a fourteen-year-old who lives in Rjukan, Norway, and has never seen Norwegian television, reads as many as ten books a week. She borrows them from the town library—a superior collection of 140,000 books serving a population of 7000.

Our study indicates that the Norwegian, West German and French fourteen-year-old reads more than he did at age ten, while American and English teen-agers read less. A significant table shows the average number of books in the homes.

NORWAY	**85 books**
ENGLAND	**55** 〃
UNITED STATES	**50** 〃
W. GERMANY	**30** 〃
FRANCE	**25** 〃

Forty-one per cent of the Norwegian homes contain more than 100 volumes, compared with 27 per cent in the United States. There are no books at all in 13 per cent of the French homes, 7 per cent of the German homes, and 2 per cent of the American homes.

In Germany last year, Hans Georg Franke, age ten, read through the sixty-volume library in his primary-school classroom, and is enthusiastically tackling the set of fifty-odd books on American pioneer days written by Karl May, a famous German author. The German comic book bores him.

The comic-book problem exists in Europe as well as in the United States. Thirteen-year-old Micheline Vallee, the daughter of a French laborer, reads nothing but cowboy comic books, fascinated by cartoonists' balloons which read, "*Les Indiens! Vite, entourez les chariots!*" ("The Indians! Quick, put the wagons in a circle!") The French have been so concerned about comic books that the National Assembly has discussed them, but so far nothing has been done.

Although German and French children are high in book readership, they read few newspapers. In Hamburg, ten-year-old Florian von Teidemann is not allowed to read a newspaper because "even the best have stories of crime and sex, and children cannot discriminate. They must not get bad ideas."

Many French parents also discourage newspaper reading; but French children more than any others hear world and national news discussed at the dinner table; German children hear very little.

A German educator in the state of North Rhine-Westphalia explains this indifference by saying, "Germany has a high standard of living, and people with full bellies are not interested in politics. The Russians, with half-empty bellies, are interested in politics."

Children Who Heard World News Discussed at Table

	Age 10	Age 14
FRANCE	**34%**	**40%**
NORWAY	**16**	**28**
UNITED STATES	**13**	**27**
ENGLAND	**14**	**21**
W. GERMANY	**8**	**15**

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that pay the best teacher the same as the worst. James F. Redmond, superintendent of schools in New Orleans, says that the situation is so bad that "all a teacher needs to do after being granted tenure is to keep out of trouble and stay alive, and he'll reach the top of the salary list in twelve years."

It is possible that the European respects his teachers simply because they have earned respect. In any event, in all the countries studied there was respect for examinations given by those teachers. The British child is subject to many more examinations than the American child, but he is less concerned about them than the French, American or Norwegian child. The German child worries even less. Only the American and English child worry more than their parents.

WHO WORRIES ABOUT EXAMS?

	Students	*Parents*
France	63%	73%
United States	63	56
Norway	60	74
England	48	38
W. Germany	28	33

The Germans, somewhat unconcerned about examination results, are also unconcerned about a favorite topic of American educators—'the whole child." A university-educated German mother says, "The German school is designed for instruction; education is supposed to take place in the home." A German official says, "The German teacher has little time or training to be concerned with the child's personality; this is the responsibility of the parent."

The prime purpose of the school, in the minds of most European educators, is to train every child to the utmost of his ability, and this includes the talented child as well as the child of average ability and intelligence. Dr. Franz Hilker, one of Germany's most respected educators, points out that "America is more interested in the good citizen than in the gifted. While America has begun to consider its gifted too late, Europe has taken good citizenship into consideration too late. We will grow poorer on this."

There seems to be no doubt about our neglect of the gifted. Americans establish special

Do We Memorize Enough?

Memorizing poetry, Biblical passages, essays and speeches, such as the Gettysburg Address, was once recognized as a method of demonstrating the beauty, rhythm, precision and effectiveness of language. But memorizing is now scorned by many American teachers as time-wasting. Children in the four other nations polled memorize much more frequently than do our children.

Children Memorizing Almost Every Week

FRANCE	80%
NORWAY	73
ENGLAND	62
W. GERMANY	62
UNITED STATES	40

Children in Richmond, Indiana, go to school by car pool—a U.S. custom.

Do Our Children Get Enough Exercise? Not by Norwegian Standards

The Norwegian child leads all other nationalities in hiking. More than twice as many Norwegian children as American children reported hiking at least four miles during a typical week. Sunday-evening visitors to Oslo are always startled by the numbers of heavy-booted Norwegians walking through the streets with rucksacks on their backs, returning from a day in the surrounding mountains. And the hikers are not only the young; they are middle-aged and elderly, many of them well into their sixties and seventies. Undoubtedly their love for the outdoors affects the children, and by the tens of thousands they walk out of the cities or board trains for an hour's run into the hinterlands, where they hike into the forests.

American children are much more automobile- or televisionbound, as the following table shows:

Children Who Hiked at Least Four Miles in a Typical Week

	Age 10	Age 14
NORWAY	49 %	57 %
W. GERMANY	35	50
ENGLAND	23	51
FRANCE	28	38
UNITED STATES	14	26

Norwegian children also lead all the rest in the amount of physical exercise after school; the French exercise least, and American children are in the middle. Percentages for both ages who exercised for an hour or more on a typical school day are: Norway, 85 per cent; West Germany, 59 per cent; United States, 54 per cent; England, 45 per cent; and France, 25 per cent.

Although the distances from home to school are about equal in all countries, about half of the children in the United States are taken to school by bus, automobile or public transportation, compared with about one third in England, about 11 per cent in France and Norway, and 8 per cent in Germany. Most European children walk or bicycle to school.

In Germany four children walk the long mile home from school.

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classes to salvage the retarded and the handicapped, whom we describe as "exceptional children." But we seem reluctant to make special efforts for the exceptional children at the other end of the scale. While twenty-seven states require a special census of handicapped children, there is no known census of the gifted.

We have made some fitful starts in stretching the minds of our best children, but as a nation we have been slow in recognizing what the Yankee farmer discovered long ago: that you cannot sharpen an ax against a wheel of cheese. Sixteen years ago, when more than 5000 teachers met in Philadelphia to exchange ideas on education, only six teachers attended a panel discussion on the gifted child. There were more persons on the panel than in the audience. Since then American educators and parents have become more aware of our shortcomings, and some promising projects have been launched.

The Hanover, New Hampshire, school system has a three-track college-preparatory course and is using Dartmouth College professors as teachers on a part-time basis. Palo Alto, California, another community molded by a good nearby university, has had a three-track system for more than ten years and is now in its fifth year of a program for gifted children. An intellectual "seven-foot jumper" delights Superintendent Henry M. Gunn as much as an Olympic prospect would delight a coach.

The better Palo Alto student is being taught eleventh-grade history in the eighth grade. He can begin a six-year foreign-language course in the seventh grade and can choose French, German, Spanish or Russian. A few years ago a Stanford professor experimented with teaching symbolic logic to sixth graders and found they grasped it as well as Stanford freshmen; and first graders in some schools have been successfully taught geometry and algebra.

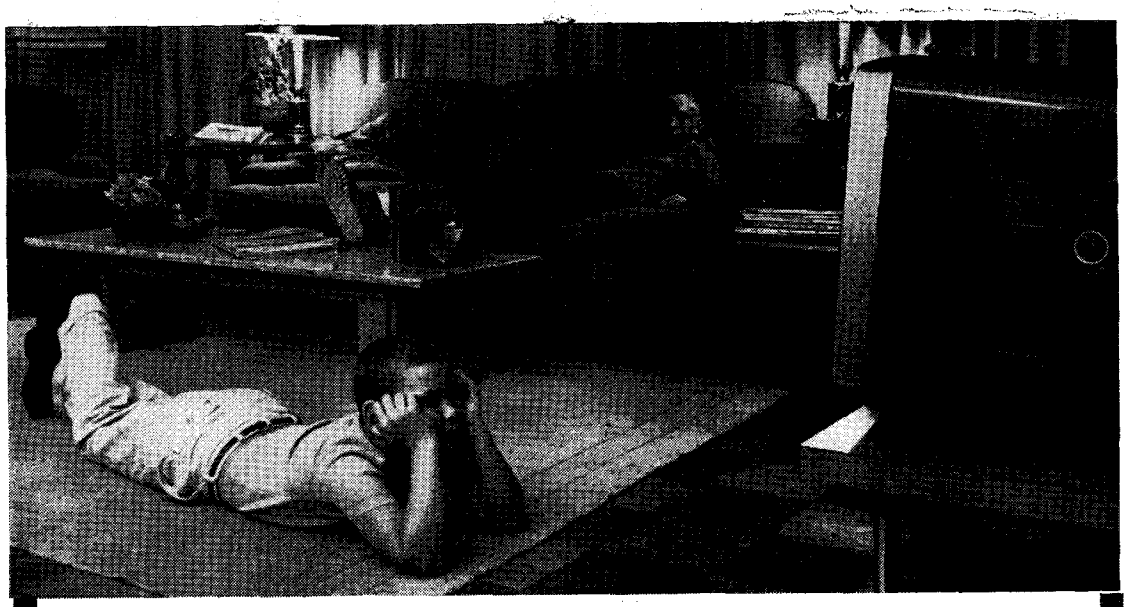
Last year four Palo Alto high-school seniors were so far ahead of their advanced mathematics class that their teachers cast about for some way to keep them from wasting their time. They had gone past the work offered in a nearby junior college, and finally the P.T.A., the student body and their parents jointly raised enough money to send them to a freshman calculus class at Stanford. All of them finished in the top fourth of the class, and two of them placed first and second.

Within a few months the California state legislature will consider a bill providing up to $300 a child for special education of the gifted, defined as the top 2 per cent. This sum is about equal to that now being spent for special classes for mentally and physically retarded children.

Another program for gifted children exists in New Orleans, where Superintendent James F. Redmond calls his Benjamin Franklin Senior High "my answer to Rickover." Franklin High placed every one of the sixty-seven students in its first graduating class (1960) in the college of his first choice. "Among those sixty-seven graduating seniors," says Redmond, "there were twelve finalists and twenty-six semifinalists in the National Merit Scholarship competitions—more than in the rest of the state combined."

In Hawaii's program for gifted children, now three years old, students have done as much as six years' work in one year. Both parents and teachers are delighted. "This is the first year," says one Honolulu mother, "that my child has been excited." And not only the gifted are profiting. Robert Bainbridge, director of the state's Program for the Gifted, points out that the program has an infectious quality. "It challenges students all down the line." This is also true in New Orleans, where the existence of Franklin High has improved the scholarship and raised the grades of neighboring schools.

One of the areas in which the American child is weakest is in the use of his native language. An American with long experience in France said, "There are two things I would like to see American educators adopt from the French. The first is to teach philosophy and



Muncie, Indiana: Watching TV after homework.

How Much TV Watching Is Too Much for Children?

The American child's devotion to television is equaled only in England. Of course, some of this interest is the result of availability. Almost 90 per cent of American homes have TV receivers, and England is only slightly behind us; Norway, France and West Germany have far fewer receivers. In much of Germany television stations broadcast only four hours a day, from five to six P.M. and from seven to ten P.M. One might assume that where there are fewer television sets there will be fewer children watching them, but the assumption does not explain completely some of the differences in habit.

For example, only about 2 per cent of the English and American parents forbid their children to watch television on school days; but 21 per cent of the Norwegian parents prohibit it absolutely. Of the children who do watch television on a typical school day, American and English children spend more than twice as much time watching—an average of eighty-two minutes—as children in Norway and Germany.

About 40 per cent of American and English children watch TV for two hours or more a day, but American parents are somewhat more strict about *when* their children may watch. Sixty-five per cent of the English children are allowed to watch whenever they wish, compared with 58 per cent of the Americans and 38 per cent of the Norwegians and Germans.

The figures below show the percentage of children who watch television on a typical school day:

UNITED STATES	**75%**
ENGLAND	**75**
W. GERMANY	**28**
FRANCE	**15**
NORWAY	**2**

Many adults in France and Germany are concerned about the influence of television on their children. Raymond Touber, a Parisian auditor, allows his ten-year-old daughter Florence to watch television only on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, when there is no school the following day.

In Solingen, Germany, the father of Hans Georg Franke limits his TV watching to three hours a week. Hans Joachim Kruse, teacher at the village school in Lohfeld, Germany, says television "makes children excited and tense, and even the next day they cannot concentrate. Often the programs are cruel and harsh, and the children are upset by such things."

Hans Kruse, who teaches in Germany, would forbid all students to watch TV—too upsetting.

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the history of ideas at the secondary level; the other is to teach English as well as the French teach French." N.V. Philpot, headmaster of the Ewhurst Village school near Cranleigh, England, told us that his children were somewhat better letter writers than were children of equal age in Baltimore, with whom they had corresponded. "It did seem," he said, "that our students had more ideas and wrote longer letters; and they seemed to think better."

The programs in Palo Alto, Hawaii or New Orleans may be "the answers to Rickover," but they are a mere sample of what remains to be done. New Orleans' Franklin High educates only 300 students out of a student population of 91,000. The United States Office of Education reports that we have about 14,000 teachers of "exceptional children." Of this number less than 1000 teach the mentally gifted. All the others teach the crippled, blind, deaf and retarded. It is difficult to believe that handicapped children in America outnumber the gifted thirteen to one.

Critics of education, comparing American deficiencies to European superiorities, nag us with the question: Why can't we do as well?

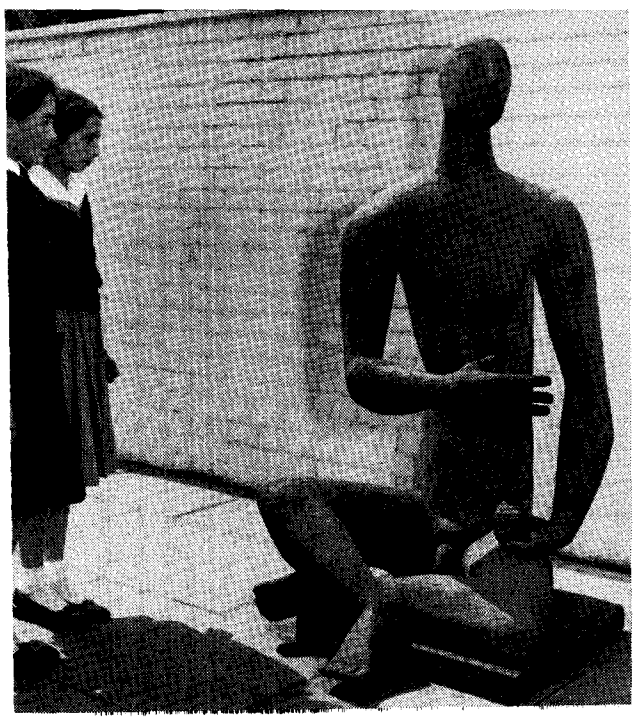
The answer is that we can do as well; in some cases we are doing so; in some cases we are doing better. But some cases are not enough cases. It would not be worth while for the parents of the average American child to send him to European schools, but it might be worth while to send the high-above-average child there, for there is a good possibility that he is being cheated in America.

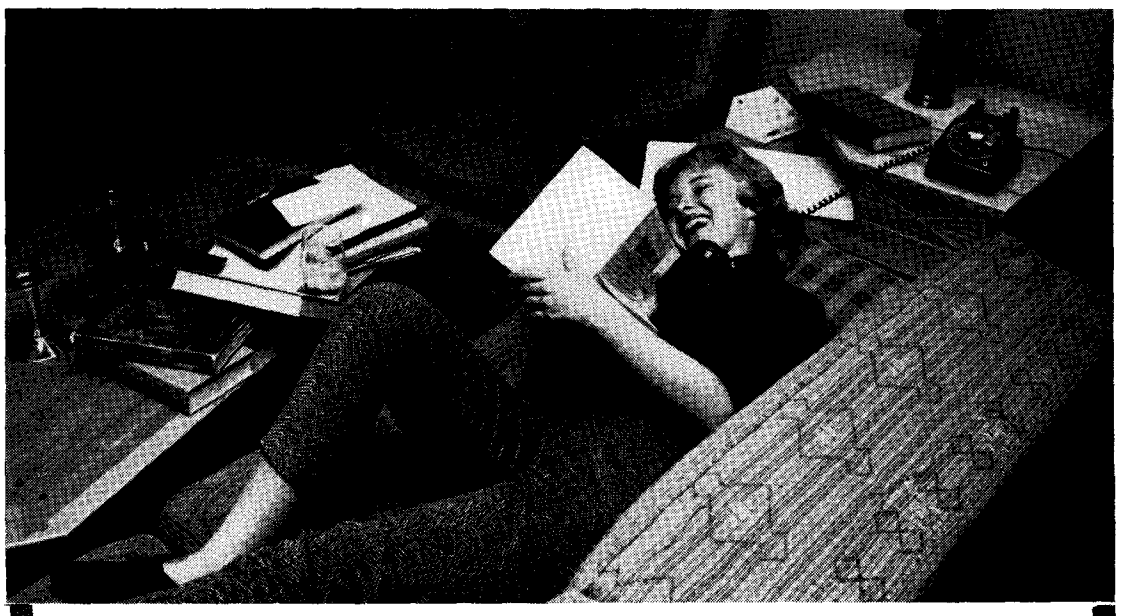
We need to raise our standards quickly, but we can do it only in an American fashion. We cannot solve our many educational problems by modeling ourselves after England or France or any other European nation. But we might profit by grafting some European limbs on our educational tree. There are great advantages in England's system of "streaming" students into groups according to their abilities. There is merit, too, in the strong centralization of the French and Norwegian systems.

Of course, Americans are not Frenchmen or Norwegians or Englishmen. In England the government pays as much as 60 per cent of the cost of education, although the schools remain free of governmental control. In America much of the opposition to massive Federal aid to education is based on a fear that Washington would decide what our children should be taught. We accept centralization—common curriculum, salary schedules and teacher qualifications—of a city school system such as New York's, with its million students; yet objection is heard to centralization of schools in states, some of which have populations of less than half a million.

Earlier this year the San Francisco Curriculum Survey Committee reported to the Board of Education: "We believe that the schools should make greater provision for differences of ability; every student should receive the greatest challenge and be held to the highest standards which his abilities warrant. Equal opportunity for all should mean the best education for each level of ability, never the leveling down of all standards to bring them within reach of the most indifferent and least able."

Students admire modern statuary at an English school for girls.





Leigh Stratemeyer on the telephone.

Children on the Telephone: Americans Talk the Most

In many respects, blond, green-eyed Leigh Stratemeyer, a student at Radford School for Girls in El Paso, Texas, is an exception to the average American youngster discussed in this study. She attends a girls' private school; she spends three to four hours each day on homework; she studies both French and Latin; there are more than 500 books in her home library; and she has a younger brother Peter who studies even more than she does.

One activity in which she is far from typical is in the use of the telephone. Her father is a neurosurgeon, and she is not permitted to monopolize the telephone when he is expecting calls. When he is out, her telephone conversations are sometimes an hour and a half long.

"You just can't imagine how many things there are to talk about," Miss Stratemeyer says.

American parents, especially those with daughters, may be surprised to learn that the average daily telephone time for the American ten-year-old is only seven minutes; and for the average fourteen-year-old, ten minutes.

The older the child the more he uses the telephone, and this is true in all the nations surveyed. And where there are more telephones they are used more frequently. More than a fifth of the children in West Germany, France and England report they have telephones in their homes; Norway reports 48 per cent and the United States 83 per cent.

Table at right shows the percentage of fourteen-year-olds who talk for fifteen minutes or more on a typical day.

UNITED STATES	43%
NORWAY	13
ENGLAND	9
W. GERMANY	6
FRANCE	1

And the survey also shows the percentage of children who use the telephone on a typical day.

% with phones in homes		Age 10	Age 14
83%	UNITED STATES	54%	70%
48	NORWAY	40	51
27	ENGLAND	16	30
21	W. GERMANY	15	22
21	FRANCE	15	19

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How can we improve the quality of American education? Six points for a program of reform

To meet this problem of raising our standards, American educators—and their critics—have suggested a long list of possible reforms. Some are adaptations of European methods, some are not. Here are a few of the most promising ideas:

1. We can lengthen our school year and increase the amount of homework required.

2. We can re-examine our schools in the light of the German teachers' avoidance of personality training and stop insisting that our educators "be at once priest, physician, policeman, parent and more, as well as teacher."

3. We can think of our talented children as the European does—as an extremely valuable national resource—and give him as much attention as we do the retarded and handicapped.

4. We can set up national standards that would establish what a child should know when he leaves school, continuing the work begun by Dr. Paul R. Hanna, professor of education at Stanford University, two years ago, when he suggested a "national curriculum design."

5. We can set entrance standards for teachers' colleges so high that they no longer will be forced to make teachers out of inferior material.

6. We can review the pros and cons of Federal aid to education, realizing that it is already here, to a degree. In the school year 1959–60 the nation spent about $25,000,000,000 on education; of this about $2,400,000,000 came from Federal funds.

In the long run, whether the decisions are made by 45,000 school boards, by fifty statewide commissions or by a centralized office of education, it is the American voter who is going to choose the path of American education. Ultimately he will decide whether he really does want better education for his nation's children. And he will decide how much he is willing to pay for it.

THE END

Christopher Boxley, 14, studies at Christ's Hospital School in Horsham, England. School uniform dates from 1552, when the institution was founded by royalty.

Teacher Marjoy Robison shows a paper trick to pupils at Washington Elementary School, Monticello, Illinois.

Kari Haugland, 11, and her brother Arne, 13, practice piano-and-clarinet duets at their home in Oslo, Norway.

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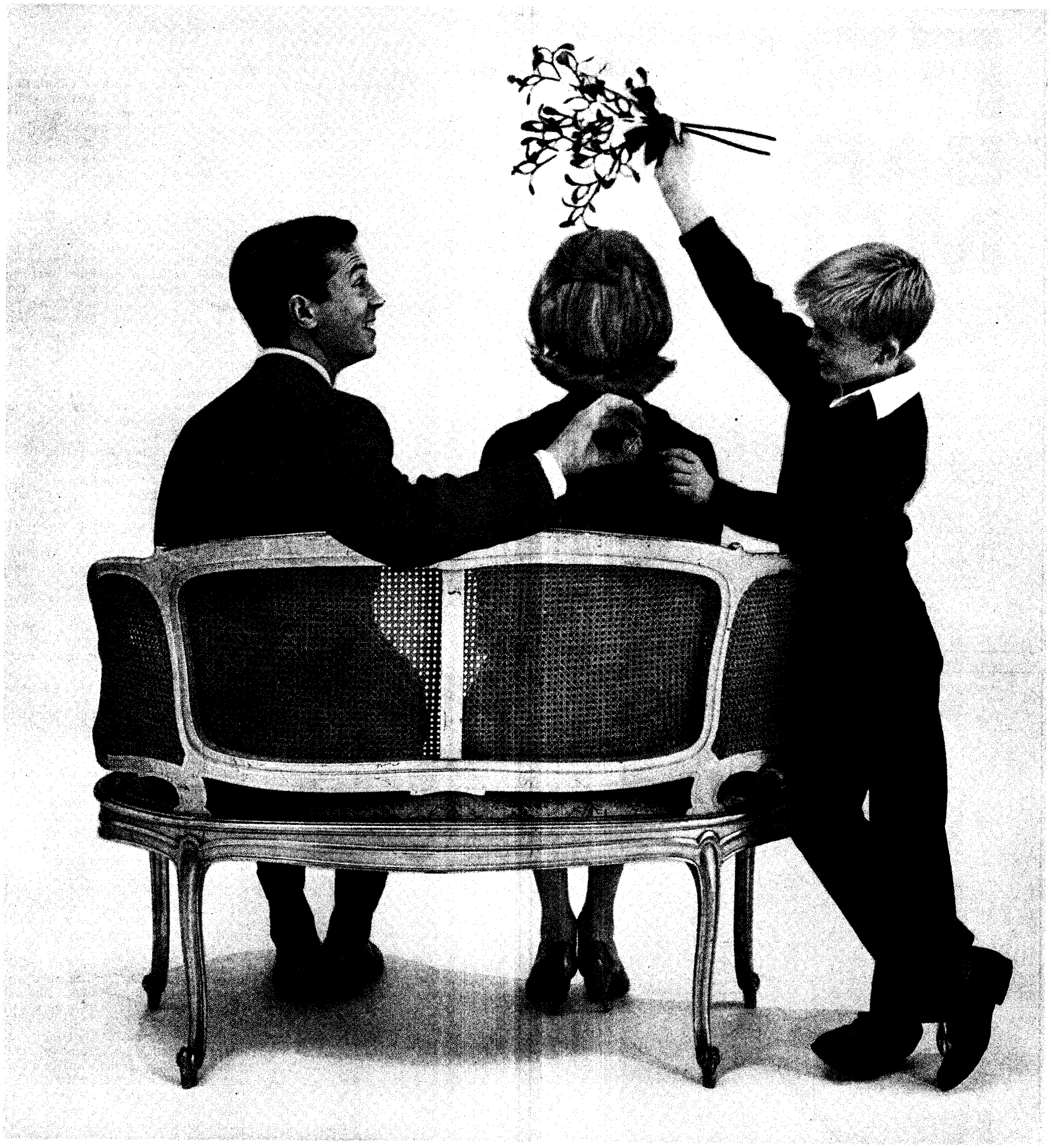

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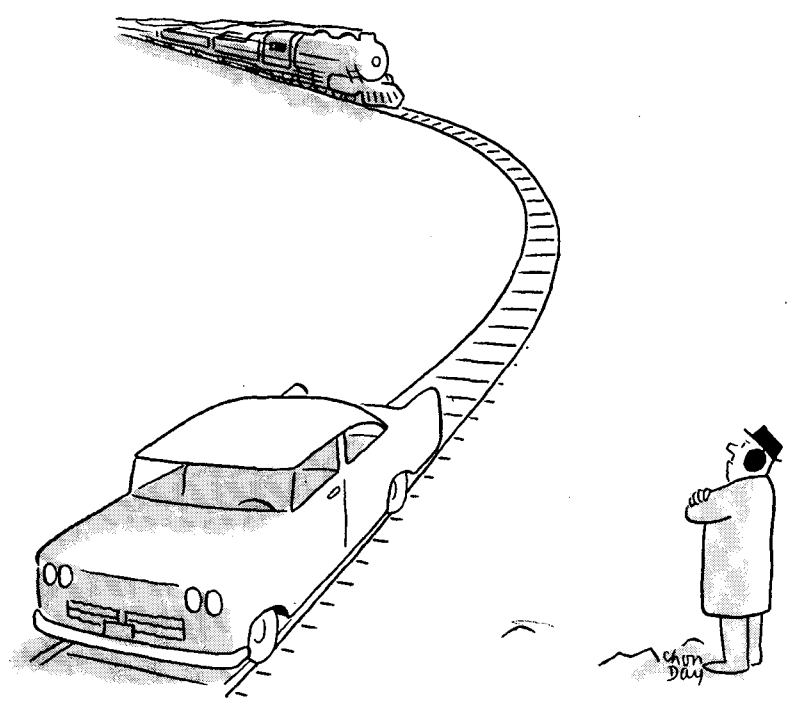

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Substitute Son (Continued from Page 34)

It's come, then, Matt thought and twisted and rose to meet his boy's second rush. He batted down the flailing arms, grabbed him, crushed him against the iron arch of his great chest and was proud, even then, at how tall his son had grown—and how strong. For it was not until Matt put all the great strength of his arms and shoulders into his embrace that the boy went limp and quiet.

"Sit down, son," he said, releasing him, and went over and looked into Old Sukey's face and confirmed what his heart already knew.

"I asked him for the loan of that hair bridle," Billy Jack said from behind him. "I asked him nice and polite for the loan of it."

Matt came back and knelt in front of his son. "Now, listen to me. You tell me. Begin at the beginning and tell me everything. I have to know, boy."

"I just told you. I was going to town and I wanted that bridle ——"

"He cussed you? He hit you?" Matt asked urgently.

"No. He just shook his head. I asked him nice."

Matt looked at his son and saw his eyes, and he folded down his big body into the barn dust and cried like a child while Billy Jack watched him curiously.

"Son," Matt said after he had wept, "you've done something as bad as a man can do. You know that."

Billy Jack licked his lips and they were Hilda's lips, Matt saw, full and sweetly curved as a child's.

"I guess so," Billy Jack said. "I guess you've got to help me."

"No, son. Nobody can help you now."

Billy Jack looked at his father with eyes that were like no other eyes. "Then," he said, "I guess they'll lock me up."

Billy Jack stood up and stretched. He smiled and went all loose. "You know," he said, "I'm glad it's over." He didn't look at Old Sukey at all.

Matt's life was before him then, a long grayness, and he knew he could not go so long wondering from what strange excess or terrible lack had sprung such a son.

"What was it?" he asked urgently. "All your life, what has it been?"

Billy Jack looked at his father and smiled. "I'm ready, papa," he said, and he had not called Matt that since he was a child.

"Son," Matt said, "can't you see? I've got to know."

"I'm ready, papa."

Matt knew it was no use. "You wait in the car," he said. "I'll have to tell your mother."

Matt had killed pigs, swinging the sledge with all his strength to make the pain soon over. He took that way now, knowing that any fumbling would only prolong the pain. Hilda sat down hard in the kitchen chair, shaking her head back and forth.

"No," she said. "No."

"I'm taking him. He's waiting."

"No," Hilda said. "No."

In her own way her fiber was as tough as Matt's. Instinctively, like any trapped thing, she gathered herself to seek the way out. "Nobody knows," she whispered.

"We do," Matt answered.

"There was a quarrel then. Some reason."

Matt raised the sledge and brought it down again. "Sukey wouldn't lend him a bridle. He put a hay hook through the old man's head. Old Sukey is lying out there dead."

Hilda, her eyes glazed in thought, didn't seem to hear him.

"Lawyers," she said, "good lawyers, you know, can change things."

"Hilda," Matt said wearily, "no lawyer can change things for you and me."

So she began to beg. Crying, she reminded him of such things as when their boy had lain near death of diphtheria. She recalled to him the things they would have done then to save him, the promises and vows they had made. She recalled to him how they had sat day and night neglecting the stock, reaching out their joined love to pull him back.

"Is there any difference, Matt?" she cried. "Then or now?"

"Don't, Hilda," Matt begged. "Don't."

"Matt, nobody else knows. Let's us punish him. We can keep him here locked up."

Matt's gentle silence made her know that she could never move him, that beneath the gentleness he was iron. She became like any female thing having her young torn from her. She used her strength against him, fighting him with hands, teeth and straining muscles. In the end Matt tore strips from a blanket and bound her to the chair. He went to the door, and her formless cries became words.

"You hate him!" she screamed. "You hate him or you couldn't do it to your own flesh and bone."

Matt was no talker. But he tried then. He took the time to try to explain it to her. He tried to tell her that no man could love so narrowly as to love only his own son. A man had to love all his sons in some measure and had to protect each from the other.

"It's a law, Hilda," he said, knowing he was failing. "It's a law that's so big and so old that maybe it's never been written down. You have to love everyone in a way in order to love anyone."

He said it poorly, fumbling for the words, and all she could understand was that the man she loved was taking away the son she loved.

"A man takes care of his own," she choked.

Matt opened the door and looked out toward the car. "I am, Hilda," he said and went.

The road ran past his fields, and they were green and smooth from his care. He had claimed the land from the sage and had farmed the alkali out of it, working it with a kind of reverence, believing that no legacy can equal possession of a rich fragment of the surface of the earth. He looked out at his ordered fields and he looked at his son beside him, and suddenly it was as if the abiding earth had betrayed him and he hated the land.

That night he came home to his wife, the thing done. He found her separated from him forever.

"You're my enemy now." She said it hoarsely, her throat raw from the protesting and unbelieving sounds she had made through the afternoon in the still of the empty house.

"Even at that cost," Matt said, and before her hands were freed he bent and kissed her neck with the tenderness that is in a man's last kiss for his beloved.

Those were the things that had been in Matt's mind when he stood and talked to Tribus Afton of crops, stock and weather. There was no way to hide such a thing. Matt had taken his boy fifty miles away to the county seat, but within two days everybody in the valley knew that young Billy Jack Wheelock had killed Old Sukey. When the trial was held there were many who believed that life in prison was too easy. After the trial Hilda went to town, pale, drawn and proud and told everyone that Billy Jack was up in Oregon working on an apple ranch.

Tribus was working mechanically at the carburetor, his mind wondering why

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Hilda would do such a thing, when a donkey-eared jack rabbit raised sudden thunder while taking off in monstrous leaps.

Tribus jerked his head up. Across the narrow track a Mexican boy was standing, his thin body poised to run. Tribus grinned at him easily, trying to place him.

"Hot," he said, and wasted his breath. The boy looked back at him with kit-fox eyes, black and wary. His hand tightened on the bundle he carried.

"Traveling, I see," Tribus went on. There was nothing in his voice that demanded a reply, but there was that which conveyed a willingness for friendly listening. The boy just looked at him, his eyes suspicious, and Tribus went back to his work letting the silence stretch. The boy outwaited him, untouched by the stretching silence.

"I know everybody in this country," Tribus said, "but I can't place you. Where you from?" This time he kept his mild eyes on the boy and waited.

"Over there," he answered at last, a strong hint of Spanish in the brief reply. His vague gesture took in the whole cool blue loom of the Tehachapis behind him.

Tribus rose and extended his hand. "I'm Tribus Afton. I'm the mail carrier here."

Tribus's hand was taken briefly after a hesitation. "José Limón," the boy said, and showed his Mexican training by adding, "To serve you."

"Real pretty name," Tribus said. "I like it in English too. I'll call you Joe Lemon if it's all right. How far you going?"

"To where work is."

"Could be a long way. What can you do?"

"I'm a hand."

Tribus doubted it. To say you were a hand in that country meant you could do most anything around a place. You could work stock, milk cows, plow, sew sacks on a binder, string fence, were handy with square and saw and could fix machinery.

"A shade young to be a hand," Tribus said mildly.

"I'm going to be eighteen years." It came back fast and he'd practiced it. By the brass on the tone Tribus took it to be about a three-year lie. The statement had a queer ring to it, and Tribus played it over in his ear and smiled. Joe Lemon wasn't a liar after all. He was going to be eighteen if he lived enough. Tribus took a sudden liking to him.

"Sure wish I could help," he said. "I don't know of anybody needing a hand. Tell you what, though; I'll drop you in town if you want to ride around with me."

He cinched up the last stud on the carburetor and stood. Joe Lemon dropped to a squat, scratched under a tarp fold and came up with a tiny gasket.

"You forgot this," he said.

Tribus clucked his disgust. "You know anything about these things?" He was curious about the boy's claim to being a hand.

"It could be."

"Like to try?"

There was a pause before the boy answered, a pause to kill all sign of eagerness, to keep dignity intact. "I would like it."

Tribus handed him the tools, opened his mouth to give instructions and left it open. Under the hands of Joe Lemon the carburetor simply flowed apart and back together.

"Now where," he asked, all sincere admiration, "in Creation did you learn that?"

"I watched you. I saw you before the rabbit jumped."

"Just that once?"

Joe Lemon was bent over, fitting the carburetor to the manifold. "I've worked some on machinery."

He ran his thin hands along the delicate linkage rods, sensing the principles of it, and when he had it figured some small surge of triumph led him to say it. From the closed and reluctant way it was spoken, Tribus sensed that in the statement lay the reason why Joe Lemon was wandering a waste.

"I built up a windmill once. Made an old pump work."

Tribus asked his question as casually as he could, bare interest in his tone. "Who were you working for then?"

The boy's hands were suddenly still. He shied from the sensed curiosity like a wild thing.

"Just for myself," he said flatly, shutting Tribus out. "Just for me."

Long practice in second-hand living had made Tribus sensitive to stories withheld and expert in extracting them. He knew when to push and when to let up. He let up then. "Well," he said briskly, "let's see if she'll start."

He switched to battery, retarded the spark, advanced the throttle and went around to pull out on the choke wire while he quarter-turned the crank three times. Then he tucked his thumb carefully against the kick and spun the crank. The motor caught and ran sweetly.

"You did a job on it, Joe," Tribus said. "Get in."

The boy fidgeted, instinct warning him away from the warmth.

"Up ahead," Tribus said as if not noticing the hesitation, "we leave the brush and come to the river. I generally noon there. There's an old willow there at water's edge just like a big cool house. I got beef sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, chocolate cake and a rattlesnake melon cooling since yesterday. Plenty for the two of us."

The food brought him. He got in stiffly, eying the big brown bag on the seat and swallowing. At the Wheelock box Matt was not waiting, and Tribus was glad. He handed the letter across to Joe Lemon and liked the feeling of having him there, saving the scrape of his pants across the seat.

"You ever drive one of these machines?" Tribus asked, and Joe shook his head.

"Like to try her?"

There was the dignity-keeping pause again. "I would like it."

They swapped seats and Tribus began to instruct him.

"I watched," Joe Lemon said politely.

Tribus grabbed the door in a great grip. "Take off the blinders!" he yelled, cowboy style, and watched Joe Lemon fight with the smallest kind of grin and lose. He'd watched, all right, for he pushed in halfway on the go-ahead pedal, let off the hand brake and pulled down on the throttle lever. The car jerked, moved and was rolling. Tribus saw the boy's face go all open and joyful. Joe Lemon chanced one glance at Tribus, and his teeth were white when he grinned.

At the willow tree he cut the motor. "It pleased me," he said by way of thanks.

They pushed in through trailing branches and entered a green room that looked over the sandbank shining white in the sun. Beyond the bank the narrow river ran slow and muddy. Inside the willow enclosure it was cool and still. Tribus opened the lunch and split it between them. He got the striped melon from the water and thumped it. Joe Lemon was hungry with the hunger of a half-grown youngster a long time between meals. Tribus knew that a full belly must make even the most wild and scrabbling of the desert's gaunt creatures less wily, less wary.

Tribus ate one sandwich slowly. "Joe," he said, "you've just got to take over here and see if you can finish this. I had a big breakfast, and then coffee and cake at the Purdys'. You dig in."

Joe dug in and Tribus watched him, wondering how best to approach getting his story out of him. From the way the boy spoke English he had been to school somewhere. He was young, but the trail dust and tattered clothes showed he'd been long on the road. Tribus was practiced in getting people to talk of themselves and he had chosen his place well. Inside the cool gloom of the willow branches talk had a hushed quality, and in the silences that fell there came to one a deep awareness of how alone he is and a yearning to share himself.

Tribus became the picture of a lazy and a garrulous man. "When I first started carrying the mail here," he said reflectively, "I made it the first year behind an old roan mare, in a ragged-topped buggy. I froze all winter and was sweat-scalded and sunburned all summer. I bought this car the second year and got a good offer for that mare. And a funny thing happened to me." Tribus hitched himself up on an elbow and looked at Joe Lemon. "I got a good offer for that mare and found out I couldn't sell her. I found out I'd talked too much to that horse to ever let her go. I put her out to pasture and she died fat and idle."

He smiled at Joe Lemon. "Humans are a strange breed of cat, Joe. A man might say to himself that he's enough. But no man is. I talked to that old mare because I just had to get outside myself some way. Talking is one of the easiest ways to do it, I guess. That old mare somehow—well, with her I just wasn't alone."

Joe Lemon nodded. "I know," he said. "In the brush up there I was alone and I had a little coyote. I talked to it all the time."

"How come you were living alone in the brush, Joe?"

Tribus rolled a dough ball and tossed it out to where the carp mouths dotted the water. Perhaps Joe Lemon's full stomach broke the rust on his tongue, or perhaps it was Tribus's mild friendliness. Joe Lemon started to talk and, once started, he needed little urging from Tribus to keep talking. The story didn't come in sequence, and it took all of Tribus's attention to keep it straight. He listened and drew a slow breath in the middle of the story, tasting grandeur on his tongue.

"Are you coming or going?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The father of José Limón was a Sonora Mexican, one of the small people who lived in poverty in the vast sea of the Sonora desert where the Yaquis ran and raided. Silver had been found in the mountains of Sonora, and cities had grown up suddenly. Mine owners became so rich that, when their daughters married, the fathers spread silver pesos from their tiled doorways to the church entrance so their daughters could walk to their weddings on a carpet of silver. But the veins ran out, the mines closed, the rich men went and, as always, only the poor were left. From the mines they returned to the land, hacking out plots in the cactus to plant beans, corn, chili and squash.

These people lived in Indian huts fashioned from mud, and a child born there was born with the yoke of poverty clamped to his baby neck.

The drivers of donkey trains passed on their voyages through the desert sea, carrying supplies from the cities, and they sat by friendly fires and told tales. They told of the wonders of the cities, and sometimes one would speak of places to the north where earth was black with richness and water flowed deep in the canals to wet the waiting land. Most men nodded politely, smiled slyly, made the secret sign meaning "liar" and went back to their poor plots and dark huts.

But sometimes there was born a dreamer and a true believer. The father of José Limón was such a one. The tales of the city wonders did not touch him, but those of the black earth moved inside him and he believed. In those days sickness took most of the babies born to the poor, and the father of José Limón fed his yearning with the food of sadness. He went at dusk to the holy field and looked down at the three small graves where his sons lay, and he thought of the tiny thing just beginning its struggle in his wife's body. He believed suddenly with a great strength and prepared himself in a kind of rage to leave the desert and go to a place where babies were born to live and where the land was rich and water flowed cool and deep in the canals to flower it.

In Sonora every man was rich in burros. The father of José Limón took five of the strongest donkeys, loaded his possessions on them and whipped them out into the cactus, beginning the terrible trek north across the desert. He had his wife and her burden, his poor possessions and he carried his omens with him. In four little sinew-sewn buckskin sacks he carried the seeds of beans, squash, chili and corn. With seed a man could always begin anew.

He made the desert trek, shied away from the dim border lights when he came to them at night, and in the dark he crossed the frontier. In the morning he

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awoke in a foreign land and looked out in amazement on a land that was the same as the land he had left.

He worked north, drifting west all the time and found most of the land as poor and dry as Sonora. But at the Colorado River he found land watered by the river and he stopped. A man came as he squatted there and told him to move on. The land was claimed.

He moved on, a strange procession of thin burros and tattered people. When his supplies gave out, he worked here and there, the poor, small jobs that nobody else would do, and he moved on.

The Mojave was a dead place, worse even than Sonora, but in the waste of it he lifted his eyes and saw the loom of the mountains, and to him mountains meant valleys, and he breasted the slopes of the Tehachapis hopefully. His wife was big by then and the donkeys were mangy fur-stretched-over-bone sawhorses. In a mountain valley he came on a cattle spread and he stopped. There his wife bore her son. She was tired and the fever of a quest did not urge her, and she died quietly in bearing José Limón.

The father of José Limón held his son in his arms and wept. The baby struggled weakly and cried out and the man tried to comprehend the grim barter involved. A life for a life.

"*Juntos*," he breathed down to his son. "We will do it together."

He gave the baby to a Tehachapi squaw to care for. He tucked his sacks of seeds away and drove his donkeys before him into the mountains to work for the ranch as a woodcutter.

It was a time of waiting, he told himself. He cultivated his patience as his son grew, and so great did his patience become that in the end it replaced his eagerness. The urgency of the quest abated, and the picture he painted of himself and his son allying themselves with the rain and tilled earth shrank to so puny a scope that at last the picture would fit into the small frame of words.

Perhaps twice each month he came down out of the mountains, driving his laden donkeys hard, walking in a kind of fever toward his son and aching to give tongue to the thoughts he had suffered in his isolation. Even when José Limón was no more than a thumb-in-mouth infant, the father would tack up blankets in the bunkhouse and take his son there. And in this poor and temporary home, having shut out the guitar players, the singers and the gamblers, he would light a candle and take out the sacks of seeds.

"Now, little one," he would say in his slow, almost stately Spanish which the northern Mexican uses, "these are seeds, and seeds are life. There are men in this world who save the seeds of the harvests and plant them and tend them. All others who do not do so are dependent on this saver of seeds. For the man who saves the seeds takes unto himself a sacred trust. He shall not eat the seeds he saves. The winter comes and hunger may come and the people may beg him, and he may see them die of hunger around him, and he himself may become a skeleton who crawls, but he shall endure. In the spring the man will crawl to the waiting land and place the seed in the earth and tend it with his last strength. This saver of seeds, my son, is the man of consequence. As long as he saves and plants, men will eat and the cycle will go on."

He would place a hand on the boy's head and look into his wondering eyes. "Soon, now," he would say, "we will leave these mountains and pass down into the valley. We will find land and we will plant these seeds and we will become men of consequence."

Many forces shape a boy into a man. José Limón was shaped by the tough *vaqueros* who sometimes swept him up into their saddles. He was turned toward gentleness by the squaw who gave him breast. In the ranch school he learned English and to write and to read. Many things shape the boy mass into a man, but always something must become a stiffening spine inside the form which holds it and sustains it, and the things which José Limón heard from his father became that stiffening spine. It was the creed of the seeds. A lonely man made a sustaining faith out of four little sacks of seeds, and the boy accepted it as that which he could live by. While still very young the boy began to help the old Indian who tended the ranch's garden plot and he spoke to him of the things which his father had said, and the old Indian nodded gravely, knowing the dignity of his work. He taught the boy how to prepare the soil to receive the seed and how to tend the growing plants.

All waiting must end, and when José Limón finished at the ranch school he was fourteen, tall for his age, thin and impatient. He went to his father.

"Now," the boy said, "we can go down into the valley."

His father's hair was gray and the fine fire that had flickered in his eyes was dead. He turned a puzzled gaze on his son and finally understood.

"Soon, little one," he said and his voice was weary.

"I am strong. I have fourteen years."

"Soon. Soon." His father's voice was uncertain, and the hand that rubbed at his mouth was unsteady. He roped together his burros and turned toward the peaks, looking up at them.

"When you return then?" José persisted.

His father turned his head reluctantly from the peaks. "If God wishes," he said.

José Limón waited only two days beyond the day when his father should have returned before he hiked into the mountains. His father was dead beside the door of his hut. One foot was almost severed by the stroke of the ax and there was a dark circle around where he lay.

José Limón dug the grave deep, gave the body back to the earth and piled rocks on the grave against the wild animals. He found the sacks of seed in the hut on a shelf reserved for them. The drawstrings had become stiff from disuse.

He drove the donkeys back to the ranch. He stood before the patron and told him what had occurred.

"It pains me," the patron said. "He was a fine cutter of wood."

His words shocked the boy. Among Mexican people a cutter of wood is a man of little consequence, and José had never thought of his father as simply a woodcutter. When the patron offered José the job which his father had had, the boy shook his head angrily. He traded the donkeys for corn meal, beans, dried meat and a few tools. He turned toward the valley below to begin the task of becoming a man of consequence.

All during the long summer little rain falls on the lower end of California's great valley. The brief spring draws up a scanty grass which burns dry at the first touch of summer. The cows that wander the thin range are stringy. But water runs beneath the dryness of the earth, and where men raised cattle they dug wells and set up windmills to pump water for the stock. Often, when the price of beef fell, these windmills were left to rust and rot. José Limón, wandering, found such a windmill. The vanes were scattered beside the ruined tank, and the pump rusted away on the rotten boards. José studied the place well, fingered the soil and called it good. He built a tiny brush hut.

Water was the first consideration and he set about repairing the windmill. He hiked back to timber to cut poles. He was returning when he ran across a coyote den. Loneliness had already begun to eat him and, when a pup cocked his head and retreated too slowly, José caught him, held him and could not put him down. It went with him and slept in his blankets, ate scraps from his dwindling supplies, and José fell naturally into the habit of talking to the pup.

The windmill turned finally, jerry-rigged, uneven and wobbly, but it turned. The pump was something else. The boy tore it down, scraped and studied it for hours. He painstakingly put it back together, wrestled it onto the new mountings, hitched up the linkage and threw the clutch. Down below him he heard a rattling and a groaning and after a while a thin, yellow-brown and reluctant stream of water wet the dryness.

It was well into hot summer by then and he was in a driving hurry. He worked late into the night on moonlit nights, but he did not clear as much of the land as he wanted. He made rows and urged the water from the turning windmill down the rows, wetting the land preparatory to planting.

The seeds were still unplanted that day when the pup yelped and bared its teeth, quivering against his leg. Isolation works strange things, and José, after weeks of being alone, felt only a small surge of panic at the sight of the horseman who sat looking up at the rickety windmill. The man reined his horse toward José and his eyes were hard and watchful.

"You alone?" he asked harshly, and the boy nodded, unable to speak.

"Cordially yours . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The man looked at José, not believing. He pushed his hat back, looked around at the clearing, at the windmill and the brush hut.

"What you up to?" he asked.

José's voice was thin and then too loud after he cleared his throat. "I am planting," he said.

The man pulled a rifle from its saddle scabbard and laid it across the pommel. "I don't want to know," he said, "why a shirttail kid is squatting on my land. It's my land. That's enough. Get your stuff together and get off."

The thought that such land could be jealously possessed by anyone had never occurred to the boy, and the realization that he had to leave all he had done did not come easily or swiftly. José stood and looked up at the horseman.

"I—I didn't know," he said finally. "I worked hard here."

"I don't want to be rough, kid." An almost plaintive note had crept in to tinge the roughness of the man's tongue. "The land is mine. I can't let just anybody come in on it. Now, get."

"Sir," José said, translating, "for a big favor. Until the seeds grow. It is a thing of great importance."

The man only shifted his rifle. The boy looked at him and knew he could not move him.

José gathered his few clothes and the seeds from the hut, motioned the coyote pup to him and turned into the brush. On the first rise he saw the smoke go up in the still air as the man set a match to the hut.

He slept that night in a wash and talked to the pup. "We will get work, then," he said confidently to the sleeping pup, "since all land belongs to someone. We will work hard and we will get the permission of the patron to plant our seeds in his land."

Two days later he came suddenly out of the brush and into low-growing wheat. Off in the distance a corrugated iron shack was backed up against a draw, and as far as the boy could see was the wheat, ankle high, thin at the top and burned. Out in the middle distance he saw the rise and fall of a body in motion and he turned toward it, the pup following close and fearful.

The man was bearded and his mouth was puckered and hard. He was gathering the shriveled heads of wheat and shredding them into a gunny sack. He straightened up, looked at José and waited.

"You need help?" José asked politely, and the puckered mouth split briefly as the man grinned. His voice was like a dry bearing, long unused.

"Boy, this is heartbreak wheat. No man that grows heartbreak wheat ever needs a hand."

José waited, his puzzlement showing on his face.

"Heartbreak wheat they call it because it breaks a man's heart year after year. You plow and you drill and then you look at the sky, waiting for rain, and pretty soon your heart breaks and you plow it under. You always say maybe next year. I'm getting seed now for next year's planting." He grinned again, tough and dried out and grimly enjoying it.

The boy looked at the stretching desolation. "No water," he said.

The man stamped the ground hard. "Water aplenty down there somewhere. Takes money to get a well in. Maybe next year."

"Thank you," José said awkwardly, turning to go.

"Stay for a meal," the man said and there was entreaty in his tone. "Stay. Been a long time since I had a drop-in chat."

"I thank you." José said. "But I must hurry."

"Not many will give you work long as you got that varment," the man said,

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pointing to the pup. "Everybody just naturally hates a coyote. Sneaky mean."

José looked down at the coyote and stooped to pet him. "He is like any dog," he said.

Ranches were closer together when he got out of the foothills and onto the valley floor. He knocked at door after door, ate a meal in some and was turned away in others. Nobody wanted a half-grown Mexican kid trailed by a coyote pup.

Ten days after watching his hut burn he walked out of the brush and found Tribus Afton fixing his car.

Tribus drew a deep breath when the boy came to the end of his story.

"Where's the pup?" he asked.

"He's out there," the boy said, closed again within himself, and Tribus did not press. The story was a lot more than he had bargained for. He suddenly knew that he had tricked himself. Joe Lemon had not confided in Tribus. He had turned over to Tribus the responsibility for getting his seeds into the ground. Tribus found himself suddenly a member of the human race and his dues not yet paid.

Joe Lemon looked up to him, and Tribus wondered what coin was acceptable in payment of such dues. He wondered fearfully if it meant that he should take the responsibility for shaping a man out of the boy beside him, and he knew instantly with relief that it was not so. Tribus had no land and the boy needed the use of land. So Tribus saw he had to decide among the people on his route.

He considered many who could possibly take the boy. No hand lasted more than a month with the Bergens, and they were always needing hands. Ma Rankin needed someone, but she had made a battlefield out of her quarter section, hating the land that had beaten and then killed her husband, and she was throwing away her life in empty and futile fight. But Joe Lemon needed to plant his seeds in earth which was worked by someone in harmony with the forces with which he worked.

The Wheelocks kept pushing themselves into his mind and at last, reluctantly, he considered them. It could be that Joe Lemon could fill the gap between Matt and Hilda Wheelock and bring love back to that silent house. It was a big chance, but the reward, too, was big. He made up his mind even as the face of Hilda Wheelock, as she stood in the store telling how well Billy Jack was doing up in Oregon, told him he was a fool.

"Joe," he said. "I'd like to go talk to a man I know. He may just take you on."

They found Matt Wheelock by the carrying ring of a hammer on anvil. In the blacksmith shop Matt was shaping a glowing angle iron to strengthen a sagging wagon bed, and they waited while Matt bent it, tapped it just so, cut it and tonged the piece into the tallow vat.

"This is José Limón, Matt. I call him Joe Lemon. He's a friend of mine."

A man who has lost something looks closely at all things resembling what he has lost, and Matt's eyes searched Joe Lemon's face carefully as they shook hands.

"Go take a mosey around the place, Joe." Tribus said, and when the boy was gone he turned to Matt. "I don't generally ask favors, but I want one from you. I want you to give that boy a job."

"I don't need help, Tribus."

"Now, you listen," Tribus said. "You listen to what I have to say."

He began to tell about how it started down in Sonora, a man with a yearning and how he followed that yearning. He told about the four sacks of seeds out in Joe Lemon's ragged bundle. Tribus's voice was deep and perhaps he embellished here and there, but he told it to the very end with no trailing off, no fumbling at the end. When he was through he waited.

Matt looked at Tribus Afton and knew that Tribus sensed all the things that Matt had longed to speak of to him and he was grateful.

"I guess I know why you brought him to me," he said.

"No need to talk about it," Tribus said quickly.

"Ah, Tribus," Matt said deeply, "do you think I'm the one?"

"I think you ought to try, Matt."

"Too late this year to plant those seeds. Summer's half gone."

"Spring always comes," Tribus said.

Matt filled his pipe. He put a match to the bowl, blew one breath of smoke and spoke, and Tribus knew he had won.

"Call him," he said, and Tribus found Joe Lemon squatting outside, politely out of earshot.

"Tribus has told me about you," Matt said slowly. "I can't pay you much."

"It's enough," Joe Lemon said. "The seeds?"

"Have to wait for spring."

"I'll wait."

Tribus went out to get Joe Lemon's bundle from the car, and at the house he saw the kitchen-window curtains move and knew Hilda was looking out the window. He stopped, wondering with dread if he should talk to her, but he did not. He laid down the bundle in the blacksmith shop.

"I'm obliged," he said to Matt.

Matt grinned at him, his mouth wry. "My pleasure."

"He'll work for you."

"We'll see, Tribus."

Tribus shook hands with both of them. He cranked up his car, and as he drove past the house he saw the curtains move again and suddenly doubted the whole thing.

The work which Matt Wheelock did and which lifted him and sustained him in his desolation was not available to Hilda. He had the satisfactions of planting and reaping. She swept the same dirt day after day. He knew the peace of the quiet barn, the weight of a cow's udder on his hands and the sound of falling milk in a bucket. She cooked the same meals and made the same beds, and her spiritual loneliness was aggravated by her physical loneliness. Matt helped a straining mare to foal and shared in the borne pain and the following joy. Hilda had slammed shut the door of the cage to herself and let her bitter and unforgiving silence dilute the peace that Matt found in his work. Hilda had changed swiftly from a sweet and affectionate woman to a slow-moving and bitter drudge. But she was handsome still and when she straightened, easing her back from broom cramp, her body was strong grace.

She was kneading bread dough when Matt brought Joe Lemon into the kitchen.

"I've hired a hand," Matt said to her suddenly rigid back. "This is José Limón. We can call him Joe Lemon."

She turned and looked at Joe Lemon and took in his tattered and tired youngness. She did not nod to him.

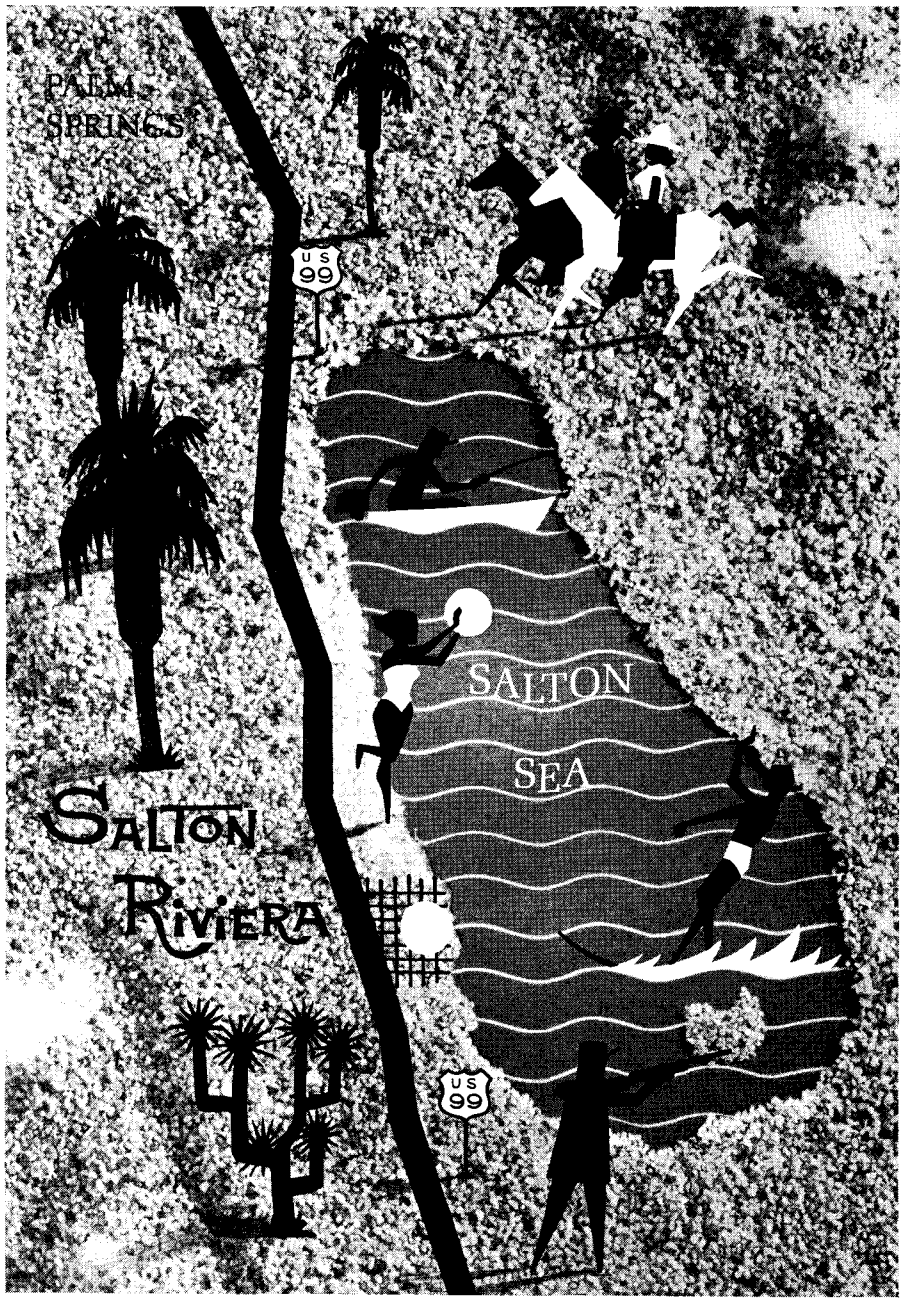
"We don't need a hand," she said.

Matt ignored her statement. "We can put him in the upstairs room," he said. "It's empty."

Too many years of sharing in all of him lay behind them for Hilda not to know her man. She knew what moved him and what moved inside him, even if he himself did not.

"That upstairs room is not empty," she said. "If you take on a hand, he can sleep in the barn and eat in the kitchen."

Matt's face turned dull red and he moved closer to Joe Lemon. "There's no call to hurt the boy," he said softly. "He's



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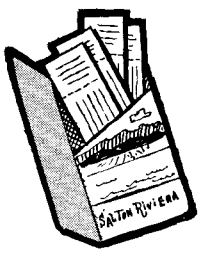

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not done a thing. He can sleep in the harness room and it won't hurt him beyond what hurt lonesomeness in the night can do. But to eat in the kitchen, that would hurt him. I don't hold with hurting."

Hilda's mouth flicked and she sank her hands suddenly in the yielding lump of dough. "You don't hold with hurting." She repeated it after him, a pause between each word. She drove the thing between them into the open, and it drove Matt toward the door, but she was not yet finished with him.

"You'd best tell him," Hilda said. "You'd best tell him what you expect of him."

"He's a hand." Matt said loudly. "I expect a day's work from him."

"You think you can patch up anything with baling wire," she said. "Some things are beyond fixing. You're a fool to try." Her hard eyes moved between them, man and boy, and Matt was suddenly aware of how close he was standing to Joe Lemon.

"He's a hand, Hilda," Matt repeated wearily and went out, Joe following.

They worked together to rig the harness room with shelves and a cot. Afterward they chored together, and it was half painful to Matt to see that the boy was one of those rare beings in whom animals feel a trust. The weaning calf took the milk from the bucket without butting, the Guernsey heifer did not kick when he stripped her, and the sow stood grunting in the corner until he had filled the trough.

Hilda called them to supper, and the meal was so silent and awkward that Matt regretted having insisted that the boy eat with them. All meals were that way, but the presence of the boy brought home to Matt the bitter waste of it. But Joe Lemon was all silent dignity, apparently unaware of the tension. He ate silently and when he was finished he rose and left with a soft good night. Matt answered too loudly. Hilda, clearing the table, did not look up or answer.

Matt took up the paper and went to sit beside the lamp. The evening, as all his evenings, stretched long, dismal and silent before him. He loaded his pipe, lighted it and it was bitter in his mouth. He thought of Joe Lemon out in the makeshift bareness of the harness room and knew how he must feel, a stranger in a strange place. He was nothing but a boy, and scared to death and living on his dignity. He thought of Joe Lemon's story again and felt some unfinished quality in it, some thread dangling and his mind kitten-clawed at the thread, but could not catch it.

Joe Lemon was lying on the cot in the harness room, his hands behind his head, looking up at the fragile perfection of the spider webs on the raftered ceiling. He shifted restlessly, uneasy at the dark things that whispered in the shadows of the house to which he had come. The unsmiling woman in the kitchen was his enemy. The room upstairs was empty and yet to her it was not empty. The man was different. He felt a reluctant warmth there. He had been long cold and yearned toward that warmth.

Matt knocked politely on the open door. "Everything all right?" he asked, and Joe nodded, feeling again the reservoir of warmth the man had.

"Kind of lonesome for you," Matt said.

"I'm accustomed," Joe answered.

Matt looked out at the dusk. "No," he said. "That's something nobody ever gets used to." He stood looking out the door and murmured good night to his new hand and moved through the dusk to the house. Hilda was sitting with a pile of mending on her lap and she looked down quickly as the door closed behind him. He stopped before her and spoke down to her bent head.

"Hilda," he said deeply, "I've been gut lonesome. Haven't I been punished enough?"

She looked at him. "How about him?" she asked. "Is your boy lonesome tonight?"

"Oh, Hilda," he said, "must you be so hard?"

She nodded. "I got to be hard. I got to be rock hard just to keep going."

"Times," Matt said, "times I wish they'd hanged him. I think it would have been better."

Hilda put her mending into the basket and rose. "There was a rope in the barn and rafters. Why didn't you finish it?"

"I was only a witness. I didn't judge him."

"It was you told him to plead guilty."

"I wanted him to do a decent thing. It was the truth."

Hilda's mouth crumpled and she controlled it. "Truth!" she said bitterly. "Tell yourself the truth, Matt Wheelock. Tell yourself you brought in that Mexican so you can pretend. He's young and you can pretend you never did what you did. Maybe you could do like the sheepmen do. Take our boy's skin and put it on him. Maybe it would help."

Matt closed his eyes and shook his head. "Hilda," he said, "hear me. That boy's father was a poor Mexican who wanted to plant seed in the ground. It was kind of a religion with him. He died before he got the chance. The boy's got the seeds. He wants a place to plant them. He'll plant them here next spring. No use fighting it. I want to help him. Meantime he's a hand."

In America we call it progress when a town installs more stop lights.

JOHN W. MAXSON JR.

She went up the stairs, her face set. Matt sat down slowly, his whole big body tired. It was the first time in three years that they had spoken of Billy Jack. Maybe it was something.

That Saturday Matt took Joe into town to buy clothes. Matt watched him standing in the stiffness of his new clothes and was amazed at how much delight he got from seeing a young face shine over new things. He was carried away with it. When they got home Hilda took one look at the boy and was furious.

"I saw that jacket in Kern's window. Eleven dollars!"

Her face and what she said dissolved instantly all the good feeling Matt had had while he was buying the things. He went to the harness room.

"Save those clothes for good," he told Joe shortly. "Around here you'd best wear your old things."

Joe looked at him and knew why he said it. "Mister," he said, "I'd like to please your wife."

"Oh, forget it, Joe," Matt said. "Wear what you bought anywhere, anytime. As for Hilda, don't take anything personal against you that she does. She's lost a lot and just can't find anything to take its place. Be nice to her if you can, Joe. Be real nice to her."

"I would like to. We could easy bring water from the tank into the kitchen for her. It should please her, not having to carry water in a bucket."

Matt smiled. "Let's do it," he said. "I've been going to for twenty years."

It should have pleased her. Joe Lemon did the job with meticulous care. In a week there was a shiny new faucet over Hilda's new sink. All she had to do was turn the handle, and water ran.

And she did not turn the handle. It was as if the handle were not there, as if the work had never been done. Ten times a day she trudged to the faucet outside with her bucket. Matt used the new faucet noisily, trying to make up for what Hilda did, but it was no use.

"I can't please her," Joe said.

"Just keep trying," Matt said urgently, a little desperation in his voice. It was all he could do—that, and the arm around the boy's shoulders.

Nearly all men who work the soil are sometimes seized in the grip of doubt. They become half convinced that the miracle of seed sprouting in the earth will not occur. These men must go to their fields and scratch in the furrows until they can hold in their hands a seed which has swelled and sent out the tiny white tendrils of root and shoot. Many of them look at the sprouting seed, but only a few know what they see.

One morning Tribus was passing and he found Matt kneeling in his field and he stopped. "Checking sprouts?" Tribus asked for something to say. And Matt amazed him.

"No," Matt answered, coming to the fence, holding the sprout in the great callused cup of his hand. "I guess I'm contemplating Genesis."

Tribus liked that.

"I'm thinking about corn, Tribus," Matt went on. "A man saves the best of his crops for seed. He plows deep, harrows smooth and waters well, getting the ground in shape for the seed. And yet some of that good seed will bring up dwarf stalks and runty ears.

"Now," he went on, "a thieving crow can snatch a kernel from the hog trough and it can pass clean through him and drop in a fallow field. Months later a man comes across the crow-dropped seed and it's a plant ten feet high loaded with perfect ears. Nobody tends it. Nobody cares. Now why should that be?"

Matt really wanted to know, Tribus saw, and he thought carefully, seeking to comfort his friend. "Well," he said at last, "we're talking about corn. But with cows, horses or humans we're really talking about seed. Every seed is a sight more than just a seed. Each seed is a thousand generations of something. We keep a stud or a bull because that animal shows qualities we'd like his get to have. But no calf, no colt, no corn, no human, is just like the seed that sprang it. It's always itself, but it's those thousands of years behind it too. So, a prize stud can sire a hammerheaded runt. But that hammerheaded runt can sire a colt better than anything before it."

"It just shouldn't be," Matt said, his face pained.

"Why, Matt," Tribus said, "it's got to be. It's got to be undependable to have beauty. It's got to work both ways. That way we can hope. We can always hope that our kids can be bigger, stronger and smarter than we are."

"Or," Matt murmured, "smaller, weaker."

"Yes," Tribus answered quickly, "but it could have been the other way—and we can always hope."

"But the seed that looks good, but brings up runty stalks or hammerheaded runts—what happened to it?"

"It got poisoned sometime," Tribus said. "Somewhere back along the line it got poisoned. The poison slept, maybe, for a long time and then it woke up and crippled the seed."

"Then," Matt said slowly, wanting the thing clear, "it can't make any difference how deep a man plows or how well he tends the plant. That seed is just crippled."

"Can't make any difference," Tribus said. "But you never know. Everything in this world that comes from seed is something wonderful. The seed that he is can always be better than he is."

Matt nodded, raised a hand and walked away, stepping carefully over his planted rows. Tribus stopped him.

"How's Joe Lemon?"

Matt turned. "Doing real fine, Tribus. He's a good boy."

There seemed to be no easy way to ask if Hilda had accepted the boy. "Matt," he called, "just think what a plant that crow-dropped seed would have been if it had had water and care."

"I'm thinking, Tribus," Matt answered. "I'm thinking."

A sadness was carried in Matt's answer and Tribus knew his dues were not yet paid, and he wondered what else was expected of him.

A man lives in the pauses of time. He is aware of the course of his life, sometimes, in the peace between crises. It was in the small ways that Matt Wheelock found himself living again. When Joe Lemon was stacking baled hay and Matt helped him, the two of them working together smoothly, swinging up bales in perfect and understanding rhythm, it was a kind of quiet joy that possessed him. In the blacksmith shop Joe held the tongs while Matt hammered, and Joe knew when to turn the iron so that it shaped itself just right under Matt's hammer. Matt spent all day with Joe Lemon, not talking much, but still communicating. He found that after such a day he could not face the silent front room after supper. So he began to spend his evenings in the lantern-lighted dimness of the harness room, sitting on Joe's bunk, smoking his pipe and feeling almost at peace. There was always Hilda's dour presence in the back of his mind, but there was also Joe Lemon, and he was grateful. He found himself thinking of ways to make the boy smile, and it occurred to him that Joe Lemon needed a dog.

"You ever have a dog, Joe?" he asked one night.

Joe was silent for a while, looking up at the ceiling. "That coyote pup. He was like a dog."

"The Williamses out at Blue Pump, their collie littered a while back. Let's go on out there tomorrow and see if we can get one. This place needs a dog."

Joe rose to protest, but when he saw Matt's face in the weak light, he lay down slowly.

The Williamses were new in the valley, and Matt did not know Lew well. They found him sitting on his rickety front porch, looking over the forest of rusted farm equipment which littered his front yard. He raised a lazy arm in greeting. He was a big man with a sleepy red face and a paunch.

"Light," he said. "Light and rest your saddle."

"Heard you had some pups you wanted to get rid of," Matt said.

"Drowned the females. Only males left. Go around to the side there and take your pick."

A tarp had been rigged against the side of the house to shade the collie, and Matt only half heard Lew Williams as he watched Joe Lemon's face as he dropped beside the dog, gentled her whisperingly and looked into the sleepy faces of the pups. He went through them twice and on the second time around he took one, put its head against his neck and wriggled as the pup's soft tongue licked his ear. His teeth were very white against his dark skin as he smiled up at Matt.

"Heard you had a new hand," Lew Williams said, his eyes on Joe Lemon. "Never took to Mexes myself. Too lazy, too mean, too slippery."

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Matt straightened himself and was amazed at the sudden anger which shook him and made his voice ragged and deep. "Mr. Williams," he said, "we're waiting for you to apologize."

Lew Williams was a big man and perhaps had not tested his strength since his paunch had grown on him. He measured Matt with eyes that were cold.

"Where I come from," he said, "we get apologized to."

"Not this time," Matt said. "I'll give you a little time to get used to the idea."

The silence was very still and Joe Lemon could not stand it. "Mister ——" he began, and Matt looked at him and silenced him.

Lew Williams looked again at Matt Wheelock out of the corner of his eye, felt his deep anger and saw that Matt was a big man—and Lew was afraid.

"I guess I was out of line," he mumbled.

"Say it to the boy," Matt said.

"I'm sorry."

"I want to pay you for the pup," Matt said.

"Twenty dollars," Lew Williams said plainly. "I was going to drown them tomorrow, but the price to you is twenty dollars."

Matt counted out the money and laid it on the porch railing.

Joe Lemon sat stiffly on the seat beside Matt and he did not speak until they were almost home. He held the pup as if it were not alive.

"There was no need," he said finally in a low voice.

"A man's not much," Matt said, "if he won't stand up for what's his own."

"It was too much to pay."

"It's all in the way you look at it," Matt answered. "I'd call it cheap."

Joe went alone into the harness room and sat down with the pup on his lap. It was warm and soft and he hesitantly cupped the small perfection of the pup's head in his hand and felt again the tiny soft tongue on his wrist.

"I took you only to please him," he said after a while. "I don't even like you." And the tiny tongue came out again and was warm on his wrist.

Hilda was in the kitchen when Matt came in, and he saw that she had next to her cheek a baby chick. Behind the range there was always a runt pig or a sickly chick that Hilda tended. He saw her face all soft and gentle as she put the chick's beak next to her mouth and cheeped to it. He stood close behind her and smelled the sweet smell of her and his hunger moved him.

"Hilda," he said softly.

"Don't, Matt," she said, drawing away and putting the chick back in the box behind the stove.

Matt drew a deep breath and was tired of waiting. "Hilda, I've been kind to you. I've waited and waited, hoping that things would change, but I guess they won't. You never could understand how I could do a thing like I did to our boy and I'm going to tell you something I've kept to myself. I want to tell you about Billy Jack."

"No," Hilda said.

"You'll listen," Matt said. "Our boy was so sick inside that there was nothing could save him. All his life, since he was nothing but a baby, he hurt things. What he finally did to Old Sukey was bound to happen. I couldn't let him be around the stock. The things he'd do—it wasn't human."

Hilda had backed up against the range, and her hands were half raised to her ears as if she would shut out his voice.

"You're lying," she said.

"No. I'm no liar. I wish I was. I'm not going to tell you the things he did. No need of that. I kept hoping he'd outgrow it, but he just got worse." Hilda was shaking her head.

"Maybe it wasn't really his fault. I've thought a lot about it." Matt's voice was heavy with the pain of what he did. "I think some people are born the way he was. There's something inside that didn't develop. He couldn't love, Hilda. He couldn't love anything or anybody. I think this must make those people go crazy mad inside and they have to hurt something. Maybe loving is a kind of pain too."

"You don't know, Matt Wheelock," Hilda said. "The times he'd come and lay his head in my lap. Why, he'd just purr. He was loving me. You just don't know."

"Like a cat, Hilda. He'd purr like a cat. It was all him. He was all taking. Never giving."

"No," Hilda said. "He could give. He was always giving me little things when he was a boy. A hawk feather or a plait of horse hair. Pretty little things."

Matt nodded heavily. "He tried. He tried and that's the part that makes me want to cry. He would get a feeling about what he was missing and he'd watch other people. He'd watch every move. I've felt him doing it. I've seen him do what other people did, making the same motions, saying the same things. And then he'd wait with his face all expecting something, trying to feel something. When the feeling didn't come, why, he'd just have to get even. The trying was the worst part."

"He knew I loved him," Hilda said.

"Hilda," Matt said and moved toward her, wanting to shield her even while he hurt her. "Those people can't know that. That part of them is dead. The same part of a person that loves knows that he's loved. It couldn't be."

Hilda stood looking at him, her mouth softly open and her head shaking, saying, "No, no."

"Oh," Matt went on, "I see you giving your love to croupy chickens and runt pigs and all the baby things on the place. I can wait, Hilda. I can stand it. But Hilda, can you wait? Out there in the harness room there's a lonesome kid petting a pup right now who can't wait either. He needs you right now. He can't wait."

He stopped then, having said all he could. He watched her, breath held, hopeful, and after a while she raised her face and it was twisted.

"Tell him to keep the pup out of the house," she said and walked steadily up the stairs.

Chores have to be done, and Matt got up stiffly, suddenly feeling old and spent, and went out to begin milking, feeding and separating. Matt's feelings communicated themselves to Joe Lemon and he worked silently, not smiling at the pup which followed them, barking in tiny fury at the cows and licking the spilled milk. They walked through the dusk toward the lighted kitchen where Hilda's shadow moved slowly, now huge against the wall and now small, as she passed the lamp.

"I don't know, Joe," Matt stopping, and answering no question which had been spoken. "I just don't know."

They washed and went into the kitchen, where Hilda was setting places. The pup scrambled through Joe's legs and stopped in midroom, its small tail uncertain, its eyes bright on Hilda. She stopped and looked down at it, her face saying nothing. Joe moved quickly to pick him up, but Hilda spoke to him for the first time.

"Oh," she said wearily, "let him be. Let him be."

That was all. She didn't stoop to pet the pup. They sat down and ate silently. Midway through the meal there was a scrambling flurry behind the stove, a tiny and ferocious growl, and the pup backed out into view, the limp body of a yellow baby chicken in his jaws. Hilda was up in a second and the broom in her hand, raised high.

Joe Lemon's high cry stopped the broom and raised Matt's hair at the back of his neck.

"Joe!" he cried, and the thing that had bothered him about Joe Lemon's story, the dangling thread, was suddenly caught. "Sit down, Hilda," he said quietly and she sat. He got up and put his arm around Joe Lemon's shaking shoulders.

"You tell us, Joe. You tell us whatever happened to that coyote pup you had back in the brush. You tell us."

Joe Lemon's head was down on his arm and his tone was flat and empty. "I killed him."

"Go on, Joe." Matt urged gently, his eyes on his wife.

"He was wild and he didn't know," Joe said after a while. "He killed a chicken at a place we stopped. The man was going to kill him. I took him up and ran."

He swallowed and raised his head. "I didn't want to. I threw stones at him to drive him back to the wild. He brought the stones to me in his mouth. He thought it was playing."

He looked at Hilda and was speaking to her and he moved one hand briefly in a somehow crippled gesture, and finished all in a rush.

"I embraced him. I told him about the seeds that had to be planted. I explained everything. He was so still. It was only when the knife was in him that he tried to run away."

"Why?" Hilda whispered, desperately urgent. "Why did *you* have to do it? Why you? Didn't you love him?"

Joe Lemon looked at her and spoke with great dignity. "That was why," he said. "*I* could kill him with love." He was crying then.

Hilda's hand raised and went of itself to Joe's shoulder. "Ah," she breathed, "there was no need of it. We could have kept him here, tied up if need be."

"No," Joe Lemon answered. "He would have gotten loose. He was wild."

Hilda stood for a long time, her hand moving slowly on Joe's shoulder, her eyes on Matt, and he did not take a breath, waiting.

"I—I can't understand it," she said. "But I guess there was nothing else to do. It's hard, though, bitter hard." She stood silently a moment. "You've got a new pup now, Joe."

"It's not the same," Joe said. "I don't even like this one."

"You will," Hilda answered, standing tall and speaking confidently. "It's safe and easy to give up loving things. It's safe and easy, but it's dying a little too. You keep trying, Joe Lemon. You hold that pup. Just hold him. You'll be surprised."

She took the dishes to the sink and looked at the shining faucet for a moment before she turned the handle. She spoke above the rushing noise of the falling water.

"That upstairs room is empty. You get your things from the harness room." She turned and watched Joe Lemon pick up his pup and move to the door.

She made a lot of noise as she stacked the plates under the water, like a woman in a hurry to get at tasks long undone. It was only when she felt Matt standing close behind her that her hands became stone-still in the sink. She turned around slowly.

The red flag was up on the Wheelock mailbox, and Tribus turned into the track to the house, breathing the smell of sage turned green by spring rains.

Joe Lemon met him as he entered the yard, the half-grown collie pacing him. "I put up the flag," Joe Lemon said. "I—well, I thought you'd like to know we're plowing to plant the seeds."

"Well, now," Tribus said, "I'm glad you did it."

Hilda Wheelock's voice shouted from the kitchen door. "Joey," she said, "don't you go back to that field without this canteen." There was a sharpness in her voice. The eternal and completely natural sharpness of a woman busy caring for two men.

The first day of spring plowing uses muscles in man and team that have grown soft during the winter. At the end of the first turned furrow the man will pull the team around, and the excitement of spring makes even the plow horses fiddle-foot a little as they side-step the tight turn. The man will hold the team after he has lifted the share, saying he is blowing the animals. He will look back down the first furrow of the year.

Tribus stopped at the fence and saw Matt Wheelock standing so at the far end of the field, looking back at his furrow. Matt, distance-dwarfed, raised his hand in a kind of salute. Tribus answered it.

He tromped on the go-ahead pedal and yearned suddenly to have that old roan mare back. He wanted to tell somebody how it felt to be a paid-up member of the family of man. THE END

"This one was taken just before I married what's-his-name."

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A Sure Cure for the Blues

(Continued from Page 24)

unfair. She deserved better than that. She was attractive, certainly as attractive as the women she saw in Central Park bustling after their children. Perhaps not as attractive as the wind-blown models on the magazine covers. She was too thin for that, and her face had rather a severe quality softened only by the dreaminess around the eyes. She was intelligent—at least her grades in school had been high.

Still and all, the days slipped by as she worked away at the same dull job, trying to get a little money ahead, but never managing to, dating all sorts of young men, none very exciting.

She could have cried, but instead she decided to have a cup of coffee. As she turned up the gas under the percolator there was a knock at the door.

This could be it, a small voice murmured inside her. This could be the mysterious stranger, the something different. But even before she went to the door she steeled herself for a disappointment.

It was Danny, looking as breezy, unkempt and unbearably enthusiastic as ever. He was always underfoot, and tonight of all nights she simply couldn't endure his chatter.

"Hi, kid! Saw your light under the door and thought I'd drop by and see if everything's under control." He sniffed the coffee. "Hey, great idea! Got enough for two?"

"I—I was just thinking of washing my hair, Danny. In fact, I have a lot of things to do tonight."

"Um'm'm, that smells good. Can't beat the smell of fresh coffee." Danny moved in and took over as usual. He poured the coffee into two mugs and handed one to her.

Peggy noticed for the umpteenth time how raw and freshly scrubbed his hands were, yet they never seemed quite clean. One of the distasteful things about being a mechanic was the way the grease ground in under the nails. Really he should do something about it, wear gloves or something. Hands were important to her—they should be lean and sensitive, with that wonderful expressive quality of hands that wrote letters in movies.

"Say, I've just been reading the most interesting book." Danny crashed right through her thoughts. "You'd be absolutely fascinated by it. All about yoga."

Yoga. Peggy sighed. It was too much to bear. Since she first met Danny Mulligan, the night his ham radio blew out the fuses in the apartment house, she had suffered through his rock-collecting stage, his photography stage and various other stages involving everything from carpentry to calisthenics. Now he was in his self-improvement period, and although he had studied with the masters how to be perfectly happy, mature in mind and strong in body, he managed to remain remarkably the same.

Danny suddenly sank down on the floor, crossed his legs tailor-fashion and sat on his heels. He closed his eyes, and his face puckered into lines of pure agony.

"Danny! Get up off that cold floor and drink your coffee." Peggy was in no mood to humor him.

Danny unwound himself and grinned apologetically. "The most I can manage is ten seconds. Over in India they sit like this on a bed of nails or hot coals for hours and think of important matters."

"Really, Danny, I don't see how you can waste your time on all that nonsense."

"It does sound kind of silly. But you see," he added seriously, "the real reason I'm studying yoga is that I want to learn how to concentrate."

"Whatever for?"

"Don't you see? If you could learn to concentrate—learn to discipline yourself, you could do almost anything. It could change your whole life."

"I'd like to change my life, Danny," she said dismally.

"What's the matter, kid? Were they rough on you at the office today?"

"No—it isn't that exactly. I guess I'm just tired of being a bookkeeper. Sometimes I feel I just can't bear to go to work in the morning, and then sometimes I feel I just can't bear to come home in the evening. It's the funniest thing." She leaned forward earnestly. "Did you ever feel, Danny, as if you were—well—in a squirrel cage? You just go round and round and nothing ever happens?"

"Trouble with you, baby," he said gently, "is you're in a rut. What you need is some of this yoga routine."

"Yoga!" Her face screwed up as she saw herself sitting on a bed of hot coals.

"Look, you're bored with your life. Every day is like the day before. Right? If you don't like being a bookkeeper, you could study how to become a nurse or a teacher. But you don't. You know why? Because you don't have any discipline. You waste your time daydreaming."

"Stop lecturing me, Danny," she flared. "I know my own faults very well."

"Take it easy, baby. You know you're O.K. by me just the way you are." He

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If a woman does meet a man halfway, she'll be late.

HOMER PHILLIPS

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grinned. "But starting tomorrow you're going to start *doing* things instead of dreaming about them."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yeah—it's real simple. Right out of the books. A small touch of yoga and a large dose of Mulligan's home remedy. I'm going to write out a set of instructions. All you have to do is follow them."

"You come up with the screwiest ideas. Count me out. I've got to clean the apartment and do my laundry ——"

"You mean you're going to do the same thing tomorrow you've been doing every Saturday for years. You don't even have the guts to try to change your life."

"It's not a matter of guts," Peggy said. "I simply don't believe all that nonsense you've been reading."

"How do you know it's nonsense if you haven't tried it? You're just afraid—afraid to try anything new."

"All right. All right!" she snapped. "I'll do it. Just to show you how idiotic the whole thing is."

"It's a deal!"

Danny walked over to the desk, sat down and pulled out a sheet of paper from the drawer. He tore it into five strips, dabbed the pencil with his tongue and began to write messages on each slip of paper. He folded each one into a tiny square, put four of them into the top drawer and handed one to her.

NINE P. M. it read on the outside of the slip. Peggy glanced at her watch. It was nine P. M. "Am I supposed to read it now? Is that the idea?"

Danny nodded. Peggy opened up the slip of paper: SET THE ALARM FOR FOUR A.M. GET UP ON THE FIRST RING AND GO TO THE DESK DRAWER FOR YOUR MORNING INSTRUCTIONS.

She turned toward Danny. "This is not a very funny joke, Danny. You know how I hate to get up in the morning."

"Good night, Peggy." Danny blew her a kiss from the door. "Hope you enjoy tomorrow!"

The first peal of the alarm clock was loud and urgent. Peggy stirred, then dozed off again. Twenty minutes later she snapped up, and before she knew it she had one foot on the floor. There was something that had to be done!

It was not until she slapped cold water on her face that she realized everything was dark. It was Saturday and—she filled in the rest as she brushed her teeth.

She was inclined to believe a miracle could happen. Maybe Danny had dreamed up the idea of the notes as an elaborate pretext. Maybe he had a cousin, an engineer from South Africa, arriving on the 5:25 and the first instruction would read, MEET THE 5:25 AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION. SAY HELLO TO THE FIRST TALL, DARK STRANGER YOU SEE WITH A WHITE CARNATION IN HIS BUTTONHOLE.

Impatiently Peggy reached into the top drawer. FOUR A. M. it read on the outside of the first slip. She was a bit behind schedule, but she opened it anyway. She froze as though someone had slapped her hard in the face.

WATCH THE DAWN COME UP IN THE FULTON STREET FISH MARKETS. Unbelievable, but there it was. Danny had betrayed her.

Peggy skipped the shower because it was too cold, pulled on her black-wool sweater as she finished dressing and, as an afterthought, added earrings and a dash of cologne. She was just angry enough now to see the whole mess through.

Walking to the subway gave her an eerie feeling. Everything was dark and silent. She was aware of all the familiar things that made up her life—the huddled line of brownstone apartments, the overpowering whoosh of the subway train as it swept into the station, and the stale, cloistered air of the subway carriage.

As she walked toward the East River on Fulton Street, the odor of the fish markets assailed her. The breeze whipped her coat around her, and she tensed, resisting the cold. She stopped to watch the fishermen unloading the boats.

"Hello up there!" A man in high rubber boots and leather jacket waved to her.

Peggy found herself waving back. His smile was open and the ruddy face seemed trustworthy. She thought of the Cape and the men who went to sea in ships—not that she had ever been to New England, but she had read *Moby Dick* three times—and somehow the smell of the fish markets became the smell of seaweed and whitecaps, and the creaking of the masts was an invitation to faraway places.

She was exhilarated and curious. She poked around, in and out of the fish markets, here and there along the wharf. The men were rough, but they treated her with an amiable respect, half-joshing half-protective.

They were all so *strong*—with the big, muscled arms that handled the heavy nets easily and gracefully. She felt they were her kind of people. After all, great-great-grandfather O'Brien had been a bosun's mate; maybe the ocean was in her blood.

The strenuous life gave her a roaring appetite. The only café within blocks was a beat-up frame shack with sawdust on the floor. Peggy warmed her hands on the coffee mug and looked about. The place had a certain forbidding charm. The man next to her wore a knitted toque and sipped his coffee with the spoon in the cup. He seemed preoccupied and somehow sinister. The man on the third stool down was enveloped in a shapeless trench coat with a sou'wester pulled down over his head. *A man in hiding*, Peggy guessed. *An escaped convict or an innocent man who is being hounded by the law.*

She studied the broad shoulders, the bull neck and the black shaggy hair that protruded from under the sou'wester. She got up suddenly, strode toward him and placed a firm hand on his shoulder. "Danny Mulligan! What on earth are you doing here?"

Danny looked up at her sheepishly. "Aw, kid, don't get sore—I just wanted to make sure everything was all right. I began to get worried about leaving you alone on the water front."

"Well, I don't think it's fair to follow me, snooping into everything I do."

"I'm sorry, Peg. I didn't mean to upset you. By the way, how's it going?"

Peggy hesitated. She couldn't tell him how exciting and different the morning had been. She was too irritated to give him that satisfaction. After all, if Danny hadn't come along, she might have had an adventure right here in this café. Perhaps the man in the knitted toque had his own yacht and would have carried her off to Casablanca or Mozambique.

"Terrible!" she said. "You and your bright ideas! You drag me out of bed at an impossible hour, send me to these evil-smelling fish markets among all those dangerous men. I could have been killed and my body thrown in the water."

Danny was horrified. "Did anybody try to lay a hand on you? Why, if anybody tried to harm you I'd—I'd ——"

"Oh, stop being a hero. Just leave me alone. That's all. If I'm supposed to break all my habit patterns today, there's one habit I ought to break, and that's *you*."

"Well, all right, if that's the way you feel." Danny laid his dime down on the counter, turned up the collar on his trench coat and sauntered off.

Peggy wasn't sure whether his shoulders were drooping or the coat was a size too large, but it made her feel sad, so she ordered another cup of coffee. She was cheered by the thought of the little crumpled notes in her purse. Maybe her next assignment would be exciting.

Eagerly she opened up the slip of paper marked TEN A. M. For the second time that day she wished Danny had been born in another century.

GO TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND WRITE A ONE-PAGE BIOGRAPHY OF HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN. Peggy tore the note into shreds, set fire to it and watched it smolder into nothing with some satisfaction.

The stone lions that guarded the entrance to the 42nd Street library intimidated Peggy. In fact, the whole building intimidated her with all its steps and columns of marble.

How to begin? Did she simply go up to the first friendly face that looked official and boldly demand, "Tell me about Heinrich Schliemann." They'd think she was crazy. Maybe there never was a Heinrich Schliemann. Maybe it was just another one of Danny's gags.

She found herself in front of the information desk. She heard her own voice falter, "Heinrich Schliemann ——"

"That would be in the social-sciences division," the clerk responded briskly.

Encouraged by the fact that Heinrich was not a stranger to everyone, Peggy wound her way to the social-sciences room. Tracking him down was a challenge—there were so many indexes and cross-indexes, catalogues and reference works to wade through.

By the time she unearthed him she was beginning to feel as partial toward him as a mother toward her first-born. She gobbled up the pages upon pages that unraveled the unusual story of Heinrich Schliemann—the bookkeeper who was not content to remain a bookkeeper. She

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liked Heinrich because he dreamed Big Dreams as he pored over his figures more than a hundred years ago. He dreamed that someday he would find the ruins of Troy and bring to life tales read in his youth of the bewitching Helen, her lover Paris and the Trojan War their love exploded. One day Heinrich decided to close the ledger books forever and organize an expedition to Turkey. His friends discouraged him, scholars laughed at him, but Heinrich just kept digging until he dug down through the ruins of Troy.

Peggy borrowed a piece of paper and began to set down the life of this friend across the years who, like her, totted columns of figures and dreamed dreams. Her high-school English blossomed with her enthusiasm. She turned a neat phrase here and there and paused to admire it.

Why, she was a beautiful writer! Heinrich gave up bookkeeping to dig up the odds and ends of Troy, but *she* would give up bookkeeping to immortalize Troy in poetry and prose.

She glanced around. The warm, book-filled room was splashed with the brightness of multicolored bindings. The tables faded away, a fire crackled into being in the middle of the far wall and she was mistress of the *salon*. As she glided forward in her crinolines to meet the literary celebrities of the day—Tolstoi, Dumas, Damon Runyan—they smiled and bowed.

Off in a corner she observed a rough-mannered fellow with his nose deep in a book who surely was an Irish poet. On closer inspection she saw that he bore a remarkable resemblance to Danny Mulligan. She swept toward him and extended her hand. "Danny, how nice to find you here."

Danny dropped the encyclopedia he had been hiding behind. "Gee, Peggy, I didn't mean to bother you ——"

"That's quite all right," she said. Really, it seemed that nothing could bother her any more. She felt so sure of herself, so *sang-froid*ish, now that she was an important writer. "Oh, by the way, Danny," she added, "you might want to take a look at the notes I dashed off on Heinrich Schliemann."

She tossed them on the table with careful indifference and sat down beside him. As she watched him read, she waited for the look of astonishment. Danny would be the first to discover her. Years later, when they published her journals, there would be a full-page reproduction of this scribbled sheet of paper.

"Not bad." Danny nodded.

"Not bad!" she said indignantly. "What do you mean, not bad?"

"You use too many adjectives, but you'll get over that."

Peggy snatched the paper away from him. What would a mechanic know about art, anyway?

"When I need your advice," she said, "I'll ask for it. If you know so much about writing, why do you waste your time poking around those silly old cars?"

"S-s-sh," said several people at the table, glaring at them.

"But I like being a mechanic," Danny said softly. "I've never said I wanted to be anything else. If I wanted to be something else, I'd study until I learned how."

"Well, I'm different. I want to *be* somebody!"

"S-s-sh!" The whole room was protesting now.

Peggy brought her voice down to a fierce whisper. "I'll surprise you someday, Danny. Wait and see. You can laugh at me if you want, but just remember they laughed at Heinrich too!"

"C'mon. Let's get out of here." Danny glanced around uneasily. "We're disturbing all these people."

"I'm leaving. Right this minute. But I'd just as soon leave by myself, if you don't mind!" Peggy walked to the door, trying to ignore the whispering and muffled laughter that rocked the room.

When she hit the cold air of the streets, her determination sagged. Maybe Danny was right. Maybe she did use too many adjectives. And if you were the kind of person who used too many adjectives, what hope was there?

She considered tearing up the third message without even reading it. That would show Danny Mulligan what she thought of him! But she had to take one little peek. She opened the third slip marked FOUR P.M., and her heart flipped.

GO TO THE BAR AT THE HOTEL ASTOR AND ORDER A DRY MARTINI.

Danny had actually ordered her to do the thing she had always wanted to do but had never dared to do all her life!

The cocktail lounge at the Astor was bursting with people. Peggy hesitated at the door, adjusting to the smoky dimness and the battery of voices.

She jockeyed her way to the bar, and one of the men readily gave her his bar stool. She was so intent on being casual that she dropped her bag. The man picked it up and handed it to her.

"You know, this is going to sound like an old routine," he smiled at her, "but I really do think I know you from somewhere. Aren't you from Chicago?"

The bartender whisked past, and Peggy called after him urgently, "A dry Martini, please!" She wished he would hurry it up. She would feel so much better if she had something to hold on to.

The man shrugged. "Of course, it wasn't Chicago. It was the University of Minnesota. Now I remember."

Peggy was flattered. "No-o-o—I don't believe I ever went to the University of Minnesota. Did you go there?"

"Oh, years ago, when I was young and a poet and everything seemed possible."

"Are you a poet now?" she asked.

His laugh was bitter. "Now I spoon away my life reading the manuscripts I should have written."

"You work for a publishing house?"

"Sort of. I'm an agent."

Peggy's Martini arrived, and she had the courage now to look at him directly. He had a sensitive face, and he was blond, with the wonderful blondness of the Oxford poets whose photographs appeared in the book she had at home.

"What do you do?" he asked.

Peggy hesitated. How could she tell an interesting stranger she was just a bookkeeper? "I—I'm a writer!"

"This could be an interesting liaison. Perhaps I'll handle your first novel."

"Why—certainly!" Peggy could think of nothing that would please her more.

"What's it about? The decaying young women of our generation?"

"No"—Peggy wavered—"it's about Troy."

"A-a-ah—Helen and Menelaus and that idiotic Paris. How clever of you." He leaned forward intently. "You know, you're a strange little thing. You look so fresh and washed behind the ears, and yet here you are, like Homer, brooding and mysterious—about to unleash a masterpiece on this unsuspecting world."

Peggy was dazzled. He was so terribly intelligent. He was so terribly everything she had ever wanted.

"I'd like to kiss you," he said suddenly. "I'd like to kiss you right there in that odd little curve of your arm."

Peggy glanced over her shoulder. "Don't you think it's rather public ——"

"Where do you live? Tell me, and I'll be there in fifteen minutes. This atmosphere stifles me."

A question occurred to her. She didn't know how to say it, but it had to be said. "Are—are you married?"

"Ah, a little moralist too," he said.

"Are you?"

"Marriage means many things. Marriage in the strictly conventional sense? Yes. Marriage of the soul? Never!"

The room spun around, and Peggy heard fragments of conversation from a great distance. She shook her head to clear the jumble of words and gazed wildly around the bar. She was searching for a face—a square, honest face that would make everything seem normal again. But Danny was nowhere to be seen.

"Ah, yes indeed, the lady is a moralist." The poet was amused. "What did you expect? Did you think I'd concoct some quaint little lie just for you? I'm not like the others. The truth is a banner, and I will carry it proudly even unto the gates of ruin. . . . Bartender, another Martini for the lady!"

"Oh, no—no, I couldn't. I have a very important appointment. In fact—goodness, I'm late already!" Peggy slid down from her stool and fled.

She leaned against a lamppost on Broadway and sympathized with herself. Why did it always work out that way? She touched something bright and wonderful, and it turned to dirt in her hands. She wished Danny were there.

The thought of Danny reminded her of the one remaining slip in her purse. Listlessly she read it. WALK ACROSS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT TWILIGHT. She scarcely had the energy for this last adventure, but she headed for the subway.

The waters of the East River were murky and forbidding. Peggy propped her elbows on the railing of the Brooklyn Bridge and considered death and other important matters.

All she had to do was climb up and plunge, and the morning papers would tell the rest of the story. A picture of her on page one, and the poet would see it and be unable to eat his breakfast. He would know what the world had lost—a flaming talent, the definitive work on Troy.

The Staten Island Ferry honked as though it were answering her thoughts with a Bronx cheer. Peggy suddenly aughed out loud at herself.

Here she was, ready to fling herself off the bridge because of a man she hardly knew. She definitely remembered now that he had rather a weak chin and wishy-washy eyes. A fine romance that would have been!

Peggy thought of her other romances. She tried to disentangle them and label them, but they all blended into the same body—the body of the poet. They all looked like illustrations of handsome men from a historical romance. They seemed so perfect at first, and they were always so disappointing in the end.

An uneasy thought occurred to her. It was just possible she selected her men the way she selected her books—by the dust jackets. Maybe she wouldn't have made so many mistakes if she had looked inside the books first.

It was clean and cool standing there alone. The city lay stretched out beyond her, familiar yet mysterious, as the lights flickered up in the buildings. Her city—yet she only knew it, too, from the outside, not the inside.

She felt a sudden exhilaration. It was all there! The places, the people—waiting to come alive at her touch. How foolish she had been, moping around that musty old apartment, when it was so much more exciting to go out in search of real-life adventures. She wished Danny were there. She couldn't wait to tell him how different everything seemed to her now.

"A penny for your thoughts." The voice was surprisingly gentle.

Peggy wheeled around. She had been so preoccupied she hadn't seen Danny walk up beside her.

"Danny! How very strange. I was just thinking about you."

"Not strange at all. I've been following you around all day. How did it go?"

"Oh—it was very odd—very odd indeed." She motioned vaguely with her hand.

"Was the poet interesting?" His voice was gruff, and he stared fixedly toward the top of the Empire State Building.

"How did you know he was a po ——" She stopped short. There had been something in the tone of his voice. She looked at him intently—at the generous face with the laughter lines around the mouth and the stubborn heft of the jaw; at the face she had seen so many times, but never really seen. He knew about the poet, he knew about Heinrich Schliemann—he knew so much about her!

Impulsively she put her hand in his. "It was a wonderful day, Danny. A perfectly wonderful day!"

Danny turned to her quickly, and his eyes said a lot of things it took no time at all to figure out. He drew her close to him. His eyes were as brooding as Heathcliff's, as impassioned as Sir Lancelot's, as—as brown and gentle and warm as Danny Mulligan's. Peggy sighed. With Danny's arms around her, she knew that her biggest adventure was just beginning.

THE END

"Goodness, did I go off and leave the TV set on all day?"

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The Time of the Lamb

(Continued from Page 20)

The shepherd's name was Rolfe. He was an old man—and a tall and thin one. And he was an independent man too; and his independence of mind, together with the necessary isolation of his life, cut him off from the people in the village. Rolfe was a world to himself in the eyes of the villagers, as strong and enduring as the uncomplaining earth. Once, shortly after the boy had been brought to Rolfe to live with him and help him, he had asked the shepherd whether he did not get afraid living out there on the downs all alone.

"Afraid of what?" Rolfe asked.

"Why, the size of it," said the boy.

"No," said Rolfe. "I ain't afraid."

"Not even when it's so terrible quiet at nights—like the stars was watching you and listening to you?"

"No," said the shepherd. "Not any time."

On another occasion the boy asked the shepherd whether he did not believe that everyone had an angel to guard him. He vaguely remembered his mother had told him that this was so—long, long ago, before she died. But he needed confirmation of this from Rolfe out on the loneliness of the downs, because the land was so empty.

"A man takes care of himself—that's all," Rolfe replied. The boy thought that was all very well for a man, but he wasn't a man. So, he turned to the insects for comfort in the loneliness of the life on the downs. He got to believe he was alone with the shepherd and the sheep and he would have to endure it. There was no one else caring for him.

There were other things that frightened the boy—and they were the barrows on the downs. These were burial mounds, perhaps fifty or a hundred feet high and some of them of the extent of three or four acres. On the tops trees grew—the only trees in all the enormity of grasslands. Nobody ever went on the barrows because they were known to be haunted. Nobody ever went near them at night. Inside there were giant skeletons of old chieftains who were buried there. They were standing up, clad in armor, and facing the east. That was what the Reverend Mr. Irving, the parson, said. They were buried that way so that they could catch the first sight of the morning sun. Whenever the boy in his work had to pass one of these barrows, he passed on the western side, even if he had to go a good deal out of his way to do so. He was afraid to pass on the eastern side because he was sure that the huge armored skeletons could look out through the earth and watch him as he went by. He was afraid of being seen by them. He just didn't want them to know that he was about, trespassing on their territory.

Rolfe, though taciturn and hard on the boy, was an excellent shepherd, with a deep knowledge of sheep. The sheep were of different breeds—Cheviots, black-faced Hampshires and impatient white-faced sheep from the Wicklow Hills. Rolfe knew the peculiarities of each breed. The Cheviots were nervous and wandered around fretfully, cropping the grass, so that the dogs had hard work confining them to any area. The Hampshires were good mutton sheep, content to feed in the general area they were put, and the Wicklow breed had excellent fleeces, but like the Cheviots, were high-strung. As little a thing as a sudden change of light or the flight of a swarm of blackbirds over them would put them in a panic, and they'd start running. If they fell in full gallop, as likely as not they would break a leg; and then they would have to be destroyed. The boy understood this in the sheep. Anything sudden or strange that happened on the downs was frightening because of being alone.

When the fleeces of the sheep were full, the animals would often get up from resting in a hurry, as if they had seen some terrible thing, and miss their footing. Then they would be rolled over on their backs by their huge fleeces, as springy around them as a feather bed. In this position they were as helpless as tortoises. They just lay there, waving their legs and trying to get up. It was the boy's job to make a round of the flocks a couple of times a day and see whether any of the sheep had been capsized in this fashion.

Round through the sheep, then, he went every day, looking for any of the animals that were in trouble. He took one of the dogs with him—the one called Blindy. She was an old English sheep dog. He had tried to make friends with the dogs—Blindy and Tater, who was a collie—but Rolfe forbade this.

"Don't thee spoil the dogs by petting them," he said. "They're working dogs and spoil easy with fondness." Not that Rolfe was not fond of them himself. The boy could sense that he was, though he never showed it.

The dogs were excellent workers. They knew more about the sheep than the boy, and for a long time he felt abashed in their presence. Blindy was patient and enduring. She could go all day, heading off the sheep from trouble—preventing them, for instance, from getting up on the barrows where there were plenty of rabbit holes in which they could break their legs. She was never snappish with them, as the collie was at times. But the collie was the more intelligent. The collie could count. Whenever it was necessary to bring the flock together, after lambing time to count the lambs or in the early summer to dip them and kill off the ticks in their fleeces, or a little later to shear them, it was Tater who handled the mathematics of the occasion.

The flock would be herded into a huge pen made of wicker hurdles stuck in the ground. Then it would be necessary to let them out, a certain number at a time, to the shearers or to the trough where they were to be dipped. All Rolfe had to do was to hold up two or three or four fingers, and Tater would cut out that number of sheep and send them where they were required. But Blindy was best in lambing time. Out she went, whatever the weather, among the ewes, watching to see whether they were having trouble dropping their lambs. She stood guard over them in their travail and, if a ewe died, she would find the shepherd and bring him to the orphaned lamb.

Lambs whose ewes had died were always taken back to the caravan to be nursed and kept warm until a foster mother could be found for them. At such times the boy saw Rolfe in a new light, no longer taciturn and unapproachable, but gentle and solicitous. He would prepare a nursing bottle and, with the lamb tucked in his arm, trembling with anxiety, encourage it to nurse. Sometimes the lamb did not know how this was to be done, and Rolfe would dip his big blunt forefinger in the milk and put it to the lamb's mouth to be sucked on. And when the lamb, overcoming its nerves, mouthed the finger, Rolfe would give a chuckle that came from deep down in his chest. When this happened, the boy did not feel that the world was so big and so empty and frightening.

Getting the orphaned lambs to nurse was only part of the problem. There was also the need to find a foster mother for them. The foster mother had to be a ewe who had lost her own lamb. She would be brought in and put in a pen of hurdles. The skin would be taken off her dead lamb and put over the back of the orphan. Then the orphan would be put in the pen with the ewe. Sometimes the ewe tried to kill the lamb, knowing it was not hers.

Well, said the boy to himself the first time he saw this, *that is the way the world is. You are small and alone in it, and it is full of terrors, with no one to guard you at all times.*

However, there was always some ewe who would accept the lamb. She would sniff the fleece of her dead one that now covered the orphan, between hope and distrust, keeping the lamb away from her udders all the time—for her milk was for her own child and must go to no other. And then she would make up her mind suddenly, and would quickly give her udder to the lamb.

Very often the boy wished that someone would adopt him the way the ewes took the lambs. Sometimes he secretly wished that Rolfe would take him. He didn't allow himself to wish for this often; because if you wished for something, it didn't come off, and then you felt worse. And anyway, he knew that Rolfe was sufficient to himself and needed no one else. Rolfe had always lived alone, for he had never married. He lived out in the great sweep of the downs with no God and no angels.

The village from which the boy came was four miles away from the place where Rolfe had his caravan. It lay at the foot of the downs in a valley and was called Staneley.

The boy had been brought up in the village by the postmistress on the death of his parents when he was very young. She received a sum of money for his care, but had never developed any affection for him—nor he for her. When the boy was twelve and it was no longer necessary for him to attend school, she handed him over to the shepherd to earn his living.

At the top of the village was a very old church with a baptismal font that dated from Saxon times. Part of the walls were Saxon, too, but the bell tower was Norman, and so was the roof. The boy used to go to the church with the postmistress on Sundays, and he liked it. It gave him a sense when he was there that he was really cared for. The church was Saxon, and the Saxons had believed in God—which was why they had built it. But the downs belonged to the giant chieftains in their barrows, staring ever eastward through the earth. God stayed in the village and did not come to the downs, and out there the boy was alone.

"You are to see that the boy comes to church on Sundays, Mr. Rolfe," the parson, Mr. Irving, had said to the shepherd when the boy was handed over to him.

"As to that," said Rolfe, "I don't make any promises. Sheep need minding Sundays as on any other day of the week. His job is to mind sheep."

"You should set him an example by attending service yourself," said the parson. "I can arrange for someone from the village to come up while you are both at church."

"There's no one can take care of sheep but a shepherd," said Rolfe. "And I'm not leaving my dogs up here on the downs alone."

"Well, at least see that the boy gets to church," insisted the parson.

"'Tis nothing but foolishness, churchgoing, if you want my plain opinion on it," said Rolfe. "Angels and such. There's the wind and the sky and the weather, and that's all. The rest is for simple folk."

The parson became angry. "You are not a young man," he said. "And the

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angel of the Lord will come to you one day to summon you to your Creator to account for your life on earth."

"Meaning that I'll die," said Rolfe. "And so I will. Then the boy will look after the sheep." But the boy was terrified of such a prospect—to be all his life alone on the downs. He was terrified, but he knew that that was what lay ahead of him and tried to steel himself to it.

A year later Rolfe did put in an appearance at the church. That was in November—a very mild November in which the warm autumn days lingered on as if winter were not to come at all. He sent the boy into the village during the week to get some tobacco and said that maybe he would be at church that Sunday. The boy took this as a hint that he should convey this message to Mr. Irving, which he did.

"I'm glad to hear of it," said Mr. Irving. "Tell him I will be very happy to see him."

"'Tis all nonsense," said Rolfe when the boy relayed this message. "But the weather's fine, and I can leave the sheep awhile to please him, for he is old."

Mr. Irving had picked a special text for the visit of Rolfe to the church and, in doing so, he went ahead of the Gospel for the season. He chose, indeed, to talk upon the Nativity and stressed that the news of the birth of Christ had been given first to the shepherds in the hills around Bethlehem. He read the passage from Saint Luke's Gospel, setting down the happening. The boy listened intently.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"'For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . .'"

When Mr. Irving started talking about shepherds, Rolfe stood up, tall and gray, and remained standing during the remainder of the sermon, perhaps out of politeness, knowing that this talk about shepherds was directed to him especially.

"God chose to send His angel to the shepherds first," said Mr. Irving, "knowing their loneliness and how deserted they must feel in the great emptiness of the hills under the void of the sky. It was a mark of His mercy and tenderness that it was to the solitary shepherds the herald angels appeared, for these were the people in the greatest need of comfort."

Perhaps he will believe it now, thought the boy. *Then it will not be so lonely for us out on the downs.* For if Rolfe believed, then God would not be confined to the village and the places where there were a lot of people, but would be out on the downs, too, with His angels.

But it was no use. When the service was over, Rolfe was still unshaken. "Whoever wrote that story knew nothing about sheep," he said to Mr. Irving.

The parson was astonished. "Why ever do you say such a thing?" he asked.

"Well, it all happened in dead of winter—that's right, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Irving.

"Ah," said Rolfe. "That's it, see? Right before lambing time. There wouldn't have been no angels sent to the shepherds and no light in the sky right before lambing time, for 'twould frighten the sheep, and they'd miscarry. Sheep have to be kept quiet before lambing time. Even my dogs know that. So it's all just a story for simple folk that don't know no better, and I don't believe them angels came to the shepherds—not before lambing time."

When the boy heard this, his heart sank, for it was true. He knew the sheep, particularly the Cheviots and Wicklows, would scatter with anything unusual happening at night, and before lambing time they were even more tense. And an angel appearing in the sky and voices coming from all around was not the way it could have happened. So it wasn't true. It was just a story for simple folk, as Rolfe had said; and they were alone on the downs and in the world after all, with the sky and the restless wind and the empty grasslands and all around the burial mounds of the chieftains.

After that, Rolfe would sometimes send the boy to the village on Sunday, and the boy would go to church. But it wasn't the same. It didn't give him a feeling of comfort as had been the case before. Once, after one such visit, Mr. Irving gave him a copy of the Gospel According to Saint Luke both for himself and Rolfe.

"Did you ask him for this?" asked Rolfe suspiciously.

"No," said the boy. "He just gave it to me. Said you might want to read it."

Two years later, on Christmas morning, the boy went off to the village and to the church. He was trying his best to believe about the angel and the shepherds, mainly because not believing made it so much harder for him. After the service Mr. Irving said he would come out with him to visit the shepherd, bringing some tobacco and a few other comforts. The boy was worried about this, knowing that the shepherd did not like visitors, particularly at this time of the year, because of the condition of the sheep, some of whom were due to lamb. But the parson insisted, and they went out together.

It had been snowing during the morning; and when they got to the caravan, the dogs, Blindy and Tater, were outside, whimpering. "Poor fellows," said the parson. "They are cold in the snow."

But the boy knew that was not the reason, for the dogs were used to the cold. The door of the caravan was shut against the weather, and when the boy entered, he saw Rolfe sitting in his rocker near the stove. He seemed to have fallen asleep, and what he was dreaming about pleased him, for he was smiling. To the boy's surprise the Gospel of Saint Luke lay open on his lap. The dogs came in after the boy and stood around the chair, looking up at the shepherd anxiously and whining. And then the boy knew that the shepherd was dead.

The parson went gently to him and picked the book out of the shepherd's lap, glanced at the open page and showed it to the boy. It was opened at the account of the Nativity, at the passage that read:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. . . .

The boy read the passage, fighting back his tears, and Mr. Irving, seeing this, said gently, "The angel of the Lord came to him, and all is well with him now."

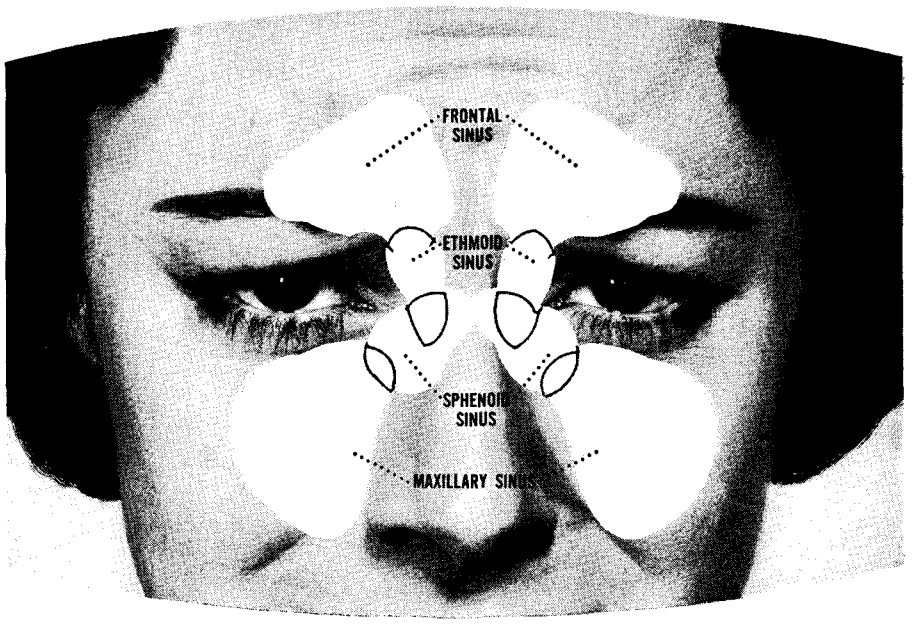
From outside, above the whimper of the wind, the boy heard the baaing of a ewe and knew that her lamb was due.

"Yes," he said, his lips trembling, "the angel of the Lord came to him—right before lambing time too."

And he went out with the dogs to take care of the sheep and knew that he would never be alone again on the downs—or anywhere else in the world. THE END

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet to relieve

COLDS MISERIES, SINUS CONGESTION *and its* PAINFUL PRESSURE



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DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, pollen allergies and from sinus congestion with its tenderness, pressure and pain. DRISTAN, amazing medical achievement, contains: (1) The scientific *decongestant* most prescribed by doctors. In minutes—it reaches all congested areas—even deep in the head . . . quickly shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes . . . promotes drainage . . . restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive *anti-allergent* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. DRISTAN reduces fever better than aspirin and promptly relieves body aches due to colds. (3) *Vitamin C* to help build up body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Note: DRISTAN is being widely imitated. But the fact is . . . the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!

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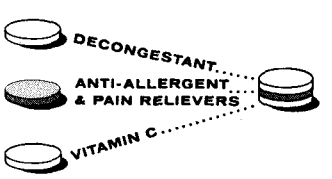

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Pursuit of a Painkiller (Continued from Page 16)

a similar dose every five hours during the day and every six hours at night we were able to keep her comfortable. The only side effect in her case was some sleepiness. But most important, instead of having to increase the dose to keep the pain down, as we usually must do with other opiates, we continued to control her pain for five weeks with these one-milligram doses of phenazocine. Then, during the last three weeks she was in the hospital we gradually reduced the dose to zero without any withdrawal symptoms. In a short time she was able to resume her medical practice."

The development of phenazocine, which by now has been given to more than 3000 pain-racked patients in many parts of the country with encouraging results, is a major advance in the long and difficult search for the ideal analgesic. The drug was created by a National Institutes of Health team headed by Dr. Nathan B. Eddy and Dr. Everette L. May. For Doctor Eddy it represents the culmination of a thirty-year effort. Doctor May has been participating in the search almost that long. Their goal has been to create a compound that would equal or better morphine's excellent pain-relieving qualities, but would not have the addictive liability that has made morphine a curse.

"We realize we aren't there yet," Doctor Eddy remarked when I visited his office and laboratory in the Clinical Center on the rolling "campus" of the National Institutes of Health. "Phenazocine is not the ideal analgesic we are looking for. But it is a big step forward. It is several times more powerful than morphine in relieving pain, and although it is still classed as an addictive drug and can be obtained only upon a doctor's prescription, it appears to be much less hazardous than morphine. In the past we considered that the habit-forming liability of an opiate was roughly proportional to its potency—the more potent, the more addictive. Phenazocine reverses that rule. It is more potent than morphine, the usual standard of comparison, but is *less* addictive. We believe that other compounds we are working on in the laboratory here will go still further toward eliminating addictiveness."

Although the pleasures of the poppy have been known for thousands of years, addiction has only been recognized as a social problem in the United States since the beginning of this century. The current search for a synthetic substitute for morphine, the most active ingredient of opium, was an outgrowth of a campaign begun in the 1920's to attack a growing evil from a new direction. Efforts to limit the world's opium production by treaty to the amount needed for medical purposes had not been notably successful. Somehow there was always a surplus that got into illicit, and highly profitable, channels. The new approach was to try to come up with a synthetic, nonhabit-forming substitute for morphine. If the medical need for morphine itself were thus removed, there would be no legitimate excuse to produce any opium at all. An international agreement to outlaw all opium-poppy cultivation would, it was argued, be easier to enforce than a partial ban.

This is not to say that government moves against the international drug traffic have in the meantime been ineffective. Both Iran, where opium poppies have been grown for 5000 years, and Afghanistan, recently have banned opium production. Some other countries have tightened up restrictions on narcotics, including cocaine and hashish, or marijuana. An international conference, under United Nations sponsorship, will be held in New York early in 1961 to consider further control steps. Activities in the search for morphine substitutes will also be discussed. Doctor Eddy, having retired from his N.I.H. position last summer after the clinical value of phenazocine was established, will attend this international conference as an adviser to the United States delegation. In fact, this tall, lean, sandy-haired scientist has not let retirement slow him down one bit. Barely a month after finishing his work at the N.I.H. he flew to Geneva, at the invitation of the World Health Organization, to attend a meeting of the Expert Committee on Addiction-producing Drugs. Recently he was elected chairman of the National Research Council's Committee on Drug Addiction and Narcotics, a committee he has served as secretary since 1947.

Medical proof of phenazocine's pain-relieving properties has come from many physicians and hospitals. The largest group of patients in whom it has been studied consisted of 778 men, women and children at the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. James E. Eckenhoff and Dr. Stephen J. Prevoznik, of the

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Black-Out

By Dilys Laing

The flippered mole
With his frilled snout
Furrows and burrows
His way about.

With feet like fins
He swims in loam
And with his whiskers
Lights his home.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

anesthesiology department, explained that the patients, who ranged in age from three years to eighty-four, were given phenazocine in one or another of three situations: as a preoperative medication, as a supplement to the anesthetic during the operation or to relieve pain and restlessness following surgery.

"We found phenazocine to be a potent narcotic," Doctor Eckenhoff told me. "One patient, a forty-nine-year-old man, was suffering severe pain in the hips and thighs from an abdominal cancer. He had obtained only partial relief from 100-milligram doses of meperidine supplemented by other drugs. When we tried phenazocine, the result was striking. Doses of two milligrams every four hours gave him relief within twenty-four hours, and the drowsiness which had accompanied the other drugs disappeared. In a couple of weeks he was able to return home on substantially the same dosage of phenazocine. The drug didn't cure the cancer, of course. The man died some four months later. But he was up and around until he had to be readmitted to the hospital for the terminal stage of his illness."

Doctor Eckenhoff pointed out that the new drug is not free of side effects. Some patients experience one or another of such difficulties as nausea, vomiting, lowered respiration, irregular pulse, mental depression or excitement. But he has found that in general these effects are less frequent and less intense than when morphine, meperidine or allied drugs are used. "Some patients on phenazocine don't suffer any side effects," he said, "and few experience all of them."

One of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital patients, an elderly woman with an intestinal cancer, was in severe pain in spite of the maximum dose of meperidine. When the doctors switched to morphine, her pain eased up, but she then became excited. A combination of phenazocine and a barbiturate finally gave her relief for several weeks, although it was ultimately necessary to perform a chordotomy, an operation to sever nerves that transmit the pain impulses to the brain.

"The action of phenazocine was rapid," said Doctor Eckenhoff, "and appeared to last as long or longer than equally potent doses of morphine."

Doctor Eckenhoff found that respiratory depression, or lowering of the breathing rate, was not a prominent side reaction in these cases, but he warned that this was undoubtedly because of the low doses used. "There are data to show," he said, "that phenazocine does depress respiration in larger doses."

Reports generally corroborating these conclusions were made by Dr. Frank DiPillo, of the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn. With colleagues in the Department of Medicine, Drs. M. Donna Younger, William J. Scarpa and John N. Edson, he conducted tests on 178 patients. They were suffering severe pain from a variety of conditions ranging from fractures to ailments of the heart, kidney and chest. Phenazocine relieved the pain with virtually no side effects. "Our study," Doctor DiPillo said, "showed phenazocine to be an apparent further step toward the ideal analgesic."

Tests at the Minneapolis General Hospital and St. Barnabas Hospital, in Minneapolis, indicate that phenazocine will be particularly useful in obstetrics, according to Dr. Mancel T. Mitchell, chief of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the former institution.

"Our experience with some 200 patients during labor and delivery," he said, "indicate that phenazocine can be used alone or in combination with other drugs and anesthetics. Phenazocine causes a low incidence of all side effects among the mothers, about 14 per cent, and does not adversely affect the condition of the babies, particularly insofar as circulatory and respiratory depression is concerned. Satisfactory relief of labor pain was reported by more than nine out of ten patients."

Doctor Eddy's long association with the search for a synthetic morphine substitute has brought him recognition as an authority on drug addiction. So I asked why drug addiction is a relatively recent problem in this country when the pain-relieving and euphoric properties of opium have been known for centuries.

"Medical treatment is a negligible factor in causing addiction today," Doctor Eddy said, "thanks to the vigilance of the medical profession. But the necessity for constant vigilance was not appreciated 100 years ago. Addiction got its start on the battlefields and in the hospitals of the Civil War."

Morphine was identified as the principal active ingredient of opium in 1805, he explained, but it was the use of the hypodermic needle, invented in 1848, that so greatly speeded and heightened its effect. This combination was a blessing during the Civil War years, when medical treatment was still directed more toward relief of pain than correction of little-understood causes. But addiction wasn't understood at all. Doctors commonly left morphine and a syringe with their patients for self-treatment of recurrent pains. So many soldiers acquired the drug habit from this do-it-yourself medication that morphinism came to be called "army sickness." During the '70's and '80's a flood of laborers imported from China for railroad construction in the West brought the opium-smoking habit with them. The acquisition of the Philippines, where addiction was rampant, brought matters to a head and prompted President Theodore Roosevelt to issue the call for an International Opium Commission that met in Shanghai in 1909.

At the turn of the century one estimate placed the number of opium smokers in the United States, aside from other forms of addiction, at 1,000,000. The nation's population was about 75,000,000, and an alarmed Congress outlawed the use of opium in patent medicines, prohibited importation of smoking opium altogether and raw opium for any but medical use and in 1914 passed the Harrison Narcotics Act, still our basic enforcement statute. After World War I the Bureau of Social Hygiene of New York City undertook a study of drug addiction in this country but later recognized the scope of the problem and turned it over to the National Research Council. That's where Doctor Eddy came in.

In a manner of speaking, Doctor Eddy sidled into his lifework. As a boy in Glens Falls, New York, he wanted to be an engineer. Poor vision ruled that out and he chose medicine instead. His prodigious memory—to this day it unnerves opponents in duplicate-bridge tournaments—more than made up for his restricted eyesight, and he was graduated from Cornell University Medical School in 1911 when he was only twenty. He had to wait three months, until he reached his majority, to get his license. Not long after he opened an office in the Bronx he published his first scientific paper, one of nearly 150 he has published to date in addition to a few books and countless reports.

After five years of private practice Doctor Eddy turned to teaching and research, including the study of drug tolerance. In 1929, while he was teaching at a summer session at the University of Michigan, he was offered a research professorship to supervise a study of drug addiction as part of a program set up by the National Research Council.

The Research Council had secured the late Dr. Lyndon F. Small, of the University of Virginia, to do the chemical research. Doctor Small's assignment was to remove the addictive part of the morphine molecule (if it was a distinct part) without diminishing the analgesic properties, or else to create a new molecule to that order. Each compound he concocted was to be sent to Doctor Eddy for testing—first on animals and, if warranted, on human volunteers.

They started out by digesting all the medical literature in their respective fields, a project that took several years and filled three books, one on the chemistry and two on the pharmacology of the opium alkaloids. The two volumes Doctor Eddy was chiefly responsible for cited more than 10,000 references. It was a mammoth research job. To cope with it, Doctor Eddy invented his own reading glass, which he wears mounted on his forehead like a doctor's head mirror.

In fact, invention proved to be an important part of his job. In the mountain of opiate literature going back to the Sumerian clay tablets of 3500 B.C. he found nothing to help him calculate the intensity coefficient of an "Ouch!" Morphine's chief purpose is to relieve pain. But pain affects no two people alike. A pinprick that makes one person twitch might make another cry out in anguish. Doctor Eddy's first task was to devise ways to measure pain in the laboratory.

That was easier said than done. He soon learned that animals had their idiosyncrasies. A (*Continued on Page 90*)

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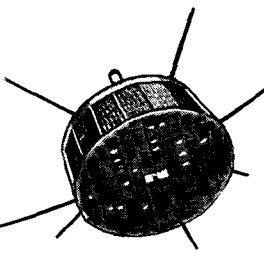
Latest Experimental Meteorological Satellite on Course,

Thanks to Bell Scientists—to Aid in Weather Forecasting



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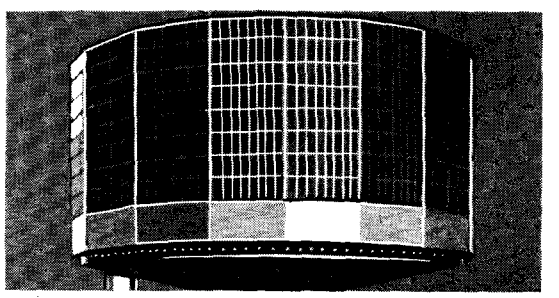

More than 9000 solar cells—an invention of the Bell System—ring Tiros II and provide power for its instruments.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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(*Continued from Page 88*) dose of morphine that would put a dog in a happy doze would have a cat walking on tiptoe with back arched and fur and tail on end. With a device of his own invention, Doctor Eddy established that cats react more uniformly to pressure than do dogs and rabbits. In the laboratory world, where methodology is appreciated as one of the more imaginative sciences, his device was known as the Eddy tail-squeezer.

Essentially it was a small vise operated by turning a thumbscrew that compressed a coil spring. The analgesic potency of the test injection was rated by the amount of pressure required to elicit a mild "Meow!" Doctor Eddy long ago abandoned that method for the mouse-hot-plate technique. Mice's feet are more uniformly sensitive to heat than a human's. A mouse is placed on a heated plate, and an attendant with a stop watch removes it the moment it lifts a foot indicating it feels the heat. Potency of the injection is rated in time. On a scale with morphine as 100, codeine is rated at fifteen, meperidine around twenty-five and heroin 300. Aspirin, an analgesic with no relation to opium, rates about one or two, and phenazocine rates highest of all, 300 to 700, depending upon the individual and the varying test conditions.

In the first decade of their collaboration Doctor Eddy tested about 500 compounds which Doctor Small had made. Two of them are superior to morphine in potency but have rather limited application and are not widely used. Then in 1939 the Research Council's drug addiction program was taken over by the United States Public Health Service, and Doctor Eddy and Doctor Small joined the N.I.H. staff in Washington. Doctor May, who had started on the program as a graduate student at Virginia, joined them soon afterward. They were barely settled before the war threat diverted their attention to antimalarial drugs. After World War II the team resumed operations with new hope as a result of two developments.

"Just before and during the war," Doctor May explained, "the Germans had discovered meperidine and methadone, known commercially as Dolophine, the first synthetic opiates. Both are classed as addictive drugs, but despite the morphinelike reactions they produce, neither is related chemically to morphine. In fact, meperidine was discovered accidentally in the course of a search for a synthetic substitute for atropine, a relaxing drug. These successes indicated we didn't have to stick as closely to the morphine chemical structure as we had been doing. So we broadened our search."

Thousands of compounds were tested by Doctor Small and Doctor May before they concocted a new analgesic family designated as the phenylmorphans. It has produced several promising drugs in the codeine range and is still under active investigation. Then about six years ago, largely at Doctor May's instigation, another series, the benzomorphans, was synthesized and it was from this series that phenazocine emerged. Meanwhile Doctor May had taken over direction of the chemical phase of the program upon the death of Doctor Small in 1957.

Phenazocine scored unusually high potency ratings in the animal tests. But more significant were the investigations with humans at the Addiction Research Center near Lexington, Kentucky.

The Center is part of a 1100-acre farm established by the United States Public Health Service in 1935 for the treatment of drug addiction. Besides the 1200-bed hospital there are extensive shops and vocational-training facilities; a job is a vital factor in rehabilitating an addict. Although the hospital was set up primarily to care for Federal prisoners, only about half of the patients are in this category and are serving definite terms. The remainder are either addicts who are taking treatment in lieu of a jail sentence or individuals without criminal records who come to Lexington voluntarily in an effort to cure themselves of the drug habit. Admission of the voluntary noncriminal patients is on a space-available basis, and there is usually a short waiting list. The recommended treatment lasts about three months, but the voluntary patients may leave at any time.

"The subjects of the phenazocine tests," Dr. Harris Isbell, director of the research center, told me, "were all prisoners serving definite terms who volunteered for the tests. Since they had not had access to narcotics for periods ranging from a few weeks to more than a year, they might be described as former addicts, although they were still prisoners at the time of the tests."

Opiate addiction, he explained, has three principal characteristics: emotional dependence, tolerance and physical dependence. Emotional dependence is the addict's reliance on drugs as a refuge, a release from life's problems. It is usually the introductory phase of addiction and is treated by psychiatrists at the Center but does not figure in the tests. The measurable factors are tolerance and physical dependence.

Tolerance is the mysterious adaptability of the human metabolism to narcotics in which increasingly larger doses are needed to get the original pain-relieving or euphoric effect. Man can build up an amazing tolerance for morphine. In clinical practice an average dose of morphine is only about ten milligrams, and the daily total from forty to sixty milligrams. Even smaller dosages may cause toxic effects in patients receiving the drug for the first time. Yet addicts with a well-developed tolerance have been known to inject as much as 5000 milligrams intravenously within twenty-four hours without suffering any significant toxic effects.

Physical dependence is the compulsion that drives an addict to keep on taking a drug in order to prevent the harrowing "abstinence syndrome" or withdrawal symptoms that follow when he stops. In some people these symptoms, which range from nausea to wild hallucination, may be delayed a day or two, but once they start they may continue for as long as two weeks. A large dose of morphine, however, will dispel the symptoms almost immediately, turn a retching human hulk into a gay, chatty companion in a few minutes. The size of the dose needed to do this depends mainly upon the size of the person and how long he has been addicted.

In the Lexington studies the former addicts were given first morphine and then phenazocine in an effort to compare the tolerance and the physical-dependence factors associated with each drug. "Tolerance to phenazocine could be built up neither as rapidly nor to as high a level as with morphine," Doctor Isbell reported.

In other words, an individual could benefit from the pain-relieving properties of the new drug over a longer period of time without having to increase the dosage.

To test for dependence and the severity of the abstinence syndrome, the tests permitted the former addicts to become readdicted, so to speak, to a level of 240 milligrams of morphine a day and then switched them to phenazocine. When phenazocine was then withdrawn, a morphinelike abstinence syndrome developed to some degree, but it could be abolished by a dose of phenazocine only a seventh as large as the effective dose of morphine. Moreover, the patient could then be "cured" of his addiction by a gradual tapering off of the phenazocine doses.

"Our tests showed unequivocally," Doctor Isbell said, "that phenazocine is an addictive material in man but that physical dependence appeared to be milder and to develop more slowly."

It was after these encouraging tests at Lexington that quantities of the new drug were made up by Smith, Kline and French Laboratories, in Philadelphia, for the clinical trials on patients in Philadelphia and other cities mentioned earlier in this article. The Smith, Kline and French product has been given the trade name, Prinadol. Meanwhile patents have been taken out, in Doctor Eddy's and Doctor May's names, by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and licenses will be issued to pharmaceutical companies royalty free. Information on the manufacturing process will be made available on request to firms abroad without restrictions. Smith, Kline and French and a British firm are making the drug, five other American companies have been licensed and inquiries have come from fifty or more companies abroad.

Doctor Eddy, with medical encomiums ringing in his ears and a Superior Performance Award from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in his hand, retired last August after twenty-one years of service with the Government. The search for the ideal analgesic will continue under Doctor May's direction, but Doctor Eddy will serve as a consultant.

"Phenazocine and other synthetics we think will be still more effective won't solve the drug addiction problem," Doctor Eddy explained, "although they can help. So far as medical needs are concerned, the world can get along without opium now, or could with a little advance notice.

"I believe that opium production even in countries where it is economically important can be abolished someday. Iran was one of the largest-producing nations when poppy cultivation was banned in 1955, largely on the initiative of Shah Pahlavi. A vigorous enforcement campaign is being carried on, and many of the officers directing it were trained at the Federal Bureau of Narcotics school here in Washington. Our International Co-operation Administration has given assistance in treating the addiction problem and helping to introduce new crops to replace opium poppies."

Afghanistan followed Iran's lead in outlawing opium poppies in 1958, and other nations have tightened up restrictions against narcotics, including hashish, or marijuana, and cocaine. More than fifteen nations are expected to participate in the conference to be held in New York under United Nations sponsorship. Since the first international agreement in 1909, six others have been drawn up at various times, some ratified by some nations, others by others. The single agreement to be presented at next year's conference is a codification of the older protocols. None of them has been signed by all the major countries that produce or manufacture narcotics, Doctor Eddy pointed out.

"Here at home," he said, "the general trend of addiction has been downward for fifty years. The majority of the estimated 60,000 addicts in this country come from the slum areas of our larger cities. We could profitably spend more effort on correcting conditions that lead to addiction. More stress on rehabilitation of addicts discharged from the hospital at Lexington, a field neglected altogether in the past, would greatly reduce the proportion of repeaters, about 40 per cent, who come back a second time or oftener for treatment. We're making progress slowly." THE END

NEXT POST
ON SALE JANUARY 3

BEGINNING THE STORY OF THE TRIUMPH, TRAGEDY AND SCANDAL OF A DEFIANT GENIUS:

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

By Finis Farr

SPRIGHTLY WIDOW FROM OREGON:

Senator MAURINE NEUBERGER

By Robert Cahn

A SWIMMER'S ORDEAL:

I LOST MY LEG TO A SHARK

THE TWILIGHT OF BOXING

By W. C. Heinz

MURDER ON THE TURNPIKE

An Exciting New Novel by William P. McGivern

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Winter's Wildest Sport (Continued from Page 32)

half-hour chore of assembling or taking apart their boats. Some of the miscellaneous items in view included men roaring around on air-propeller sleds and families with flaming portable braziers enjoying cookouts, for heaven's sake. Far away, maybe a mile, was a thin black smudge of spectators, and past them suddenly swept a dozen white sails, closely clustered, going fast. In all this company I seemed to be the only soul wearing a fedora hat, a businessman's overcoat and the long pants customarily affected on railroad trains.

I climbed down on the ice and set out briskly for the racecourse, but the wind, coming from starboard, blew my galoshes sidewise along the ice, and I fell down, all spread out flat like a crab. "Upsy-daisy," a nearby skipper said cheerfully. "You need creepers"—pointing to cleatlike gadgets around his high boots. "You're not exactly dressed for this racket, brother. What's under your pants?"

"Underpants. Garters," I said with dignity.

"I'll bet—no drawers." He clucked and shook his head. "To be loose in this game, first you've got to be warm. Thermal stuff underneath, good old Korean War stuff. Then you stay toasty and loose. It gets brisk out here, even if you don't feel cold at first."

"I am feeling cold at first."

"Well, you can always melt down in the inn up there. That's headquarters. You can fan the breeze with our wives if they haven't got the kids outdoors, freezing down their animal spirits." He was examining a pretty awful scar on the sleek blue hull of his boat. "Another fellow and I converged a little too close in the last heat. Thought something might be busted, but I guess not. Last year in this race one of the guys broke a framing stay coming into the lower mark, and the boat turned over and pieces of it spattered every which way—nearly crowned the judges. Fellows behind him steered through the mess, which is pretty fair seamanship. Well, want to go out there? You can take the cockpit, and I'll sit out on the crossplank and tell you what to do."

I thanked him warmly. I said I was a writer and that as much as I would enjoy sailing his boat, it was my duty to stay here and interview skippers as they came and went.

"O.K. See you at the dinner dance," he said. "Bottoms down!" And away sped his boat with a flashing of silvery runners.

There was good talking that day with skippers, officials, boatbuilders, sailmakers and just plain talkers who, like fans of any other sport, are fountains of information. Incidentally, most of my notes were written from memory while lying in bed that night under the thermal looseness of three blankets folded double. Out there on the ice my ball-point pen kept freezing and would revive only when hung in an inside pocket close to my heart.

I did manage to record some iceboating lore. It seems that when the wind gets busy on an iceboat it is dealing with a more able and willing instrument than a water boat. An iceboat's runners enable it to move with little friction no matter what hell-bent speed is acquired. Also, those diligently sharpened iceboat blades prevent sideslip more efficiently than a keel does in water. Hence all the wind power generated against a sail is converted into motion—and speed.

When iceboats are sailing along with the wind they do *not* go faster than the wind is blowing, but when they are heading across the wind, that's something else. The wind humming against the sail tries to push the boat sidewise, but the runners won't stand for sideslipping, so the boat tries to get out of this jam by spurting forward. Skippers call this "the squeeze." Come to think of it, if you squeeze a wet piece of soap between your thumb and forefinger, it's apt to squirt at high speed across the bathroom. There's more to it than that in iceboating, but that roughly explains why iceboats can go scooting much faster than the wind.

My notebook also emphasizes a meeting with a pretty, young lady who was putting a tiny DN-class boat to bed in its smartly tailored canvas nightclothes. One needs to know that a majority of iceboats are not classified according to size and design and type of rig, but simply according to maximum square-foot limit of sail—Class A is 350 square feet or under; B, 250; C, 175; D, 125; and E (the ultra-swift Skeeter) 75. But there are a few "one-design" classes. For instance, the DN's, an invention of the Detroit News Craftsman's Shop, which were racing at St. Clair for the coveted Scripps DN Trophy, must be like this: mast sixteen feet, hull twelve, runner or crossplank eight and sail sixty square feet. The idea of the one-designers is to have skippers using exactly the same kind of boat, thus placing maximum emphasis on sailing skill.

Mrs. Jane Pegel, the lady on the ice, and wife of genial Bob Pegel, nationally known sailmaker, said that in the United States there are some 450 DN boats alone and about 1500 boats of all classes. The sport focuses on about fifty ice-yacht clubs, a number with their own clubhouses. I asked her if she had had a good day. "Won both my heats," she said.

"Pretty tough opposition, eh?"

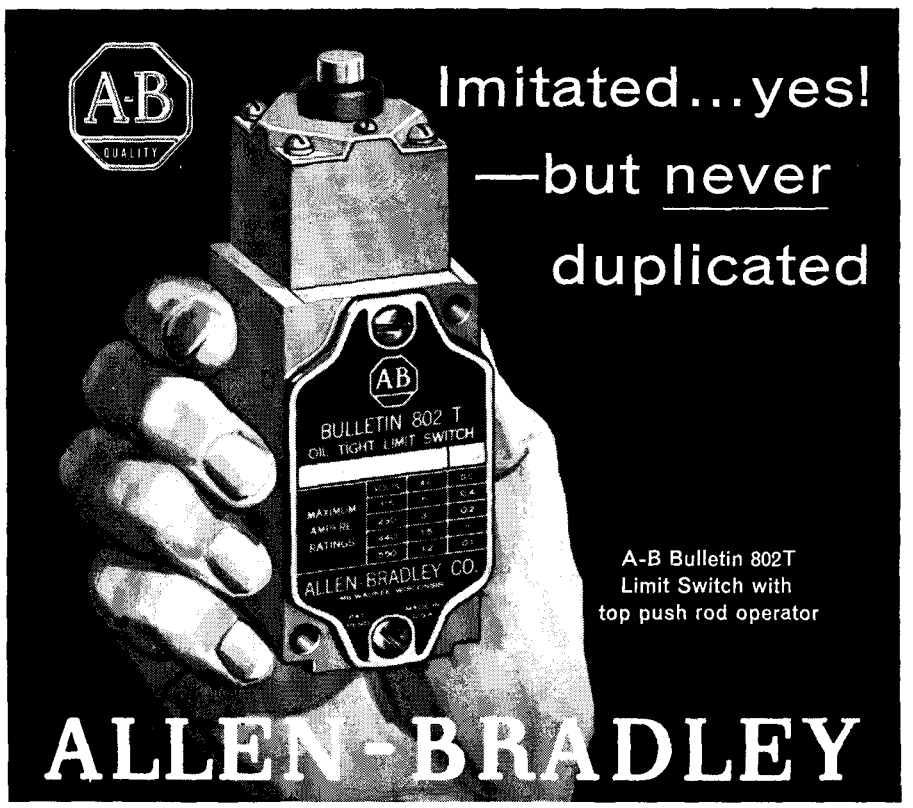
"Well, twenty-one men." Next day in the final heat she slew the twenty-one men again. In the summertime she is a nationally renowned soft-water sailor.

When the waning sun was a golden half-sphere on the rim of St. Clair's ice, in rushed the last competitors of the racing fleet. But many of the skippers seemed restless, and away they went again, just aimlessly and happily darting this way and that like huge white birds. Although iceboating is essentially a racing sport, many of its addicts never race at all; for them the exhilaration of sailing far more swiftly than the wind is enough and they love it.

A final vignette of Lake St. Clair: A boat skimmed shoreward, reaching long sunset shadows across the ice, and out of the cockpit laboriously crawled a man who, when his feet were on the ice, stood up on crutches. It was Al Sternkopf of Nashotah, Wisconsin, president of the International Skeeter Association. His leg had been broken when he had a mishap with his boat a month or so before. The accident happened, friends explained, while Al was trying to make an emergency stop to avoid hitting some spectators. He had dragged the limb overside and it got tangled up with the crosswise runner plank. No harm to the spectators.

When I reached Sternkopf on the ice, he was four-legging on his crutches toward his car, kicking a detached runner ahead of him with his good foot. It saddened him to abstain from racing while his leg was in a cast. "I didn't do well today," he said, yet he seemed in excellent humor. "Usually I use my foot-steering apparatus and man the sail with both hands. Today—one hand steer, one hand sail. Boy, it felt good to be tearing around again."

Using the squeeze to multiply the force of the wind produces some amazing speeds. For example, in 1908 Commodore Elisha Price of the Long Branch club in New Jersey, recorded an officially clocked speed of 140 miles an hour in his big



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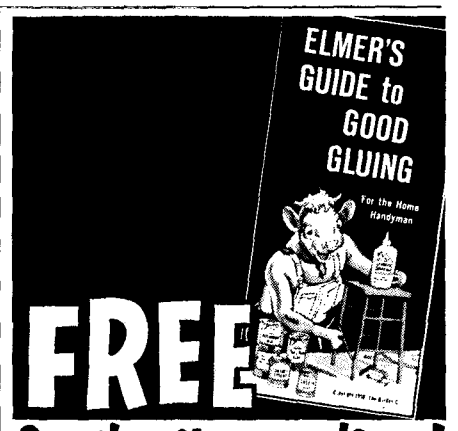

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yacht, *Clarel*. And yet there can be *too* much wind to suit iceboaters. Indeed, gusts up to forty-five or so are apt to make them resign for the day. A sailor told me that one afternoon when he was out testing the wind to see if a race should be postponed, "Some kind of overstrain hit the hull and the middle section of it just exploded, leaving two half-boats." So what happened? Oh, nothing much—the stern, including the bewildered passenger in the cockpit, caught up with the bow and sort of hugged it until everything stopped.

The basic running gear of an iceboat is deceptively simple, consisting of three "legs," or runners. One of them, a swiveling blade for steering, is attached to the main part of the boat, and the other two, which are stationary, are at the ends of the crosswise runner plank. Sometimes the skipper, or a whim of the wind, hikes one of the craft's runners up in the air and lets her proceed on two runners. During nearly a century of American ice yachting the runner plank was always stationed under the bow, and the steering runner was back under the stern, where everybody assumed a ship's rudder should be. Designs have changed, but even today the stern steering blade remains the best way to control the very big boats, those which have a two-man crew—a sail handler and a helmsman. A distressing trait of the stern steerer is that sometimes the helm gets to vibrating so violently that the helmsman can't make it behave, whereupon the boat goes into a pigeon-wing (spin) and whirls like a magnificent top. A pigeon-wing veteran says, "You can get dizzy, and if you land upside down on the ice, you can get dizzier."

Early in the 1930's came the revolution that suddenly produced smaller, cheaper, more efficient boats, a kind of Model T triumph. A few Midwestern pioneers, notably Starke Meyer and Walter Beauvais, began playing around with the idea of moving the steering runner up to the bow and the crosswise runner plank back under the stern; they eliminated the forward sail, cut the hull length drastically, shortened the mast considerably, and fashioned an enclosed cockpit to keep the sailors inside the boat, where they belong. These svelte craft, of which Chicago's Ted Mead originally was the master builder, could "take" more wind without going haywire, and they maneuvered like a dream. They were called Class E Skeeters, and they soon began beating the whey out of the big, proud stern-steerers, horrifying the traditionalists. In the 1960 Northwestern free-for-all championship on Lake Winnebago, Bill Perrigo's Skeeter, which he calls *Thunderjet*, not only cleaned up on everybody, but beat the big Class A champion by the distressing distance of one lap.

The Skeeter has added to its speed with a couple of latter-day fillips. One was the switch to tough Dacron sails which lather up speed like anything. The other was the use of a springboard to connect the front runner to the boat; this acts as a stabilizer for the steersman in his madder moments. Bow-steering boats don't spin, praises be, but in case one of them capsizes, the runner plank under the skipper hoists him maybe eight feet into the air, from where a descent onto the ice is regrettable—especially if the mast breaks and comes down on top of him.

A boat manufacturer explained all this to me, and I went on to ask him how much he would charge me for a boat. He said about $2000 for a Skeeter and $500 for a smaller DN. With us was a chap who had designed and built several boats for himself in his garage, and he said he did it for maybe half that cost. The two of them got into a hassle about whether or not the professionals were charging too much, so I went away from there, found a skipper who was alone and asked him how I could get started at iceboating in case the urge should overwhelm me. He said to buy a secondhand boat, play with it for two seasons, and then I would know whether to buy a new boat or build my own dream vessel.

Iceboaters have much more trouble with the weather than most other people have. They want ice, and they don't want snow. When a blizzard comes, they want an unseasonable thaw or a warm rain to melt the snow fast, but not melt the ice. Because they have to motor around to where the ice is sailable, theirs is a weekend sport; so they don't want thaws on Saturdays and freeze-ups on Mondays. They want wind, but not big wind, and they certainly decry "no wind." Last winter some Easterners drove out to a regatta near Chicago, that windy city; for two days not a breath of air blew, and everybody went home. A few seasons ago there was a quaint regatta at Lake Geneva. The racers got hopelessly lost in a sudden and obliterating snowstorm, some of them winding up on unfamiliar shores and returning to headquarters by taxicab.

The weather was the reason I found Joe Irwin depressed when I called on him last February. He is the ex-commodore of the famous old North Shrewsbury Yacht Club at Red Bank, New Jersey. From a picture window we looked out at a soundlike expanse of the Navesink River close to the ocean, out across rippling blue-and-silver water. Another Red Banker said later, "The ice that river has produced all winter wouldn't cool a Martini."

Joe Irwin, like his renowned father, the late Commodore Charles P. Irwin, loves to race the giant old Hudson River-type Class A's which require ten men to carry them. He owns or has controlling syndicate interest in three of them. He reminisced about a race in which a Class A boat hit a patch of thin Navesink ice and disappeared in a geyser of spray. "Some part of a boat usually stays above water. We snaked one member of the crew off it with a rope. But the other fellow was floundering around, all neatly rolled up in the big sail. Well, we just had to unroll him fast." He added dismally, "Nobody will go through ice here this winter." And yet one day in March there came an excited phone call from Red Bank: "Ice on the Navesink! The small boats will race. Too thin for the big boats, but one guy insists he's going out anyway." So *Post* photographer Larry Keighley made a trip over to the Navesink and took a picture of the big boat in action. Just as he finished, up went a water geyser and down went the boat. Joe Irwin arrived rapidly with a rope.

Apparently some restive character in Holland dreamed up the first iceboat, because around 1750 the Dutch were doing something reckless called sleigh sailing. Dutch settlers brought the idea to the Hudson River, and by 1870 the Roosevelt family and other moneyed people were evolving craft so huge, and so close to unmanageable, that many owners considered it prudent to linger on land and observe what happened to their professional crews.

The most titanic of these iceliners, the *Icicle*, now reposes in the Roosevelt Museum in Hyde Park. It won the Challenge Pennant of America again and again. John E. Roosevelt—F.D.R.'s uncle—had this leviathan built out of butternut wood from his own estate. Like every true iceboater he was always rebuilding it this way and that, and at one time it was nearly sixty-nine feet long and carried 1070 square feet of sail! Let's not try to decide if today's supreme boat, the Skeeter with seventy-five square feet of sail, could have beaten the *Icicle* in a free-for-all. One thing is certain: Commodore Roosevelt couldn't have transported his boat on one of today's automobiles—he used a railroad flatcar. Which brings to mind that the Hudson River lads took pleasure in racing the riverside express trains and leaving them astern. Recently a skipper gravely told me about one of these old iceboats' being involved in a train wreck: it got a little out of hand and knocked the locomotive off the track. The raconteur was unable to remember the name of the book in which he believed he read this.

Gradually the iceliners of yore gave way to relatively smaller boats, more like the stern steerers of today. And when, around the turn of this century, unsentimental commercialists began cracking up the Hudson's ice for winter navigation, that finished the rich-man's-sport phase of iceboating. A pleasant postscript about the Hudson comes from John Childs, secretary-treasurer of the Eastern Ice Yacht Association and a busy member of the Westchester (New York) Ice Sailing Club. He reports that Richard Aldrich of Red Hook, up the Hudson, is trying to organize a fleet of big boats which, by steering clear of channel water, will bring flashing sails back to the old river again. Childs lives in New Rochelle, New York, and has a special interest in the Aldrich project. Someone found stowed away the essential parts of one of the Hudson's greatest boats, the *Jack Frost* (720 square feet of sail), and Childs is going to rebuild her at his home. What with other things to do, he figures it will take about five years.

When today's eastern yachtsmen occasionally take the long haul out to the Midwest regattas, they often get shellacked. Western speed merchants reason that periodic plagues of bad weather in the East have a dulling effect on racing enthusiasm and pioneering in design. Maybe. Yet for enthusiasm, ice boating has never known anything like the wild-and-woolly rivalry which for generations has kept New Jersey's ancient Long Branch and Red Bank clubs bashing away at each other in annual challenges—strong men among the losers feel like crying. These fellows still love the grand, big Hudson-type boats. In Red Bank's venerable clubhouse are stored leviathans of yesteryear and this year, and upstairs in the monthly meeting room the boys sit around a potbellied stove, maybe with chowder steaming on it, while faded photos of great sailors and great boats, and fraying pennants of sweet victories, seem to smile down on them.

As for dreaming up new designs, Easterners began to feel that a double-duty boat would be nice, a Skeeter-type boat in which one could go like mad in a race or in which he could take a leisurely afternoon cruise with his wife. So they invented the Yankee class, with a cockpit that accommodates two medium-size persons, side by side. It is a fine teaching boat, a boon to iceboat widows, and something for young lovers to have in mind—they can sail for miles down a lake beneath a great pale moon and run out of wind.

It came to pass in Philadelphia one day last January that there was a ferocious rainstorm, featuring lightning bolts and thunder blast, just as in July. I phoned Homer Sieder, Westfield, New Jersey, president of the Yankee Iceboat Association, to find out whether or not the championship regatta on Lake Hopatcong in northern New Jersey was still scheduled for the weekend. Homer has been Eastern Open champion four times, and he has the depressing tendency to win his own Yankee championships while the rest of the fleet is way out yonder. Considering Homer's velocity and the fact that he had offered to take me for a ride at Hopatcong, I hoped he would call the race off. He said to phone again Friday night. It was raining warmly then.

"I said I hate taxes!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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so he said to call Saturday morning at six. I did, and at that repugnant hour he reported, "The ice hasn't gone out. There's water all over it, but that makes ice faster. We go."

When I got out of my car at Lake Hopatcong the Yankee boats were tuning up at the starting mark, far, far from the shore, raging around on sheets of water. There was some open water around the edge of the mooring bay, and apparently the thing to do was to walk out on the mud hummocks, step on the rim of the ice and see if it broke. A chap who was fixing his boat said cordially, "Watch out for the little rotty-looking spots about the size for your leg to go through. We've got at least the minimum three inches of ice, and four is perfectly safe. Water supports ice—sort of hydraulic principle—but a pocket of air that will compress—and blooey." For a friendly man he was singularly alarming.

As I walked out on the ice—watching for those little rotty spots—I noticed that sometime earlier the ice had broken up into little white cakes, and then the water had refrozen darkly between the blocks. At the mouth of the bay it was necessary to detour around an expanse of open water; this, a man said, was caused by a current, but he did not know if the expanse was getting bigger. Outside the bay there was an abominable cold wind which had to be leaned against, and the temperature fell acutely. At the starting mark the most impressive sight was a contented-looking spectator with a very bald head; he was bundled to his ears in a greatcoat, but, he had no hat! No wonder a man is bald, treating his head like that. I stood on that ice for three hours and forty minutes, and every time a chill set in I looked at that head and felt better.

So the fleet captain with the loudspeaker lined up the boats and signaled the start. The skippers gave their craft mighty shoves, leaped into the cockpits, and away leaped the ice yachts. At first they seemed dangerously bunched, and then they came unbunched, tacking this way and that, and by and by they were little white flecks straining toward a mark so far away I could not see it. Spectators exclaimed, "There, Joe has a puff!" or "Look at old Bill ride that puff!" Puffs are swift streams of air gusting through slower or standstill air.

When the fleet was still far away, out of nowhere swept a boat, swished around the finish mark and went barreling off down the lake again.

"What's that?" I asked the man with the checkered flag.

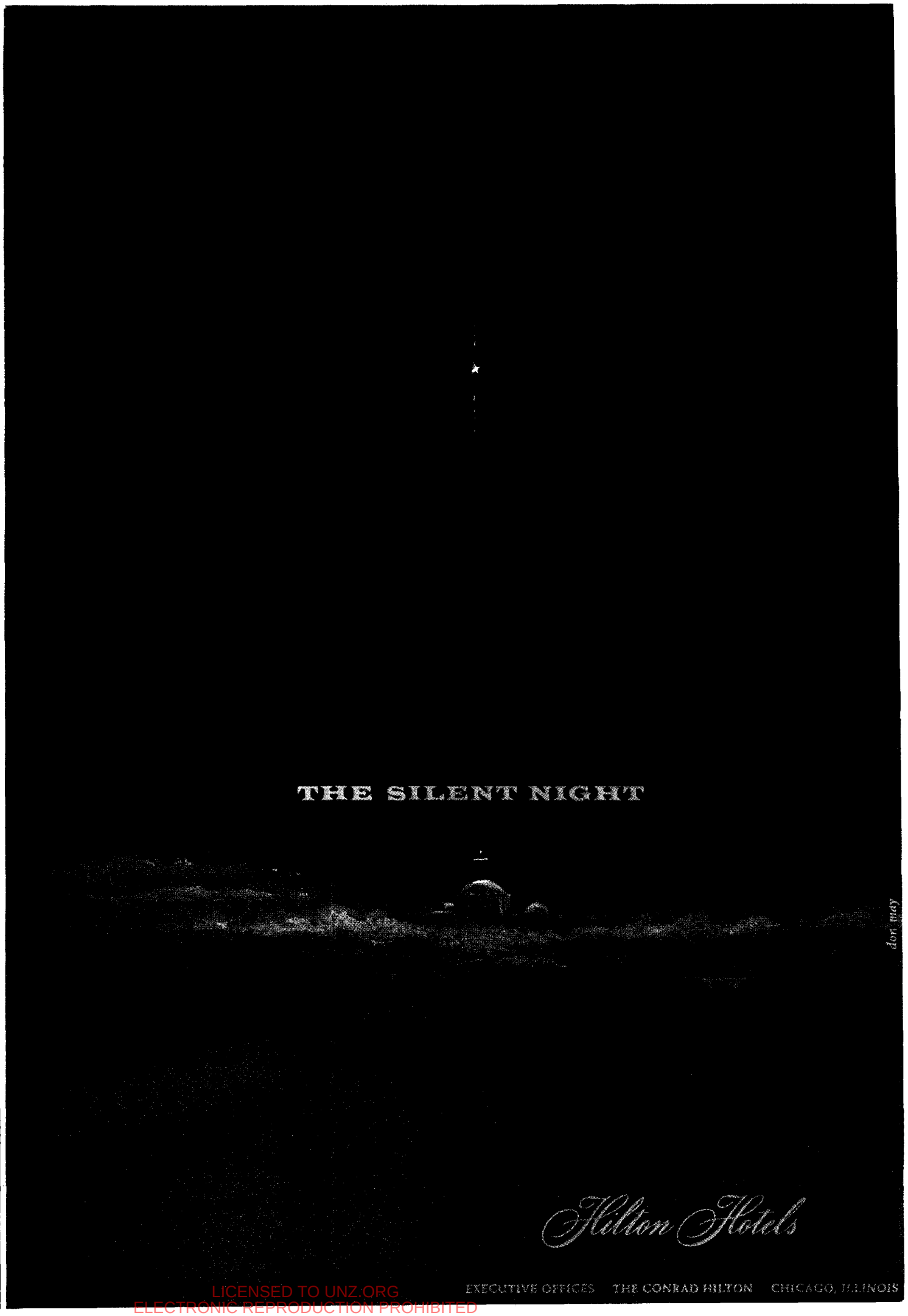
"Oh, that's Homer," he said. "Second lap."

It seems that it is routine for Homer to run around in that lonely way while the crowd grows frenzied about who is second and third. What makes a sailor as good as that, anyway? There are things you have to know in the technical, bookish way, says Sieder, but above that you have to keep *feeling* what is the right thing to do. He makes it very simple: "You sail by the seat of your pants."

There came a moment when sailor Sieder said to me, "Well, hop in. Trouble is, with the wind dying down, I'm afraid I can't get her puffing." I thought, *Is that bad?* The skipper adjusted his goggles, and I adjusted my fedora and inserted my pants and overcoat into the hole in the hull. Sieder gave the boat a galloping shove and leaped in, and before a person could say "Help!" the ice was moving backward at a gruesome speed and so was a barrage of ice shavings from the front runner.

Just as I was becoming used to the unfortunate situation, dead ahead of us and horribly near arose the shore line, heavily timbered and tilting up into a graceful hill. Obviously we must either hike up on two runners and careen out of there or proceed up the hill and take off in the air like a ski jumper. But our three runners remained firmly on the ice—three down, someone explained later, is smarter, faster sailing than two. What Sieder did was turn around on a dime—or at most a quarter. Our low center of gravity and those clinging blades kept us topside up, and the cockpit kept my body from going on up the hill. Some seconds later I was satisfied to be back at the starting point, but the skipper turned around and did it all over again. When we stopped, he said, "You get out first," which I was already doing.

Suddenly I felt wonderful. And this was not because I had survived the ride, but because I had experienced it. The tension and dread and just plain fear disappeared in a fountaining puff of exhilaration. Ice sailing is a releasing, freeing, conquering sport; when birds gather in the evening sky and go whirling and swirling and racing along a sundown wind, they must be having that same kind of fun. I would buy an iceboat if I liked to go outdoors in winter. THE END



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The seeds of hope are sown by many hands

"We cannot live only for ourselves. A thousand fibers connect us with our fellow-men; and along those sympathetic threads, our actions run as causes, and they come back to us as effects."
—Melville

Take a look at the facing page.

What you see are some fairly familiar symbols of some pretty important public service causes—notices that catch your eye almost every time you stop, look, or listen these days.

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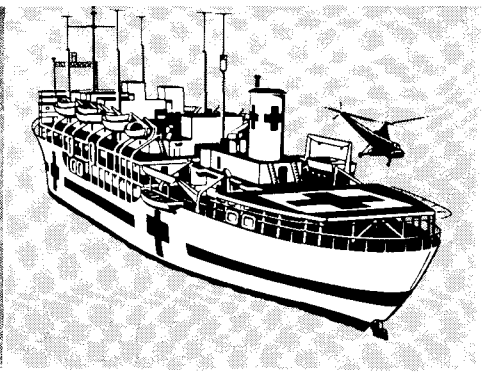

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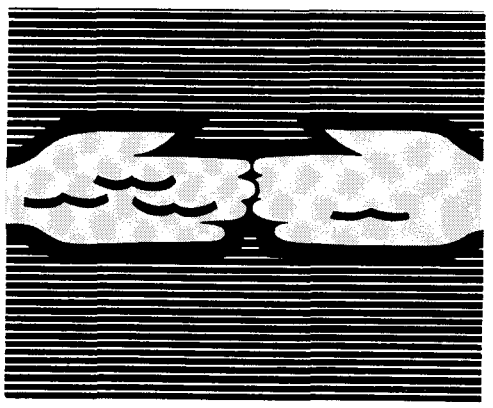

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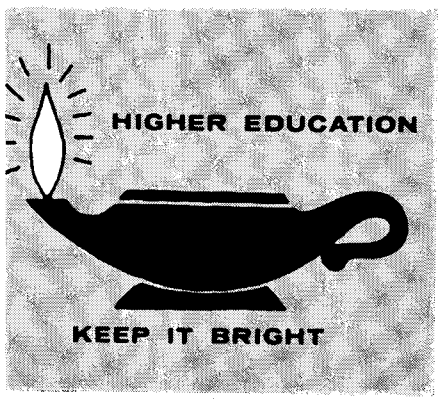

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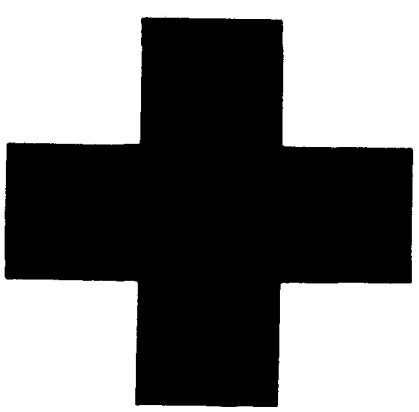

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The Mischief Maker From Moscow

(Continued from Page 17)

that Deutscher shoved aside the Russian diplomat and held out an arm to me. When I approached, I got a Tartar hug and a wet kiss on both cheeks.

"Ach, Theo, you see!" he roared at me. "They had to let me out, after all, to play for America. Enough of Gilels and those people. I come—I play."

"It's wonderful to see you again," I said.

"But I don't come only for the piano," he laughed, brushing back the long white hair that had fallen over his forehead. "I come for a week to see your country. You will show me your New York, your great city of beautiful women ——"

The Soviet diplomat recovered from his snub and seized Deutscher by the arm to lead him toward an official limousine. The pianist turned back toward me with a look that made an appointment, then disappeared into the cabbage patch of heads seeking his autograph, his picture, his "first impressions."

Carnegie Hall had been sold out since November, for Deutscher's reputation had grown for years on the testimony of everyone who had heard him play in Russia. A few pirated recordings hissed confirmation of the man's genius—at the very top, there was Rubinstein and there was Deutscher, Horowitz and Serkin; no one else. The purely artistic reputation was counterpointed by the fact that Deutscher had never been allowed out of Russia, even under Khrushchev's "new deal." Rumor fluted the reasons—Deutscher drank, he skipped concerts, he got into fights, he had four wives and was always on the lookout for more. There was even a story that Stalin had signed an order for Deutscher's execution, during those wild paranoiac days before he died, but the order was mysteriously delayed, or shifted into some wandering dossier, and Deutscher survived to salute the dictator's death with a drunken obscene joke. All of this hushed the packed hall when the paunchy old man marched on stage and took his seat.

It was a fairly conventional program—a partita, the *Appassionata*, the Liszt B Minor Sonata, and ten Scriabin preludes—but I could almost see the hair rising on the backs of the necks of the half dozen famous pianists I could identify within a few rows of my own seat. We knew, the other pianists and I, the technical mastery that achieved such effects—the absolute equality of touch in the most flamboyant Liszt, the absolute articulation of different melodic lines in the Bach, the absolute control of contrasting rhythms in the Scriabin—but that was all something that any run-of-the-conservatory virtuoso could at least aim for. There was no technical explanation, however, for the fact that when Deutscher reached an incredibly light-fingered end to the *Appassionata*, the whole audience rose to its feet and roared and kept on roaring.

It took almost an hour after the concert to empty Deutscher's dressing room of minked matrons and reporters. Deutscher had insisted that I stay, and finally there was no one else left except Tony Berg, who was Schmidt's aide-de-camp, and a thin, balding Russian with a pince-nez and a frayed black suit.

"Permit me," said Deutscher, waving at the other Russian. "This little man you see, Theo, is Georgy Kazanov, once from the NKVD but now a poor servant of the Culture Ministry and, by grace of God, my brother-in-law. His work is to follow me and see that I am a good man. Hah!" The little man bowed stiffly.

"Theo Schneider," I said, holding out my hand.

"Don't shake his hand," Deutscher said, knocking my arm to one side. "He has dirty hands. . . . Don't you, Georgy? Dirty white hands?"

Kazanov said nothing.

"And now, Theo, I give myself to you . . . and this—Mr. ——"

"Berg," complained Tony. He was a hard-driving failure whom I had known since the college days when he hoped to write musical comedies. "Don't you remember Mr. Schmidt said I should take care of you, bring you to the supper party at the St. Pierre?"

"Supper party!" Deutscher snorted. "I don't come to America to feast with your *bourgeoisie*. I come to make music and to see your country. . . . Come, Theo, let us go."

Deutscher took me by the arm and marched down the stairway. Like two courtiers, Berg danced on ahead and Kazanov behind. On the wet corner of Fifty-seventh Street, Berg dutifully stepped off the curb into ankle-deep slush and flagged down a cab, but Deutscher was already striding down the street.

"No taxi," he cried. "Come, we will walk. We will see more."

Like most New Yorkers I never thought of New York as a place to see. Visitors told me about The Cloisters, about new pink-and-purple skyscrapers, and even about paintings in City Hall, but I never bothered to look at them. All I saw now

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Probably the first teacher of an adult-education class was Eve.

PEP MEALIFFE

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were cold neon lights, the dark, ugly walls of a laundry (DANCE STUDIO—ONE FLOOR UP—100 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS) and the glare of a half-empty drugstore. And a dark shadow furtively approaching.

"Say, could you spare a quarter?" the figure asked. Deutscher stopped to see what the man wanted.

"Go on, beat it!" cried Berg, pushing nervously in front of Deutscher. The beggar cowered. He was an elderly man with a dark-suited pretense at respectability.

"Money he wants?" Deutscher asked, reaching into his pocket. "We have money. Here, I have this."

Deutscher pulled out a half dollar and gave it to the beggar.

"God bless you," the old man mumbled, turning to escape.

"Wait, wait!" Deutscher cried. "You need more? Georgy also has money. . . . Come, Georgy, help the poor man."

Kazanov pulled out a pocketful of change, looked at it in bewilderment, then selected a penny and gravely handed it to the old man.

"Idiot!" Deutscher snapped, taking a quarter out of Kazanov's hand and adding this to the loot. Then he pointed a finger at his guardian and said to the beggar, "You see him? Pray for his soul."

So we walked on, three of us with heads down against the wind, with Deutscher looking all around him and occasionally muttering and grunting at something that struck his eye. He neither questioned nor commented, but simply exploded with sounds like "See!" and "Ah-hah!" Suddenly he stopped in front of a neon palace that advertised a troupe of beautiful girls.

"Ah, is this your *Quartier Latin?*" Deutscher asked. "Can we hear your jazz?" He gave it the German pronunciation: "Yats."

"What does he want now?" Berg complained.

"Your American folk music—can we not hear it here?"

"He wants to hear some jazz," I said to Berg. "What about the Canary Cage—it's just a couple of blocks, and we could get out of this wind for a while."

We turned to Deutscher, but Kazanov was hissing in his ear in Russian.

"We speak English, for our friends," Deutscher declared. Kazanov gave a sickly smile. "He asks if I am not hungry," Deutscher declared. "It is true. I am hungry, but I am patient."

"Please, Mr. Deutscher, I ask you," Berg broke in. "At the St. Pierre Hotel, one of the finest hotels in New York, we have provided *just for you* a magnificent menu of beautiful meats and pastries, *boeuf strogonoff* and God knows what, along with the *crème de la crème* of our artistic world, all waiting for the honor of dining with you."

"No, I am patient, and Georgy is patient. Later we eat soup and maybe a chicken, but now we see your people, we hear your jazz."

"If you want to hear good jazz, there's a place down the street," I said.

"Good, we go. . . . Come, Georgy."

Stan Wingle was declaiming at the keyboard as we entered the cramped place, to the accompaniment of glares from the crew-cut cult. Wingle was a very light-skinned Negro with Messianic pretensions—he wore a white robe and cultivated the beard and hairdo of a Christmas-card Jesus.

Against the rhythmic background provided by a similarly robed drummer, and a tall, clean-shaven blond who embraced a double bass, Wingle performed his mystical improvisations. There were mystical repetitions of the same note, there were mystical pauses, a minute or more of complete silence, followed by one mystical chord, and the audience—college types—sat bewitched.

"Tony!" cried a wandering blonde during the rustle between Wingle's numbers. "Tony Berg! It's been ages!"

"Oh, hi, Sue," Berg shrugged.

"Well, don't leave a girl standing around. Who's old Doctor Schweitzer and company?"

"This is Vassily Deutscher, the great Russian pianist and Mr.—uh—Kazanov . . . and Theo Schneider, an old friend, who also tickles the treacherous ivory. . . . Sue Lindstrom."

"*Enchanté!*" cried Deutscher, leaping out of his chair and kissing the blonde's hand. Kazanov gave a jerky bow.

"How do you like Stan Wingle?" Sue demanded as she slid onto one of the benches. "Isn't he simply it?"

"Interesting," said Deutscher in a kindly manner. "Very interesting."

"You're nice," Sue told him. Deutscher beamed at the girl, who looked well worth beaming at. I glanced at Kazanov and saw him frown at Sue. I gathered that there were girls like Sue in Moscow, and that Kazanov was not above jealousy at the way they fluttered around his brother-in-law.

"A Bloody Mary, Mary," Sue said to the waiter who sidled up.

"Funny!" he complained. Everybody ordered vodka, and Deutscher held out a pack of Laika cigarettes. Everyone dutifully puffed the weedy proof of Russian supremacy in outer space.

"Listen, Schmidt is going to have triple green apoplexy if I can't get this wild Romeo up to the St. Pierre," Berg was complaining in my ear. "Should I throw myself on his mercy or what?"

"Look, he wants to go on the town," I said. "There's nothing you can do about it. Why don't you just telephone Schmidt and tell him it's off?"

"Yeah," Berg said. "Why don't you tell me something easy, like jumping off Carnegie Hall?" He slid off to look for a telephone. Deutscher didn't mind. He was patting Sue's hand while she told him the story of her life. It was some complicated problem about whether she should concentrate on her painting "career" or accept a suspicious-sounding job. Deutscher said nothing, but listened to the poor blonde as though every word were precious. "I mean," she was saying, "it isn't as though I wanted to be just a secretary or something."

With the third round of vodkas came Tony Berg, back from his telephone call and looking more suicidal than ever. "Schmidt is chewing rugs," he said darkly. "He's already eaten up the fifty-foot imitation Persian delight in the lobby and he's starting on the runner up the stairway. He says to get to the Thaint Pierre with my thield or on it. You know the way he talks—that lisp."

"Good-by," I said.

"No, wait. . . . Listen, Mr. Deutscher. . . . Sue, let a guy get a word intermezzo sledgewise, will you? . . . Listen, Mr. Deutscher, Mr. Schmidt is very very unhappy that you haven't come to the supper at the St. Pierre. Your Russian diplomat is there and he's very unhappy too."

"Pooh! Such people are always unhappy," Deutscher snorted, reaching for another cigarette.

"Look, I don't want to get personal," Berg pleaded, "but Mr. Schmidt, the man who brought you here, the man who pays my salary, he said if I didn't bring you there I'd get bounced, fired, out!" To communicate with this Cossack, Berg drew a finger violently across his throat.

"Do not worry about such things," Deutscher laughed. "I myself will speak with this Schmidt. I will tell him you are a good boy, who worries much. I will tell him I made you a—a prisoner."

"Oh, Lord," Berg shrugged. "I'd better get up there and try to explain."

"Good-by," I offered again.

Berg left just in time to interrupt Wingle's next piece of mysticism.

"Oh, listen to this one," Sue said to Deutscher, breaking off her confessions. She had now made the old man her special property, or vice versa. The pianist grunted and settled into a deep, almost audible silence.

"Ah-hah," he sighed when Wingle finished and bowed his departure. "Now, where are your artists?"

Sue and I looked at each other uncomfortably. "What kind of artists?" I asked.

"Your young writers and painters—where do they meet? Where is your *Closerie des Lilas?*"

"I know what," Sue declared. "He ought to see the Gray Dragon."

"Oh, no," I protested.

"Don't be that way—that's where everybody goes."

"Good—Gray Dragon!" Deutscher cried, lurching to his feet. I had a sudden suspicion that he didn't hold liquor very well. "Georgy, pay the bill. Gray Dragon is good—a symbol—and the beautiful Sue will lead us."

Deutscher consented to take a cab, after we explained that it would take an hour to walk to Greenwich Village, and so we piled out in front of the Dragon. Until a year ago it had been just another fly-specked neighborhood bar. Then a visiting English poet had found it piquant and established his headquarters there. He described it in *The New York Times* book section as "the most amusing pub" he had found in New York. The owner had had the good sense and thrift not to

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splurge on neon lights and new tables. He simply bought more beer glasses and hired two shaggy poets as extra waiters. So the place was packed, when we arrived, with the sour cream of Greenwich Village—the sweatered men not as young as they would have liked, the black-haired, black-legged girls more intense than attractive. Deutscher inspected them all with fascination.

"Your girls, they all look alike," he laughed at me. "Except our little Sue here, our Susha." And with that, the hand that had toyed with Liszt gave Sue's ungirdled rear an outrageous lobsterish pinch. She slapped him with delight.

"Theo!" cried one of the black girls—it was true, they did all look alike—but Jill was not as dull as her uniform of sweater, skirt and leotard made her look. Her black bangs framed a rather handsome face, with huge black eyes.

"Ah, more young ladies," Deutscher rejoiced. "And who is your pretty friend, Theo?"

"Jill Dolan. She writes poetry," I said, perhaps a little grudgingly. . . . "Jill, this is Vassily Deutscher."

"Theo was very rude," Deutscher said and smiled at Jill as we sat around a tiny, hacked-up table in the dark rear room, drinking still more vodka. "He did not introduce you to Georgy."

"Oh, this is getting to be a drag," Sue protested at the old man's new conquest. She struggled to her feet, almost knocking over the table.

"Don't go away, little Susha," Deutscher cried, but Sue was already on her way, searching among the beards for a less fickle admirer. Deutscher laughed.

"Ah, Theo," he said. "Women are wonderful. You are just beginning; you see them *maestoso* but it must be *scherzando—nón da capo*." His whole expression changed. "Georgy thinks so too," he said. "*Nón da capo*. No repetition."

The old man saw that nobody knew what he was talking about, so he turned again to little Jill. "But I say again that you should know this man, this Georgy Kazanov, you should have known him when he was working in the NKVD and came to marry my sister, Greta. He had a uniform then, didn't you, Georgy? He was so proud, so proud of his uniform."

Kazanov sipped his vodka and said nothing. He acted as though Deutscher were a lunatic who must be tolerated.

"Greta used to bring me food and clothes in those days," Deutscher went on, talking only to Jill. "That was a crime, because it was the war, but Georgy paid no attention because he was a great man, a great policeman. But then they had a fight, a—how you say it?—a quarrel. What do you do when you have a—a quarrel?"

"I throw something at him," Jill replied promptly.

"Ah, you are a good girl. And what does he do, the man?"

"Oh, he argues and shouts and ——"

"Yes, talk," Deutscher interrupted. "But my Georgy here—what do you think he did? He arrested Greta, his wife, my sister, for her crimes of bringing me food. He wanted to arrest me, too, but he did not dare."

"That is all an absurd fabrication," Kazanov broke in. These were his first words, and I had somehow assumed that he spoke little English. "You know how these artists are," he turned to me, as though I were a fellow ex-cop. "Everything is romantic melodrama to them. They insist on living in such fantasies of self-pity."

"She was taken to prison!" Deutscher shouted to Jill.

"I had nothing to do with it," Kazanov said softly. "She was arrested for black marketing. I could not protest."

"He could not protest because he denounced her himself," Deutscher insisted. "And so she died, somewhere far away. I do not know where."

"Oh, that's terrible," Jill offered.

"Yes, terrible," Deutscher said. "Look at him, he is a terrible man."

"Rubbish," Kazanov snapped. "Come, Vassily Semyonovitch, enough drink and enough fantasy. It is time for you to go home to the hotel."

"No! I stay here with my friends!"

"Thank heaven! There you are!" It was Tony Berg, returned from the dead, and even Deutscher welcomed him. "Somebody at the Canary Cage heard you talking about this place. Schmidt said if you wouldn't come to his supper ——"

"But yes, now I go to your supper. Now it is time. . . . Georgy—pay the bill."

Into a taxi we crouched, six of us now, since Jill had decided to come along, and Sue had ended her sulking when she smelled excitement. But at the St. Pierre an assistant manager in a tuxedo intercepted us in his lobby.

"Where is supper?" Deutscher shouted as he marched through the potted palms, with one thick arm around Jill's waist. Somehow the vodka had suddenly become very apparent. "Where is the soiree for the great Deutscher? Where are your capitalists?"

"Mr. Schmidt's party," Berg told the assistant, and to Kazanov, "Can't you keep him under control?"

Kazanov only shrugged as the assistant escorted us to an elevator and pushed the button.

At the fifth floor we debouched into a ballroom that looked much the worse for two hundred guests. Whole hams lay massacred amid almost-empty dishes of celery on crumb-speckled white tablecloths. And there, at the elevator doors, was Sam Schmidt seeing off a clutch of trustees and satined ladies.

"Ah, this ith good of you to drop in on our little festivity," Schmidt lisped at Deutscher. The impresario's bald head glowed red with satisfaction. The ladies gave little cries of recognition at the spectacle of the master, whose tie had somehow come askew. Schmidt made the introductions, but the parting guests pressed on into the elevator. "Good-by, ladies, so nice!" Deutscher shouted.

"Listen, have you theen the reviews?" Schmidt whispered to the old pianist. "*The Times* thaid it was the greatest recital of the last ten years. The *Tribune* compared you to Liszt."

"And you are surprised?" Deutscher laughed.

"We must take advantage of this," Schmidt said, rubbing his hands. "I will announce a return concert Thursday night, if you agree. The thame program."

"Same program? Pooh, I play a new program, some Schumann, some Ravel—I play what I feel to play."

"Anything you like, maestro," Schmidt gloated, "and now if you will come and thay hello to a few of your admirers."

"Now I say hello to food," Deutscher answered. "Your nice man tells me of *boeuf strogonoff*. So, we eat."

"Get him thomething," Schmidt snapped at Berg. "Now that you've done wonders in providing liquor."

There were only about twenty people left—and the beef was cold—but they pressed around the little table where Deutscher sat eating.

"Very good," Deutscher finally pronounced, wiping his mouth.

"But where have you been all this time, maestro?" inquired a black-sheathed matron with no chin. "We've been so excited, waiting and waiting."

"I see your city," Deutscher said, beaming. "I hear your jazz—I investigate your vodka—I meet your *charmante* girls."

He waved grandly at Sue and Jill.

"Oh." The matron didn't like their looks. "Are they American then?"

"American? Of course they are American."

"*Ya Russky*," Jill said.

"Oh, maestro," the old lady said deliberately. "You must not judge us by the girls you meet—well—*anywhere*."

"Well, damn you too," said Jill.

"No," Deutscher said sharply, "we Russians would like her, but you should be proud she is yours. We hear all your girls are pretty, like your Deanna Durbin, and so it is true."

"Your Mr. Kashovsky, has been telling us wonderful stories about you," another dowager broke in to replaster the scene.

"Yes?" Deutscher was suddenly suspicious. "He is good with stories."

"About how you used to work in a factory and give concerts in the evening—to meet the common people."

On Rereading the Christmas Story

By R. H. Grenville

How like that manger is the
human heart:
Plainly functional, yet shaped
to hold,
In trust, the sacred rhythm of
a life,
Deep-cradled from the
darkness and the cold.

How like that stable is the
human heart:
The brute emotions stamping
at its doors,
Yet hallowed as the
birthing-place of love,
And not without its kingly
visitors.

"Yes!" declared Kashovsky. "A great people's artist."

"You tell lies," Deutscher growled. "You and your idiot policemen forced me to work in the factory to punish me—for nothing, for being a man when you were all little yellow dogs, licking the master's boots. I gave no concerts then. I was pounding shoes."

"Mr. Deutscher is making exaggerations, of course," Kashovsky said with a frigid smile. "That is the artistic nature, but we Russians understand that artists have strange ways. We understand also that they are an important part of our Socialist culture, and so we train them and support them ——"

"Come!" Deutscher declared to Jill and me, staggering to his feet. "We go again. We have some more vodka and friendship."

"No! Enough!" Kazanov broke in, taking Deutscher by the arm, more authoritative than he had been before. "It is time for bed."

Deutscher stared at him for a minute. "Don't touch me," he snarled. "Stalin is dead, and Deutscher is alive."

Kazanov dropped his hand, and Deutscher strode angrily toward the elevator. "Get after him," Schmidt cried, sending Berg with me and the girls in the pianist's wake. Kazanov, inevitably, slunk along.

"So we have seen your *crème de la crème*," Deutscher said to Berg as the elevator slid downward. "Now we have vodka. Where do we go, Theo?"

"It *is* sort of late—I'm not sure what's open."

"Listen, I know a crazy place over on Second Avenue," Sue offered, but Berg glared her into silence.

"Look, maestro," Berg said. "Let's not go to any more crummy bars. I've got plenty of vodka in my apartment—it's just a couple of blocks from here."

Deutscher and I glanced at each other. I shrugged.

"Good," Deutscher said. "I agree. But no more *crème de la crème*, and no more official people."

"Creepy" was the only word for Berg's place on East Sixty-third. He wasn't queer, but he did have a passion for fur rugs and silk lampshades and that sort of thing. He also had several bottles of vodka and a beautiful grand piano, and it was only a matter of time before Deutscher combined the two. What set him off was a conventional remark by Jill slighting Liszt. A well-brought-up girl, she would have said all the proper things about Vivaldi.

"Ah, you do not know the real Liszt," Deutscher cried, establishing himself at the keyboard and talking as volubly as ever, while his fingers flew along, with only an occasional miss as evidence of all the vodka.

"You know the *Années de Pèlerinage?* Here is *Au lac de Wallenstadt*—Switzerland—you feel the calm waves almost like seeing them. You feel the *pèlerin*, wandering Liszt, nowhere at home; everywhere he goes, he sees, he adapts, he translates into the piano. He accepts no limits because he loves his piano. He wants to say everything on his piano, and nobody plays the real Liszt because they don't love it. But listen."

It was, in fact, completely magical. As the old man swayed over the keyboard, the threadbare invention became everything Liszt might have hoped but failed to achieve.

"And then the *Gondoliera*," Deutscher went on after another shot of vodka. "Now he is in Venice, he takes a Venice song, but he is always the homeless man from the *salons* of Paris—maybe even still a little Hungarian. Always he remembered the Magyars ——"

That reminded him of a Hungarian Rhapsody he liked, and he was tearing into the Dante sonata, still talking above the electrifying waves of sound, when the doorbell sounded.

"Good heavens!" Berg cried, looking at his watch and immediately anticipating an aroused neighbor. Instead he opened the door to a mountainous policeman.

"Quite a party here," the intruder rumbled in a voice that echoed all the contempt of the world's policemen for the world's festive. I happened to glance at Kazanov and saw him smile with a mixture of admiration and relief.

"Sorry, officer," Berg said in his most groveling tone. "I guess it is sort of late."

"Late!" Such a welcome inspired the policeman. "It's four in the morning, and we've had three complaints already. What's going on here anyway?"

He looked with distrust at the shaggy-haired pianist, who lurched up from his stool and zigzagged across the room.

"Just a few friends dropped in for a few drinks," Berg whined. "In honor of Mr. Deutscher, the famous pianist. But he'll stop now."

"No!" Deutscher bellowed.

"Please, Mr. Deutscher ——"

"Is this the way you treat your policemen in America?" Deutscher demanded of Berg. "You are on your knees and—and—begging? That is not right for idiot

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policemen who come and stop music. No, *this* is right ——"

Before anyone could hold him, the old man lunged at the policeman and hit him squarely on the jaw. It was like that terrible moment in the old Chaplin short where Chaplin is a new policeman who hits the giant bully with his club and the bully just scratches his head. The mountain in blue now shook his oxlike head and returned the punch. Deutscher collapsed helpless to the floor, completely out.

Jill screamed and fell to her knees beside the old man. Kazanov shouted something in Russian, and the policeman pulled a pistol, waving it at everyone in turn.

"Let's not have any trouble now," he snarled, a little anxiety in his voice.

"No trouble, officer," Berg agreed. "Let's not have any trouble."

"All right, now," the policeman declared, more confident, putting his gun away and taking out a grimy notebook. "Let's have your names, one at a time."

Deutscher groaned on the floor.

"Get a towel and some cold water, somebody, please," Jill cried, but nobody moved. The policeman surveyed the pianist with disdain.

"He's O.K.," he snorted. "He can sleep it off in a cell."

"You're not going to arrest him!" Berg wailed.

"Oh, I'm not? Assaulting an officer—that's a felony."

"But you don't understand. He's the great Russian pianist—he just flew in from Moscow this morning and played at Carnegie Hall tonight ——"

"He can tell it to the judge." The policeman relished the famous line. And he took all our names and addresses, warned us to break up the party and then marched off with the dazed old pianist. We followed discreetly in a taxi, but the policeman apparently hadn't had so much excitement in weeks and he had no intention of letting the case be dismissed. The magistrate in night court insisted on a plea of not guilty, set a new hearing for the morning and refused bail until then.

It was a haggard Deutscher, with a blue welt on his cheek, who appeared in court the next morning. By that time he was surrounded by a dozen reporters demanding to hear his side of the story that covered their front pages. And then there was a man from the Soviet Embassy, and one from the State Department, and Sam Schmidt himself, accompanied by Harry Lennox, the fanciest criminal lawyer in New York.

What a mess it was! The only consolation was the hangdog look on the face of that proud policeman, who had obviously learned that he had made a terrible mistake. He even had to take the stand and testify that his original statement had been "exaggerated," and that the assault had been nothing very serious. The State Department man then testified that he and the Soviet Embassy were agreed that Deutscher would proceed directly from the court to Idlewild to await the next plane back to Russia. Deutscher started up in his chair, but Lennox drowned him out with a loud cry: "My client does not wish to say anything." Perhaps it was all for the best.

For the second time in two days, I took a taxi to Idlewild—this time with little Jill, who was still around, for nobody had gone to bed that night, except Sue, who had disappeared. For the second time in two days I saw Deutscher across a sea of heads, and for the second time he rushed over to me, or perhaps to Jill.

"You are a fine girl," he told her, then kissed both cheeks. "You are fine too, Theo—a friend. Maybe you will come to Russia again?"

"I hope so," I said. Then I had an absurd inspiration. "Listen, you don't really have to go back, you know. You can stay here—everybody would be very happy."

Deutscher's only answer, bruised face and all, was a great roar of laughter. "You are a good boy, Theo. But you are American, and I am Russian, and I think—between our two countries—there is really not so much difference."

The Soldier (Continued from Page 39)

"Grant decided to cut loose from his base and swing around the Confederates at Vicksburg. He notified General Halleck, who was commanding all the Union land forces at that time, of his plans. Halleck ordered Grant to drop his plans and return to his base. But there was no telegraph line to Grant's headquarters. The order didn't reach him until the campaign was under way. Naturally he couldn't obey it."

The exec grinned. "I get it, colonel. You ——"

"Take it easy," Farralon said. "Let's keep this vague. I have now ended my lecture on military history. New subject. I am in command of the 484th. Nobody issues any orders to it except through me. I am in command until I personally receive official orders relieving me. I have decided that I can best co-ordinate tomorrow's attack by joining the 3rd Battalion. In passing, I might point out that there are no telegraph lines from here to the cove three miles up the coast. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes, sir!" the exec said. "I'll see you in—uh, Vicksburg."

Farralon nodded. An alert officer, the exec—worth watching. Tomorrow's attack by the 1st and 2nd battalions would be a good test of the exec, who would be running that part of the show.

He returned to his tent and collected a flashlight, canteen, the map and the two grenades. Then he started hiking along the trail that led to the beach. He arrived at the beach a little after midnight and found one of the rifle companies still there, waiting to go off in single file.

Farralon slipped into the line of men and started plodding along in the black shadows of the cliffs. Then abruptly the sounds he dreaded began to clatter through the night. There was firing close ahead, up on the cliffs. He started running and bumped into the man in front.

The man turned and growled, "Relax, bud. That's our stuff. You ——" Then he peered at Farralon's face and insignia and said, "Jeez, I'm sorry, sir. I didn't know it was you."

"It's all right," Farralon said.

He should have known the sounds were Garands and Browning machine guns. He hurried around a small promontory and found the cove. To the left the ravine cut a black notch in the cliffs. He scrambled up over rocks and through brush and came out, panting, on the tableland on top of the cliffs. A group of officers and noncoms, using hooded flashlights, were checking the men who came up over the lip of the ravine and directing them to their positions. One of them guided Farralon to the battalion C.P.

Things were going well so far. Kowalski's group had wiped out the Jap post. Item and King companies were digging in along a 1200-yard perimeter; and as Love Company arrived, it would dig in along a support line. The battalion was entrenching across a trail that followed the cliffs, and had a clear lane of fire over what seemed like a major supply road, a hundred yards beyond the perimeter. They had cut enemy telephone lines along the road. The firing he had heard had been Item Company shooting up a small group of Japs walking along the road, perhaps hunting for the break in the telephone lines.

> Instead of worrying about *what* the younger generation is coming to, we should be worrying about *when* they are coming to.
>
> VESTA M. KELLY

During the rest of the night nothing much happened, except to some trucks that came along the road and to a Jap patrol that blundered down the cliffside trail. Traffic on the supply road and the trail stopped.

Soon after dawn, an attack in perhaps company strength surged toward them. Item and King companies gave it the works with rifles and 60-mm. mortars and automatic weapons, and the observers from the 105-mm. howitzers called in a barrage. After that, the enemy knew that a company couldn't handle the problem. For two hours there was a breathing spell.

Of the seven hundred men holding the position, Farralon suspected that he was the most useless. He had given his orders; now he must avoid meddling unless a new major decision had to be made. All he could do was crawl from one rifle squad or mortar or machine-gun section to another, talking to the men. It wouldn't hurt morale for them to see him taking a few risks too.

In the middle of the morning the Japs went to work seriously. They used Nambu machine guns and the heavier Hotchkiss type, light and heavy mortars, 70-mm. infantry guns and 75-mm. Krupp field artillery. Infantry attacks began foaming across the rocky fields and through the brush. The attacks went on and on, and thank heaven the Japs didn't have tanks. A mortar shell killed an artillery observer, and Farralon took on the job of spotting for one of the batteries. They were catching a lot of casualties.

The battalion's lieutenant colonel crawled up to the rock behind which Farralon was lying and said, "Japs just keep coming, don't they?"

"Yes, but it's a lot easier than digging them from their holes."

"We'll be out of ammo by night, colonel."

"They'll run out of Japs by night. They only had two regiments. I figure we're chewing up a full regiment right here."

"Thanks. Now I feel better, sir. I'll pass what you said along to the men."

Farralon hoped that what he said was correct. It ought to be right, but you never knew. It was fantastic, the way the Japs threw men at their position.

The battle roared and pulsed. Early in the afternoon Farralon asked his battery to find out if the 1st and 2nd battalions had launched their attack. The walkie-talkie he was using had good range; he was in direct communication with the battery. After a few minutes the battery commander got through to him.

"Is this Colonel Farralon?" the captain asked.

"This is Farralon."

"Wanted to make sure, sir. I have a message for you from your exec. Maybe it won't make sense to you."

"Go ahead."

"He says the attack started on schedule. No news of results yet. He says, 'Tell Grant that Halleck exploded into a million pieces, but that the telegraph line still isn't working.' Do you understand that, sir?"

Farralon allowed himself a tight smile and said, "I get it."

An hour went by. Another. The attacks kept coming like the great rushing gusts of wind in a hurricane. Item and King companies had been forced to pull back, and Love Company had moved into the main line of resistance. Now they had no reserve. They would have been swept over the cliffs long ago if it hadn't been for the three batteries of howitzers. Time after time the salvos and volleys came howling across five miles of country to smash Jap attacks and knock out Jap artillery and mortars.

The radio squawked for his attention, and he said, "I read you. Over."

"Colonel?" the battery commander's voice asked.

"Right here."

"Colonel, I have another message for you from your exec. He says tell you the word is, 'On to Vicksburg.'"

Thank God for that, Farralon thought. They had broken through. "Thanks," he said.

"One thing more, sir. The two other batteries have stopped getting reports from their observers."

"Hang on," Farralon said. He peered over the top of his rock. One of the other observers had been lying about a hundred yards to the left, the thin aerial of his walkie-talkie lifting over his position. Now there was no sign of the aerial. Mortar shells had been coming down heavily over there. "I'll spot for all of you," he said, "but you'll have to fire as a battalion, not as separate batteries."

"O.K., sir," the battery commander said. "We'll relay to the other batteries."

Farralon looked around for a messenger, so he could pass the word that the 1st and 2nd battalions were on their way. He saw somebody with a B.A.R. lying behind a rock a few yards away. "Soldier!" he called.

Kowalski's flat blank face turned and looked at him.

"How long have you been here?" Farralon asked.

"Maybe an hour, colonel."

"You ought to be up front."

"Colonel," Kowalski said, "for the last hour, this cruddy rock has been the front."

Farralon glanced around. Kowalski was right. The lines had pulled back again. The original perimeter of twelve hundred yards had shrunk in half. And ——

He grabbed the walkie-talkie and said, "Here comes a big rush. I don't have time to work out firing data. We're back to a six-hundred-yard perimeter. Give us a box barrage with all the guns and lay it in close and keep it coming."

It looked like ants boiling across the ground toward them. Japs were running,

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crawling, stooping, leaping. The B.A.R. began its clatter. Rifles and machine guns and mortars let go.

"On the way!" a voice yelled from the walkie-talkie.

Farralon began counting the seconds—*One thousand and one, one thousand and two, one thousand and three.* . . . He could picture the thirty-three-pound shells arching up and across the sky and starting the long plunge down. They seemed to be taking forever. The Jap rush was only a hundred yards away. It ——

He jerked his head down. The hammer blows of the howitzer shells jolted the ground. Explosions grabbed the air and flapped it like an enormous sheet. Bits of rock and metal yowled overhead. The howitzers had pulled the barrage in tight. The concussion lifted and shook and slugged him dizzy. He glanced at Kowalski. For once the B.A.R. man had quit. Kowalski lay flat, jamming hands against his ears.

He didn't know how long the barrage went on. Finally he got a faint impression that the walkie-talkie was making scratching noises. He put his mouth up close and yelled, "I can't hear a thing. Cease fire for a few seconds and let me take a look."

Nothing moved out there. No Japs, no anything. It looked like the sort of landscape you might see after a forest fire.

"Cease fire," he said or yelled or screamed. It was hard to tell what you were doing when you couldn't hear. "That did it. There aren't any more targets. What shooting!"

The walkie-talkie made a scratching noise that might have had a note of pride in it.

An hour later an ugly lumbering thing poked its nose shyly around a bunch of trees five hundred yards away. It had a 75-mm. gun in its side turret. It waited cautiously to make sure the battalion wasn't going to shoot at it and then waddled toward them. It seemed appropriate that an M-3 tank called the General Grant was leading the breakthrough to Vicksburg.

Farralon returned the salute of the sentry and went into General Stock's headquarters. Three people were in the tent waiting for him—Stock, General McGuire and a rear admiral. This would be a most interesting session, Farralon thought. He had played hooky from General Stock's class, and now a couple of school principals would consider the case.

What made things so interesting was the fact that it was hard to condemn success. From the strategic point of view, the Rotai campaign was over. It was merely a job of mopping up the disorganized enemy.

General McGuire shook his hand and said, "Hello, Farralon." Either McGuire had something in his eye or else he winked. "I'd like you to meet Admiral Willoughby of the Central Pacific Area."

"How do you do, sir?" Farralon said.

"How are you, colonel?" Admiral Willoughby said. "Glad to meet an officer who has such a fine reputation. And of course you know General Stock."

"Yes, sir," Farralon said. "Good morning, general."

Stock scowled and did not reply.

McGuire said, "I just flew in from Port Solo, and Admiral Willoughby flew in from the fleet. A little matter seems to need straightening out. Would you care to take over, admiral?"

The admiral said cautiously, "I'm not sure which of us has the primary responsibility, since Rotai is part of the Lower Pacific Command, but the operation is under our control."

"I'll waive my rights," McGuire said.

General Stock growled, "It ought to concern the Army when I relieve an Army officer from command."

"Johnny," the admiral said in a gentle tone, "I hope we can settle this without any more trouble."

"Huh!" Stock said.

"Well, perhaps I should accept your generous offer and proceed," the admiral said to McGuire. "Now, gentlemen, I hope we are agreed that this is completely informal, not an official inquiry."

"Fine with me," McGuire said.

The admiral said, "Johnny, why don't you tell us exactly what led up to your attempt to relieve Colonel Farralon from command?"

Stock clenched his right fist and slugged the palm of his left hand. "Night before last," he began, "Colonel Farralon reported by phone that he had relieved Colonel Hetherington from command of the 484th and had assumed command himself. He did all that without checking with me."

"But," the admiral said, "you and Colonel Farralon had agreed that something must be done if the 484th didn't reach its objective that day."

"Yes, sir," Stock said. "But he still should have checked with me first. Well, I had to approve what he'd done. I didn't have any other choice. Then Farralon outlined a wild idea for an amphibious operation to seize that cove and asked for a twenty-four-hour postponement of the attack. I gave him flat orders to drop the idea."

"Colonel Farralon," the admiral said, "was that your understanding too? Sometimes things get mixed up in phone talks."

The admiral was offering him an easy out, but Farralon couldn't take it. After all, he had understood Stock's orders clearly. "Yes, sir," he said. "That was my understanding. However, General Stock merely vetoed the amphibious operation and the postponement of the attack. He did not veto a night march up the coast."

Stock cried, "You never mentioned that over the phone! How could I guess you would try it?"

The admiral said quickly, "I don't think we should go into this part of the matter too deeply. Perhaps Colonel Farralon exceeded his authority, but in any case the results justify his action."

"What you mean," Stock growled, "is he got away with it."

"Let's keep this on a friendly level."

Stock said, "I ordered him to attack at 0700. Nobody moved along his front until 1300. What about that?"

The admiral said, "In giving your orders for the attack, did you specify that the First and Second battalions of the 484th must advance at 0700?"

"Well, no," Stock said, "but, of course, I assumed ——"

"Assumptions, assumptions," the admiral sighed. "I'm afraid that Colonel Farralon could claim that, since his Third Battalion was in action by 0700, he complied with your orders. . . . Do you agree, General McGuire?"

McGuire wrestled with a grin and barely managed to throw it. "I do indeed, admiral."

Stock said bitterly, "What kind of a setup is it when I issue orders relieving a guy from command and can't reach him? He knew I'd yank him out of there. That's why he went off with the Third Battalion. When I couldn't get through to him on the phone, I went to his headquarters—or what should have been his headquarters. You might have thought I was a stranger! That exec of his would hardly listen to me. He wouldn't take orders. He wouldn't acknowledge that I had relieved Colonel Farralon."

"From a legal point of view," the admiral said, "you actually could not and

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did not relieve Colonel Farralon until you caught up with him, I believe, sometime last night. Thus Colonel Farralon's executive officer was perhaps justified in waiting for orders to reach him through the proper channel, that is, through Colonel Farralon."

"So I'm out on a limb," Stock said angrily, "and everybody is ready to saw it off."

"May I ask a question?" Farralon said. "I've been so busy turning over command to Colonel Gruder that perhaps I missed something. Why is General Stock out on a limb?"

Stock glared at him. "You don't know?"

The admiral sighed heavily. "Unfortunately," he said, "the news that General Stock had relieved Colonel Farralon, or was trying to do so, leaked out to the war correspondents early yesterday morning. One of them cornered General Stock and asked him point-blank about it. General Stock said, and I believe I quote exactly, 'Yes, damn it, I've relieved him.' General Stock refused to amplify his statement, but the damage had been done. Our press censors are holding up half a dozen wild stories that correspondents have written. So you see, colonel, this is not a matter that can simply be forgotten, much as we might like to."

"Oh!" Farralon said.

Stock set his jaw and said, "If anybody thinks I'm gonna back down publicly, they can take another think! I'm not gonna say I was misunderstood. I'm not gonna say I was wrong. You can argue with me all day about the good of the service, and I still won't do it."

The admiral looked at General McGuire and shrugged helplessly. Farralon thought, *There's a marine for you.* Stock was a marine and wouldn't retreat. But General Stock was in an untenable position. If somebody didn't find a way for him to advance in a backward direction, General Stock was going to be a source of large embarrassment to the Navy and the Marine Corps. That would be too bad. Stock was a good marine.

"If I may be permitted to make a comment, sir," Farralon said. "I think that General Stock is completely right in his attitude."

"Huh?" Stock said in disbelief.

The admiral smiled wryly. "Right or wrong, colonel, his attitude seems to rule out a graceful solution."

"Well, sir," Farralon said, "with your permission I'd like to explore a little. As I understand it, Colonel Gruder, who has now taken command of the 484th, arrived here from Port Solo early yesterday morning. Now at what time yesterday did the war correspondent ask you point-blank if you had relieved me?"

"Maybe around 1000 or 1100."

"If you'll give me just a minute, sir," Farralon said. "Perhaps you recall that, in my phone talk with you the previous evening at about 1800, I recommended that a message be sent to General McGuire asking him to send Colonel Gruder here to take command of the 484th. Perhaps you recall that I said when Colonel Gruder arrived, I'd like to be relieved at once."

"Sure, I remember," Stock growled. "But what does it add up to? I didn't relieve you because Gruder had arrived. I relieved you for another reason and before Gruder got here."

"Excuse me, general, but you did not relieve me before Colonel Gruder arrived. Your orders didn't reach me."

"Baloney!"

"Now, wait," the admiral cut in. "I think Colonel Farralon is getting something."

"So do I," McGuire said. "Let's hear the rest."

"Therefore, as far as I'm concerned," Farralon said, "I was relieved at my own request following the arrival of Colonel Gruder."

Stock growled, "You won't get me to say that in a million years."

"I wasn't suggesting that you say it, sir," Farralon said. "I suggest that you say nothing at all. My idea is that I make a formal written statement for distribution to the war correspondents. It might go like this. There has been some misunderstanding as to the circumstances under which I was relieved from command of the 484th Infantry Regiment. It was clearly understood between General Stock and myself that I only took command of the regiment temporarily. In fact, at the time I assumed command, I asked General Stock to relieve me from that duty as soon as Colonel Gruder arrived from Port Solo. It was desirable to have Colonel Gruder take over so that, first, I could return to my duties as acting chief of staff of the Lower Pacific Command and, second, so that Colonel Gruder could familiarize himself with the 484th Infantry Regiment, which at the conclusion of the Rotai campaign becomes an integral part of the Southern Cross Division under command and control of the Lower Pacific Command. No other interpretation of my relief from duty as commanding officer of the 484th Infantry Regiment is correct."

"Very good indeed," the admiral said. "It gets everybody off the hook. But there is one small section that needs a bit of change. I refer to the part about the 484th becoming an integral part of the Southern Cross Division under command and control of the Lower Pacific Command."

Farralon flicked a glance at McGuire. The Old Man had a gleam in his eyes and nodded. "I'm afraid, sir," Farralon told the admiral, "that I would have to insist on that section. I feel that it is needed to explain why Colonel Gruder was rushed here so quickly and why I wanted to turn over command to him without delay."

The admiral looked unhappy. "I'm sure you know," he said, "there has been some discussion as to whether the 484th should revert to the Lower Pacific Command or remain under Navy control."

"Yes, sir, I do," Farralon said. "The statement I suggest, going out with full approval of yourself and of the Central Pacific Area, would of course close that discussion in favor of the Lower Pacific Command."

Admiral Willoughby studied McGuire and Farralon, and for a moment his eyes looked like the muzzles of sixteen-inch guns swinging around in a turret. "I see," he said softly. "I see." He thought for a moment and then said briskly, "Well, colonel, suppose you write out that statement. Then I'd like to give it a fast check by radio with the admiral. If he concurs, we're in business."

Farralon wrote out the proposed statement. Admiral Willoughby took it and left with General Stock.

General McGuire brought out an old pipe. "Blackmail," he said. "Highway robbery—piracy. The Navy will want to hang you from a yardarm."

"It was lucky you sent Colonel Gruder here so fast, sir."

"When I got your message, I yanked him right out of the sack and slapped him on a plane. I was afraid you were asking for trouble, taking command of the regiment."

Farralon said a bit huffily, "Did you think Colonel Gruder could handle it better than I could, sir?"

"Oh, get off your high horse. What I thought was, if anybody had to get in trouble, I could spare Gruder better than you."

"Sorry, sir. I—well, I certainly appreciate that."

"Hetherington reported to me yesterday afternoon. I shipped him back to the States. I understand he was your roommate at school."

"Yes, sir."

"Yeah—well, things like that happen. Well, getting back to Rotai, how does it feel to disobey a direct order?"

"But, general, he didn't order me not to make a night march."

"Oh, to hell with that," McGuire said. "You and I and Willoughby and Stock all know that you said nuts to Stock and did just what you wanted. The only point I want to make is, don't ever do that with me."

"I won't, sir."

"The reason I bring that up is, if you did that to me, we couldn't go on working together. You may not know it, but I kind of trust you."

"Thank you, general."

"On the other hand," McGuire said thoughtfully, "I'll try not to give you any order you'd want to disobey. Now I'm gonna say something I thought I'd never come to. I'm glad you did obey that order to leave Anchor Island."

"It was still the wrong thing to do."

"Yeah, you shouldn't have obeyed it, but I'm glad you did. And I think you made up for it here. By the way, I've recommended you for brigadier general. Don't be grateful and don't start wondering if you deserve it. The fact is, it'll be convenient to have a B.G. as my chief of staff. And I'll get it on the same list that's going to the Senate with Baylor's name on, and we'll make sure your name tops his so you'll outrank him. It's better that way."

"That's wonderful, sir, but can all that be arranged at such short notice?"

McGuire gave a short laugh. "Listen," he said. "As soon as this story gets around the Pentagon—and don't think it won't get around fast—your promotion will have top priority. It's not often we catch the marines off base."

"I don't like seeing General Stock in trouble."

"A-ah, marines are always looking for trouble. Only this time they found it where they didn't expect it. He'll be out of trouble if they O.K. that statement."

Admiral Willoughby and General Stock returned a half hour later, and the admiral reported that all concerned had approved the statement. "I suggest," he said, "that we have it mimeographed and distributed to the correspondents at once. And, um—do you think it would be possible, colonel, for you to talk personally to the correspondents after the release of the statement? Of course, they may ask some awkward questions."

"I think I can handle the questions, sir."

"Yes, I'm sure you can," the admiral said a bit grimly.

"With your permission, sir," Farralon said, "I'd like to add a few words, when I talk to the correspondents, about what a privilege it has been to serve under General Stock and beside the Thirty-third Marines. They're great fighting men."

General Stock said, "I'll be damned."

"I mean it, sir. You have to get up mighty early to catch the marines napping." He grinned suddenly and added, "In fact, I had to stay up all night."

Stock looked at him thoughtfully. "In time," he said, "it might get to be almost bearable to have you around."

"Thank you, general."

The beach at Port Solo was no longer a quiet place to stroll at night. During the month since the Rotai campaign ended, the command had started to get the men and equipment it needed. The Lower Pacific Command was about to go places. The only trouble was that, when an Army started to go places, it had to leave certain things behind. Some of them were hard to leave.

Beside him, Claire said, "You've been very quiet this evening, Bill. Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing much," he said. "Nothing but a war. Maybe I shouldn't have been a soldier."

"You'll never make me believe that. Do you remember my saying once that I joined the WAC's because I was tired of teaching history and wanted to see some made?"

"What's that got to do with me?"

"Quite a lot, Bill. I think you've started to make some."

"You have the wrong guy."

"No, I haven't. I can see myself, years from now, standing before a class and opening a history book and saying, 'Girls, it was my privilege to watch the development of General Farralon, and it provided a most instructive example of the way history is made.' The little beasts in the class will all stare at me and wonder if that dried-up old hag could ever have seen anything exciting."

"You're leading again, Agatha."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Her arm tensed where it linked with his. "Claire, this is a tough life for a girl out here. It's going to get tougher."

She pulled her arm away and stared at him. In the starlight her face looked as cool and remote as if it had been carved by a sculptor in ancient Greece. "Give it to me straight," she said.

She was beautiful. She was beautiful and wise and brave and all the things he wanted in a woman. "General McGuire called me in today," he said. "He wanted to talk about the two of us."

"Oh."

"People are starting to gossip. And Army gossip can be pretty bad. They're starting to whisper that you and your girls get all kinds of favors because you're my girl. They're starting to say that I'm not doing my job because of playing around with you at night."

"So you sat there and took it," she said angrily. "General McGuire looked at you sadly and said he'd better send me home."

"It's worse than that," he said. "He didn't say he was going to send you home. He said it was up to me to decide."

"Oh," she said, and the word seemed to come out of her throat as if it had square corners instead of being rounded. "That's a little different, isn't it?"

"He didn't give me a chance to fight him. He set things up so the only guy I could fight was myself."

She gave a little laugh. "Farralon against Farralon. Was it a good fight, Bill?"

"I don't know. All I know is that I lost it."

"So you're sending me home."

"That's right."

"I can see the point," she said, sighing. "A chief of staff can't afford to let gossip of that kind go on, no matter how little truth is back of it. Well, I suppose this is where we say good-by."

"Not for a moment," he said. "I want you to understand one thing more. I wasn't worried about the gossip that's going on now. I was thinking about the talk that would start in the future."

"I don't quite follow you."

He gripped her arm. "Listen," he said harshly. "Do you think I could go on like this? Just satisfied with a word and a smile and a walk now and then? I'd end up wanting more. A lot more. I'd be thinking more about getting you than about taking East Harbor and Balikovo. And then there would be something for people to talk about."

"Bill, you're hurting my arm."

"Sorry," he said, releasing it.

"Farralon against Farralon. It really was a good fight. But you didn't lose it. You won."

"How do you figure that? I'm going to miss you terribly."

"Millions of men and women are missing one another."

"We're not millions of men and women," he said bitterly. "I didn't leave you to go away to war. I found you in the middle of one. I'm going to hear your footsteps every time a column tramps by and whenever the guns open up."

"Bill, do you want me to feel sorry for you? Once, a long time ago, you didn't want me to feel that way."

He took a long breath. "You're quite a girl," he said. "No, there's nothing to be sorry about."

"May I say, you're quite a guy, general?"

"I don't believe it, but it's nice to hear. Will you understand if I don't write a lot of letters after you leave?"

"I'll try, Bill."

"You see, the last thing a guy in combat ought to think of is getting back to his girl."

"Am I your girl, Bill?"

"Yes," he said.

She looked up at him, and the starlight made wet gleams in her eyes. "Then," she said softly, "that makes everything all right." THE END

The Franciscans (Continued from Page 15)

the brotherhood, with nearly 6000 full-fledged friars and with some 200 young Americans taking up the habit every year, form the Franciscans' soundest, fastest-growing branch. You'll come across Franciscan priests in town and country, having under their care some Catholic parish or working as itinerant preachers. Although less active in the field of education than the Jesuits, they run a number of schools and colleges, among them St. Bonaventure University at Olean, New York; Quincy College at Quincy, Illinois, and St. Francis College at Loretto, Pennsylvania—the last-named celebrated in the sports world for its basketball teams.

American Franciscans operate several radio and TV programs—including the popular *Hour of St. Francis*—as well as a string of religious publishing houses. Their *St. Anthony's Messenger*, edited in Cincinnati, Ohio, is one of the three most widely read Catholic magazines in the United States.

Averse to life in ivory towers, Franciscans thrive on any kind of work that brings them in close contact with the public. Hearing confessions and administering the sacraments take up much of their time. Their "service churches"—such as St. Anthony's in Boston, St. Boniface's in San Francisco, St. Peter's in Chicago's Loop and St. Francis's (remembered for its Depression breadline) in New York—are open to all sinners day and night, with one or several friars in attendance. Franciscan houses of retreat, where groups of busy men and women may, for a few days or a weekend, devote themselves to prayer and contemplation, enjoy increasing popularity with business and professional men, housewives, teachers and members of the working class.

How do Franciscans get that way? Although the natural fabric of a man may well predestine him for the Franciscan habit, the average Franciscan is not born, but made. During the eight or ten years which it takes to form a friar, great care is taken to develop both his heart and mind. The young man leaves his family as a rule at the age of seventeen to enter a Franciscan novitiate; having completed a year's religious training there, he moves on to a study house and thence to college, attending courses—usually in Latin—in theology and philosophy. At the same time he is taught to perform humble chores, to lose all interest in worldly goods, to love creation and his fellow men. And as the years pass he acquires, under his superiors' patient coaching, the Franciscan spirit.

The young man may decide, during the early stages of his training, that the Franciscan life is not for him—and so may his superiors. "If the boy is a loner," one older friar said, "he's not for us. He must be able to get along with people. If it is solitude he seeks, he'd be better off in a Trappist monastery than with us."

Only when, at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, the neophyte takes solemn vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience—symbolized by the three knots in the white cord that every Franciscan wears around his waist—does he become a firmly wedded, lifelong member of his order. And, after entering the priesthood at the age of roughly twenty-six and completing one year's pastoral apprenticeship, he is assigned his place within the order in accordance with his inclinations and abilities.

Now fully formed in the Franciscan mold, the friar is an easygoing and as a rule well-balanced specimen. He is well versed in Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, psychology and rhetoric, Marxism and the social problem. Though theoretically subject to stern discipline and bound to do his local and provincial superiors' bidding, he finds himself at the end of a give-and-take relationship in which nothing unreasonable is demanded. Regimentation within the Franciscan world is frowned on. A young American friar, asked whether he gave himself marks after examining his conscience twice a day, as Jesuits are wont to do, burst into laughter. "We'd always give ourselves top marks if we did that!" he said.

Neither introvert nor extrovert, the typical Franciscan is suited for a life in which action and contemplation, the apostolate and the sanctification of the self, are equally important. Above all he has learned to "do without." True, there is nothing novel or exclusive about the bliss of owning nothing. Diogenes, some 2300 years ago, no doubt experienced it when, finding he could drink as easily from his cupped hand, he threw away his drinking cup. But while a streak of self-deprivation has run through Christianity from the beginning and while poverty already was a trade-mark of all monks and hermits, the Franciscans elevated it to the status of a fetish.

One of the paintings in St. Francis's basilica at Assisi shows the saint's allegorical marriage to Lady Poverty; and in a way the wedlock is still entered into by every Franciscan friar. "Let the brethren," St. Francis said, "have nothing for themselves—neither house nor place nor anything. Like pilgrims and strangers in this world, serving the Lord in poverty and humility, let them go forth with confidence and ask for alms." The founder himself set the example, begging for bread in the streets—not too successfully, the legend tells us, as he was "a man of mean appearance, looked down upon as a poor, vile creature."

Like their good friends, the Friars Preachers or Dominicans, Franciscans are a begging brotherhood. True, almost all Franciscan houses, in this generous age, are kept in groceries and firewood by contributions from the outside world, with a surplus in one province filling a hole in another. But, here in Italy at least, you may still see Franciscan brothers walk through the countryside at harvest-time, asking—and usually obtaining—their share of the fruit of the earth.

St. Francis abhorred money and refused to touch it. But times have changed since the thirteenth century, and his injunction against carrying and handling cash has proved increasingly hard to obey. Today some petty cash is kept on hand in every Franciscan house so that the individual friar, on his way to town, may draw enough for his bus or streetcar fare. Still, there are problems—unless he figures his pecuniary needs before he leaves his sheltered little world, the friar may get into trouble. American Franciscans driving the parish jalopy have been known to talk their way across some toll bridge or borrow the gallon of gas that would see them back home. An ancient rule by which Franciscans may not ride a horse but may, if necessary, use a donkey, is still in force. It has been quietly extended by succeeding generations to the "if-necessary" use of other means of locomotion, including airplanes.

The individual Franciscan may own no property whatever. Having disposed of all his worldly goods on entering the order, much as a dying man makes his last will, he is incapable of saying, "This is mine." Send him a gift—a typewriter a camera, a pen—and unless you have made it clear that he may share its use with the community in which he lives, his superior may forbid him to accept it; though in the case of inexpensive items and particularly books, your friar friend stands a good chance of keeping them.

While these rules bind the members of all Catholic orders, the Franciscans go perhaps a little farther than the rest of them in what is known as the "poor use of things." Standards of poverty vary with the region. In the United States you'll find Franciscan friaries not wanting in a modicum of comfort—the typical "cell" may boast hot running water, clean bed linen, an easy chair, a desk, maybe a telephone. But I have visited Franciscan houses in North Africa and Europe where the friars lived in abject poverty, working and sleeping in tiny, drafty, drippy-walled cells, eating scraps of meat only once or twice a week and wearing habits that had not been cleaned in a long time.

But their acceptance of a standard barely above that of the nearest slum dwellers is typical of the Franciscans' state of mind. It may, in fact, be their essential trait. Throughout the centuries of their existence they have been the milk brothers of the underdog, the silent partners of the sweating masses. Recruiting their new members in most Old-World countries largely from among the peasantry and working class, they feel in their element among the poor, the inarticulate and the oppressed. Franciscans to this day are "of the people." They speak the language of the common man. Their sermons, as a rule, are powerful and down-to-earth, devoid of fancy words and complicated notions, occasionally running red with lurid references to hell's fire. As a result, Franciscan churches tend to be jampacked, particularly during the Tuesday devotions that are the brotherhood's specialty throughout the world. And where a parish boasts two Catholic churches, one of them tended by secular priests, the other by Franciscan friars, you'll find that it's the district's have-nots that flock to the Franciscan church.

From the hard soil of deprivation and austerity springs the flower of Franciscan joy. The average Franciscan gets more cheerful the more he is knocked about, and neither worry nor fatigue beclouds his brow. Where there is sorrow it is not exhibited. St. Francis once upbraided one of his companions who appeared sad of countenance, saying (in Robert Steele's translation), "Why dost thou make an outward show of sorrow and sadness? Keep thou this sadness between thee and thy God . . . but before me and others study always to have joy, for it befits not the servant of God to show before his brother or another sadness or a troubled face."

Here we may briefly pause to get acquainted with St. Francis, the "little poor

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one"—*il Poverello*—whose gentle humor and great love of nature make him one of the most appealing figures in the Catholic calendar of saints. Though fact and legend mingle in the accounts we have of him—such as the rambling *Fioretti*, compiled after his death—we know that he was born, around the year 1182, in Assisi, a small, fortified hill town 100 miles due north of Rome, the son of a well-off Italian cloth merchant and a French mother. A leader of Assisi's youthful roisterers while in his teens, he was deeply affected by a grave illness and a series of visions which made him turn toward a life of charity and prayer. When his disappointed father cited him before the bishop's court for being a thrifty businessman's unworthy son and heir, Francis flung his fine garments down before his father's feet and walked off into the wilderness, wrapped in a torn old cloak.

Portraits done shortly after Francis's death show him to have been of delicate stature, with two clear eyes illuminating his long, well-formed face. His eloquence, of which historians write, we can only imagine. A romantic streak shines through all of his early biographies—he liked old trees and mossy rocks, was irresistibly attracted by dark grottoes and loved all creatures of the forest. He was particularly fond of birds, who always flocked around him fearlessly and to whom he addressed, on one occasion, a special sermon pointing out to them the many ways in which God had been good to them and inviting them to praise the Lord. Making his way through the dense forests which at that time still covered a large part of Italy, Francis would now and then break into song, sometimes to the accompaniment of an imaginary fiddle represented by two sticks of wood.

He called himself a troubadour, and there has come down to us his paean known as the Canticle of the Sun, in which he sang the praise of God and all His creatures, "above all Brother Sun, who gives the day and lightens us therewith; and he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor," and so on down through Sister Moon and Brother Wind, Sister Water and Brother Fire, even to Sister Bodily Death.

It was an age of rapid change and of great expectations. The feudal system which had held society together was breaking up, and thousands of newly freed serfs crowded into the villages, which overnight became walled towns. The world was thirsting for new hopes and new ideas, and a disoriented, backward clergy could not quench that thirst. As Francis went about the countryside exhorting young and old in spontaneous roadside sermons to return to a purity of heart and a spirit of peace, rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief left everything behind to follow him.

There is some doubt whether the "little poor one" had planned to found an order, with all the administrative problems such a task entails. Having his simple rule, or statute, approved by the Pope in 1209, when he had gathered but a handful of companions, he made his headquarters first in a derelict farmhouse, then in a little chapel near Assisi, the Portiuncula—"small parcel of land"—around which he and his followers built primitive huts of wattle. Although he wrote two more elaborate rules in later years, he never felt at ease in the position of executive and, weak in health, resigned his stewardship in 1220 to go back to the solitude of his beloved mountains.

Well before his death in 1226, however, his followers, numbering many thousands, had spread all over Europe and parts of the Near East. Forced to give an organic structure to the movement so as to keep it from disintegrating, Francis set up three separate orders—a First Order of "Friars Minor," a name denoting humble brothers willing to be looked down on by society; a Second Order of cloistered nuns, still known as the Poor Clares; and a Third Order for lay men and women, married or single, wishing to lead a "Franciscan" life within the world—today a mighty fellowship with some 2,200,000 members, including a particularly active, closely knit branch in the United States.

Ironically, poverty, the great Franciscan virtue, was to become the rock on which the movement splintered. For centuries after St. Francis's death, the strict observants of his rule quarreled with those who reasoned that the order of the Friars Minor, already in possession of huge convents and rich churches, could hold property in common. A split was unavoidable, and in the sixteenth century the First Order divided into three autonomous branches which exist to this day—the Friars Minor properly so called, the Conventuals, and the Capuchins.

Inasmuch as all three branches believe in individual poverty, their differences remain on the surface. While the Conventuals own their establishments, the houses occupied by Friars Minor and Capuchins, with all their chattel, are under canon law the property of the Pope. Alas, the average American has little chance to examine the three varieties' more picturesque distinctions, as most American friars—unless on emergency errands—appear in public in the Roman collar of the ordinary clergyman. But here in Rome the tourist may amuse himself by spotting now a black-habited, stockinged and shod Conventual, now a brown barefooted and sandaled Friar Minor—who, if he wears a beard, turns out to be a Capuchin.

All three branches—as well as a small group known as Third Order Regular, an offshoot of the secular "Third Order"—are self-contained Catholic orders with headquarters in Rome. Each of them elects its own Minister General whose powers of command, under the Pope's supreme authority, are all but absolute. It is indicative of the increasing weight of the United States within the Catholic orbit that the Conventuals, the Capuchins, and the Third Order Regular are at this moment presided over by Americans. As for the Friars Minor—with 27,000 members, including 3600 Americans, the largest and best known of the Franciscan orders—their first American General, the Rev. Valentine Schaaf, held office in the years following World War II. Their present chief executive, elected for a twelve-year term, is Augustine Sepinski, an erudite, relaxed and cheerful Frenchman from Lorraine, the son of a Polish immigrant.

It was Father Sepinski who advised me to look for clues to the Franciscan spirit in the Italian countryside—the lonely hills, the woods and grottoes that were so dear to Francis's heart. Taking the route he indicated, I came, within an hour's drive northeast of Rome, upon a cluster of four sylvan sanctuaries—La Foresta, Fonte Colombo, Greccio and Poggio Bustone—all of them tucked away in the romantic, thickly wooded mountains around Rieti. At each of them a simple friar welcomes the visitor and, leading him through mossy clefts and grottoes shaded by the gnarled branches of live oaks, regales him—if the listener's Italian holds up—with stories from St. Francis's life which make it sound as if the *Poverello* had visited the place last week.

You'll enter the small chapel where Francis celebrated Christmas, using, for the first time, such props as a real crib, a real *bambino* and some real beasts. You will be shown the room where Francis, suffering from an eye disease he had caught in Egypt, submitted to the treatment of the medieval surgeon who drew a red-hot iron slowly across his cheek. You will inspect the shallow cave where Francis dictated the constitution of the order to faithful Brother Leo, who wrote it down crouched underneath a boulder which Francis "softened" just enough to make a hollow for Brother Leo's head. The birds, Francis's friends, are everywhere, filling the forest with their calls.

"Lousy year?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Your next way station is Assisi, the Franciscan mecca which, in its hilltop burg and in the fields below, encompasses the span of Francis's life. The principal relic of the town, which even now has no more than 25,000 inhabitants, is the original Portiuncula, known also as St. Mary of the Angels—the church for which Los Angeles was named. It was in this primitive chapel, now encased in a much larger church, that Francis, in 1212, solemnly cut the hair of the young noblewoman who had turned her back on the world to follow in his footsteps—St. Clare, founder of the Franciscan order of Poor Clares. And here he died, one blustery October night in 1226, while a flock of skylarks spiraled about the roof singing melodiously, so the chronicler tells us, "as a sign of affection."

Assisi, as a rule, is thronged with tourists, among them a large number of Americans, and even those who are merely passing through on their way from Rome to Florence will look in on St. Francis's basilica—one of Italy's great artistic landmarks. Built after Francis's death, the edifice contains, in its dark crypt, the body of the saint; while its bright upper nave is decorated with the famous frescoes attributed to Giotto which show the *Poverello* as the intensely human figure he must have been.

Your journey culminates in the secluded sanctuary of La Verna, in the black hills of Tuscany, where Francis, two years before his death, received the stigmata—the wound and nail marks of Christ crucified. And while the pilgrim and the skeptic may differ as to their true cause—miracle or autosuggestion—some non-Catholic scholars, such as the French Calvinist, Paul Sabatier, have accepted the event as a historic fact. To Francis's followers, the stigmata prove that the founder's life was a near-perfect imitation of the life of Christ—the Franciscan emblem shows the crossed arms of Christ and St. Francis, both hands exhibiting the stigmata.

The fraternity, as one might expect, has had its ups and downs since its foundation, with Black Death and religious persecutions taking their toll. The Franciscan honor roll, in addition to its many martyrs, includes such scholars as St. Bonaventure, the "doctor seraphicus," Duns Scotus, the "doctor subtilis," and Roger Bacon, the "doctor mirabilis"; as well as a galaxy of popular saints, among them Anthony of Padua, the finder of lost objects, whose statue, holding a child, you will find in every Franciscan church.

The list of martyrs is, unfortunately, not complete. Franciscans are reluctant to discuss the plight of their brethren behind the Iron Curtain. While the Franciscan groups in Poland and East Germany seem to be operating almost normally—with young people joining the brotherhood at a surprising rate—things do not look too well in Hungary, and Communist suppression is severe in Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Albania, and Romania, where Franciscan groups exist today in little more than name. In Red China where some 400 Franciscans were active before the Communist take-over, many have been expelled or thrown in jail, and nothing is known of the few friars still surviving.

However, these are temporary setbacks. The future of the brotherhood, as the Franciscans see it, holds the promise of continued growth. Far from considering themselves a lost battalion, surviving merely by a fluke, the gentle friars reason that this age can make good use of the rare gem of which they are the self-appointed keepers. For is not man, today as much as ever, in search of inner peace? THE END

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Christmas in the forest—An otter family on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm

Graceful little trees, fragrant boughs and green garlands again have been brought from the forests to adorn the hearths of people in many lands during this, the Holiday season. And as man now soberly reflects upon the true meaning of life, each of these symbols imparts to his soul something of the serenity and beauty of the woodlands.

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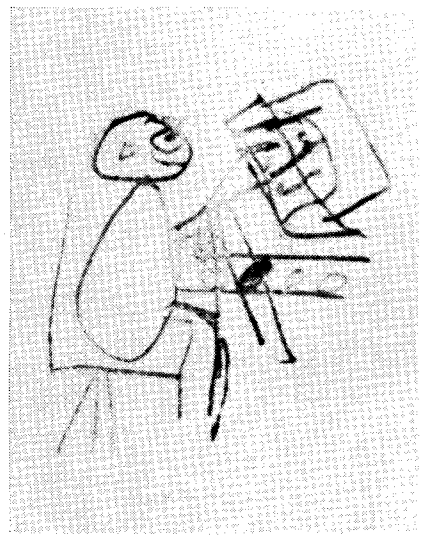
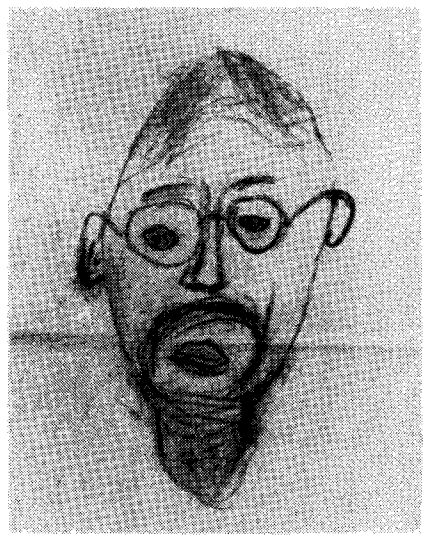
Keeping Posted

Artists and Models and Poodles

The boy in our compelling illustration for Leonard Wibberley's THE TIME OF THE LAMB (page 20) is Hart Lidov, aged eight, resident of Poughquag, New York, and son of illustrator **Arthur Lidov.** Young Lidov fancies himself an artist, not a model. He and his seven-year-old sister, Sara, are, in the words of their father, "two avant-garde painters whose work I do not find altogether distasteful." At right, *The Post* presents with pride the first published reproductions of Hart's and Sara's work, alongside a sketch by poet-painter Sandra Wool (Mrs. Arthur Lidov). "I see this as the family's revenge on the old man," says the old man, who for years has been exploiting his kinsfolk by pressing them into service as unpaid models.



"Father Working"
Drawing (pencil), 1960
S.M.W. Lidov



"Father"
Drawing (pencil), 1959
H.G.W. Lidov

"Arthur Lidov"
Drawing (charcoal), 1960
Sandra Wool Lidov

Gyo Fujikawa once worked at the Walt Disney studios, a fact which should surprise no one who has seen her illustrations for Don Tracy's fanciful tale, THE OWL THAT ASKED

Gyo, Suzu and Kiku.

WHY (page 30). Miss Fujikawa shares a New York brownstone apartment with two poodles, Suzu ("little bells") and Kiku ("chrysanthemum"). She was born and reared in California, but has studied art in Japan. The four-cent United States-Japan commemorative postage stamp issued three months ago is her design.

Two New Contributors

Ladies first:

Part of the cure in A SURE CURE FOR THE BLUES (page 24) is a sunrise visit to New York's Fulton Street fish markets. Author **Vivian Jameson,** now of Woodland Hills, in California's San Fernando Valley, once supported herself by selling magazine subscriptions on Fulton Street, and she assures us that that area is downright enchanting at dawn. More recently she has worked as theatrical publicist, movie producer's assistant, and feature writer for the now-defunct Los Angeles *Daily News.* She was with the *News* when she met her husband, Roy Ringer, now a rewrite man for the Los Angeles *Mirror-News.* This is her first published fiction.

Boston-born **Otto Friedrich,** thirty-one, met his wife, Priscilla, during his seven years in Europe, when he worked for *Stars and Stripes* and the United Press. The Friedrichs have collaborated on four children—born in Frankfurt, London, Paris and Long Island—and four children's books, the latest of which is *The Marshmallow Ghosts* (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1960). Present address: Wantagh, Long Island. Friedrich has written one novel, *The Poor in Spirit* (Little, Brown, 1952), now devotes his time to magazine writing and a four-volume study of American literature, "attempting to re-evaluate the whole thing in terms of a tradition of pessimism." Between writing

Priscilla and Otto Friedrich.

sessions he plays the piano, but not quite so well as the Soviet maestro in his first *Post* story, THE MISCHIEF-MAKER FROM MOSCOW (page 17).

Hopatcong to Assisi With Our Editors

As photographers, most writers aren't fit to carry a photographer's camera bag; so Associate Editor **Ralph Knight** should have felt honored when he was nominated to pull Larry Keighley's photographic equipment across the frozen surface of New Jersey's Lake Hopatcong (see photo). But Knight nearly froze to death researching the article which Keighley was illustrating (WINTER'S WILDEST SPORT, page 32); and the added chore of lugging camera equipment did not delight him. "The day got colder and windier, and when you walk on ice with water on it, you don't get much traction, you know." When our photo was taken, Knight and sled were en route to the first shivery heat of an iceboat race.

Editor Knight is retiring next week at age sixty-six; so from now on we'll have to refer to him as just plain contributor Knight. Before coming to *The Post,* in 1944, he was editor of the Glens Falls, New York, *Post-Star.* He has contributed several *Post* stories and more than several essays on such infernal subjects as crab grass, rationing and insomnia. For the eleven years ending in February, 1960, he composed the cover paragraph (which appears on page 3) plus the KEEPING POSTED page. We probably should get even with him for all the embarrassing things he had to say about other contributors over the years—but we'll resist the temptation and merely wish him a happy retirement

Ralph Knight.

in some nice, warm place where ice is found only in tall, frosted glasses.

THE FRANCISCANS (page 13) is Contributing Editor **Ernest O. Hauser**'s third *Post* article on the great orders of the Roman Catholic Church. (The two other orders: the Dominicans and the Jesuits.) Hauser, a Protestant, lives in Paris. He has written *Post* profiles of Pope Pius XII and Pope John XXIII; he speaks Italian; and he had visited Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis, often as a tourist before going there on an article assignment.

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Greetings from Schlitz

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